

Praying for your soul, nurturing
The vision of Elysium as a
Brighter country side summer morn.

The music of heaven carries a
Higher metallic engulfing timbre
Speaking the accomplishment of
Righteous builders, speaking the praises
In ordered meter of righteous liberators,
Speaking the song of men who
Loved freedom and proved it's
Tangible qualities.

Laugh at me as much as you want
Your idiocy, no matter how bizzare
Will not satisfy, your good intentions
Handed to you by any of the
Golden uncles will only flatter
Their worldly stores, your policies
In the name of death add only
To your worldly importance. You
Can make your sounds of idiocy
As long as you want, It cannot
Dim our vision, and if one
Day you gain your soul in any
Degree I expect you to cry.
Cry on hearing the music of heaven