

The List

Devilyn

From nothing, it could not rise
After all, somewhere
Preying on rumour, feed it proud
Fear is born, the list

Growing fear, the tanks
One hundred and forty four strong
Have been equipped with horns
The Mozart's requiem, will be performed

What are you waiting for?
Copulate, procreate the herds
Of half-hump-backed idiots
Statistically, someone may survive

What is the owner of the list?
Am I registered to?
No talks, up and down the streets
No table-talks indoor
The list of enemies

Nothing to feed
The conversation with
But fear still feeds the hate
All rivers flowing red
Unleashed hell
After all the rain will remain