

Ihsahn, Citizen

Citizen!

Whence came your voice
your right to speak?
Is there a purpose to your tongue
and gnawing teeth?

I ask thee;

How deep and hollow
is your mouth?

What lie is too decayed
for you to stomach?

With humility and obedience
you pride yourself

Evasive and lukewarm
until the end

Citizen!

The interdependent morality
of your collective
made too soft the bed
in which you lie

I ask Thee;

Do you acknowledge
your own fragility

when you sleep

to serve the "Greater Good";

United in fear

Lives "hard to bear";

Illusions that "we are all peers";

I preach not for understanding

In you I have no faith

I spit at you my truth;

that you are the burden of my heritage

For herein lies the irony

There is neither room

nor air

for the wakeful fire

in your precious world

of equality

Citizen!

You are truly faithful

to tradition

when you crucify

those whose voices burn

Alas

a hundred years from now

you recite and corrupt

their epitaphs

to crucify another