

The Wasteland

Beneath the Massacre

Knee deep in the blood of our peers, it's already too late, the
re is no turning back
Oblivious to our actions
Conditioned lifestyle leading to our extinction
Knee deep in the blood of our peers, it's already too late, the
re is no turning back
Oblivious to our actions
Conditioned lifestyle

Behold our kingdom, our failure, our wasteland
Breathing; we fake living this life every day
We are prisoners of our own laws, our own mind, forced-
fed mind...

We live in intellectual starvation
We fear what we can't understand
Deny, what we cannot bare, comprehend and respect
We found comfort in denial
Comfort in denial

Behold our kingdom, our wasteland, our failure...
Fear is our common denominator
Breathing; we fake living this life every day
We are prisoners of our own laws, our own mind, forced-
fed mind...

In Manicnaeism we found faith
In wars, we found security
In wars, we found complacency
In violence, we found peace
We found comfort in denial

Constant quest for a new enemy to prevent self destruction
Rude awakening from your sweetest dream - this is not over yet
Holding silence for so long and embrace the tragedy
Living in constant escapism: comforting isn't it?

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