

Areola 51

Dr. Acula

Confused illusions of a road less traveled.
Unraveling injustice on an ignorant killing spree.
Disease, disbelief in levels of density.
Covered up concepts proven to be fucked,
And what they don't tell us we figure out on our own,
Brainwashing the children, propaganda song.
Patiently waiting for our time as their strengths starts to deplete,
Creeping in cautiously,
No more living for ends meat.
Don't ignore the signs and keep your eyes to the sky.
The only way to survive is an open mind.
Armed to the gills and moving in for the kill.
Defenses up we fire at will.
Tranquilize swallow the intelligent, and rip out the eyes.
Erase your lies, burn all the evidence before they arrive.
Keep your eyes to the sky.
You can call it wrong doing, but you can't prove us wrong.
Kill off the weak and overfeed the strong.
But with the greed comes gluttony they will destroy us all.
You can call it wrong doing, But you can't prove us wrong.
You can't call it wrong doing, but you won't prove us wrong.