**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.