

The Sword of Uncreation

Psycroptic

The winds they chill me, flowing from beyond the woods,
darkness approaches, moonlight will guide me.
I take my cruellest weapons, for the fear of death,
my journey will take me
Beyond the realms of, humane society,
to the village of Sodom!
They will kill me- I am enemy
I am their foe- they fear what they know
I carry with me- something they seek
An ancient sword- Revered by all
In my journey- I have seen
Many a creature- many a freak
But the sword- has remained with me
My mission- (deliver the sword)
To my evil master, the hilt contains what he needs
stones from another time, constructed by the hands of a demon.
It was a thousand years ago, when the sword was created,
a plan a thousand years old. All for the one known as-
Satan!...

I travel on into the night, no rest for I dont want to die.
My destination only a day away. The castle of the demon is-
Waiting for me
The future of mankind is in my hands,
I carry the forces of the Armageddon,
I will destroy the world in one foul swoop-
It is- it was- me
I am- Now I- Cant
See what- I was o-r am
I know- it is- time
for me- to enter the realm
It lies just ahead of me
on the- path I follow
In the earth's blood I will-
WALLOW!

And now I enter the masters lair, he calls me to his side,
his skin has a certain coldness,
his touch makes me churn inside,
I hand the sword over to him, he accepts with a gleam in his eye,
he thrusts the sword into my heart,

I die a willing sacrifice.

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