

Wrath Pounding

Axis of Advance

Wrought of blind innocence like children playing with dolls
Considering not technology of convenience would forever rule our lives
The machine is dark and distant yet we all fall in line
For it controls who gets the scraps; When
We are pounded with fear
Day in day out enslaved to its foul ends with no sign of hope at all

Thurty X's and thirty more the fallen a heap of rot in my head
Faceless, nameless, bug-eyed, ugly over and over, the voices command
Banging fraps on my door! Never before, never before
I'm losing control can't tell if it's real or in my mind
Lost in a quagmire of monotony we see the slaves
Control, predestination no avow
When all paths and roads lead toward no escape we will
Rise or fall by the wayside of this storm

Should I answer? The wait may be over
They must be here for me they will take me to punishment
Sweat off the fear; breath frapping again and again
Pulse acceleration to burst the door unlocks and opens (not by my hand)

In silence I freeze this night silhouetted by hallway light
Blurred by terror, pulse of force blood turns cold, so much worse

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Day in day out enslaved to its foul ends
With no sign of hope at all
When all paths and roads lead toward no escape
We will rise or fall by the wayside of this storm
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