

Sneaking in through the night
Darkness the only shelter
Strike the backbone of society
Silent's the revolution
Self-demotion and rebellion
Praise the hate and oppression
Shed the blood of your demons
Feed the moral depression
Warriors of silent revolution
Master, mistress and decay
Luxury, dramatic despair
Lust, never-ending
For the vanity
Gratification
By the cost of the dead
They've come to taste
A hell made of flesh
Substitute of sorrow
Emptiness
"In the beginning of every generation
There has been a promise...
...and the number of promises will keep increasing
With different forms of cruel exploitation"
The dawn of dyers
Freedom and justice for most
Eternal war
Flesh again turning to dust
They've come to taste
A hell made of flesh
Gleaming of hope
Dreaming of death