

# Enslaved, Entroper

I am the creator of true will

Long have I suffered  
Long have I been forced  
Blinded by their faith  
Laughter resounds no more

I am the son of the ancient breed  
I do not pity life  
I follow not pathetic order  
I am the realm of absurdity  
Resistant to their conscience  
Free of their constant pain  
I was born in the flames

Long did they hope  
That my logic would save them at last  
Long did I know  
That I would watch them die

While harvesting their fruits  
of their impotent threats  
They forgot the potency  
of the old independency  
Claiming my death would  
Change the way of existence  
Who, but me handled them?  
The weapons of hope

They turned safely into non-existence

I will break the chains  
I will slay the betrayers  
One last time  
The laughter shall resound