

For Their Sins

Cataract

Walk away with small fines,
Assassination still in mind
Covered by the military reign,
Rules the world, rules with pain
Served your own beloved country,
Fought against religious poverty
You just did it, with all your will,
Implanted the urge, the urge to kill

You played master and servant
The king of prison you were called
On their knees you made them walk,
There was no need for any talk
You liked to punish them for their sins,
Beaten to death, with every breath
With open eyes they let you do
Got you away with murder too

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