

## 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