

# Bishop of War

Diskreet

Born in this you must admit your life is a waste  
And you'll never forget  
I cancer the world  
I breathe in the sick  
I hope you die inside

See your ghost  
Relive a life of that you hate the most  
Controlling a nation, migrating to slave, you are a slave

Mindless creation  
Refined in darkness entombed with fright  
Those eyes are wide and bright  
Teeth grinding coma  
haunting panic  
dispersed under the skin

The chattering teeth  
the cold in the air  
the hunger subdues  
The eyes of tyrants stare back at you

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And you'll never forget  
I cancer the world  
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I hope you die inside

You cant hold us down or stop the solution  
We will rise and burn the pollution  
Refining, rebuilding, releasing the bishop of war returns  
My eyes are open and aiming to stare  
I wont blink for a century  
Looks like you lost

Refining, rebuilding, the bishop of war returns

We will rise and burn