**Wrong Way Up**

There is tyranny in the souls of men  
disguised as Kingship  
and democracy.  
  
Legions Battle  
in the name of prideful wills,  
witness this hell we've manifested.  
  
A suicide unspoken  
the garden's secret  
right in plain sight.  
For surely we will die when we eat.  
Plain and simple  
a Father's warning.  
Yet still the tyrant rises.  
  
Forms Descend  
vibrations lessen  
bonds weaken.  
We choose the shackles of fate  
bound by the limitations of time, space, and dimensions.  
  
The I enslaves  
Reduced to survival,  
tyranny confessed.