Massacre Of The Innocents Fight Till The Absolute End Voice Of Understanding Will Be Passed Over In Silence

Suffering Casualties
Eyes Are Full Of Tears
Death Is So Useless
But Killing Is Infinite

In Violence In Lies
We Live Here And Die
In Filth In Dust
We Never Trust
In Despair In Madness
We Find Ourselves
But Our Dreams
Our Ideas We'll Never Find

Every Hour Everyday
We Await The End
Of This Mad Game
But One Doesn't Come

No Hope
For A Better Tomorrow
For Us There
Was Only Sorrow
Our Lives
Have No Value
We Are
Only A Drop In The Sea

In ViolenceIn Lies
We Never Trust
In Dust
We Live Here And Die

Hatred Anger Fear Of Future Deprived Forgotten Slaves Of Power

Oucasts Of Sociaty
On The Edge Of Misery
To Be Or Not To Be
The Question Hides The Answer