

Blind Revolution

Twice hitherto came the calls of Azazel's screams
Burning, tearing, rising through the summer sun;
Liberating mankind's reservations,
He has indeed come.

To his call watch them run,
Hoofed stampede of ignorant heat.
Leaping into the fray of hate,
It is he they are guided to meet.

The clock turns,
The world burns,
Revolving toward a new inception.

Twice hitherto came the cackles of Tengu's laughs
Dancing, mocking, sifting through fallen leaves;
Spreading fear and hiding revelations.
He has indeed come.

From his trickery watch them squabble,
Winged fluttering of terrified decay.
Leaping into the fray of hate,
It is he who guides them away.

The dust settles,
The world meddles,
Revolving toward a new inception.

Twice hitherto came the mist on Yuuki-Onna's breath
Hovering, looming, blowing through the winter's chill;
Combing our minds with seductions,
She has indeed come.

From her beguilement, watch them fail
Moist luminescence of icy sorrow.
Leaping into the fray of hate,
It is her will their morals borrow.

The snow smoothes,
The world soothes,
Revolving toward a new inception.

Twice hitherto came the waves of Leviathan's wake;
Biding, gliding, sliding, for angers sake,
Envy is her loveliest scale.
She has indeed come.

From her want, watch them steal
Soaked reflections of reclamation.
Leaping into the fray of hate,
It is her will that fuels most inclination.

The seed sprouts,
The world shouts,
Revolving toward a new inception.