

Roadrunner United - Dawn of a Golden Age

Moon child

Spawned of rage

Soon child

The dawning of a golden age

Four and twenty acts have passed

Since the pact was signed in blood

Now this fifth lustrum will surely grasp

The children of the holy

With music wracked like final gasps

From hearts that broken

Flood

Whilst ruby-wedding talons clasp

This silver anniversary

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Vermillion rivers slither past

Racing roads to Shangri-La

Where a million souls aquiver ask

Small mercies of the holy

Like flowers plucked from crimson tar

On florid banks

The priests waft their scent through horrid bars

To incense the greater beast

Bereft of their seas of sweet dreams

He brings tidings of pain

War songs in the key of death

Sharpened through famine and plague

The knife at the throat of all murder

He wrote whilst in chains

And there was given to him a mouth

Speaking great things and blasphemies

And power was given unto him

To blaspheme against God

And them that dwell in heaven

And it was given unto him to make war with the saints

And to overcome them

And risen from imprisonment

With so many nations to tame

Past Caesars and Tsars are but lesions and scars

To the backs of beyond he reclaims

For what is not told nor writ bold to his face

Is now whispered to the torturer's cheek

And with the rapport whores and sorcerers make

His kingdom embraces both the Pope and the State

The suck and the fuck of the wait

And a glut and a covetous Satan

The suck and the fuck of the wait

And come what may

A glut and a covetous Satan

Pre-ordained

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