

What Glory

By : **roftaco**

Some lyrics I wrote and hope to write some music for as well. This is intended to be a scream song. The part in the beginning is meant to be spoken over an instrumental intro, and the parts which are bolded are intended to be (you guessed it!) screamed. The song's about someone who was a person of great importance in life with much materialistic wealth, however one great desire left to fulfill. In their impatience, however, an overlooked threat thwarts their efforts at their final desire and sends them to ruins. This isn't meant to be taken as a literal person, more so as a metaphor for humanity's greed, and (spoiler alert) the song is a scenario of greed consuming the world and those who still want redemption allow it to destroy them, rather than consume them, and find that the afterlife is better than the physical world they left behind.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/roftaco

Copyright © roftaco, 2015

Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

What Glory

I shall destroy that which has indecently
Been there to fuck me over time and time again
And as the earth grows smoldering and cold
Iâll be the phoenix born from the ashes
And as I breathe again for the very first time
My lungs expanding, my heart demanding that which was mine
My power corrupted, my plans interrupted, all seems to be lost
Before I am born again
Now crimson blades gleam in the moonlight,
Shimmering their unyielding lust
The regiment of the damned grows larger
Phoenix fire sears my way tonight
Smite not the enemy, theyâll cross the battlefield
Let live all that their attempts might yield
Prevent not our rebirthâs fatal abortion
For we will be todayâs soldiers of fortune
Stead fast â till the glorious red dawn
For this world no longer carries on
The sins will be absolved from all of our lives
As we bid ourselves our premature goodbyes
Their knives pass through me
Blood is all I see
My grip on life is failing
Death is Lifeâs final unveiling
And though our world is left behind
Our souls relieved of our vexing minds
Our bodies left out on the field
Afterlife, forever calling
As Realityâs walls are falling
Always, it seems, we were stalling
To see what glory Death yields

What Glory

What Glory

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-03-06 15:06:02