

For the thousands of souls,
Rest in tournament.

And the thousands of those yet to fall.
How much longer we must persist.
Stack their bodies.

Masquerade and defecate the innocent,
For your own self advancement.
We reside in a land of guiltless fate,
Where the blood soaks our hands.
Choking false ideals unto dismemberment.

Now's the time to cruch your hopes inside your skull.
To welcome this sense of digress.
As I tear you limb from limb.
As I tear you apart.
To think you could try escape.
A pile of guts you'll remain.
Obliterated by the rules of engagement.