

Slaves

End of Green

Yesterdays were clear, but yesterdays are over
(you'll don't like it? do you fight it?)
we're hanging in the trees, the fields are burning lower
(you'll don't like it? do you fight it?)
Cause there's nothing left to feel, there is something out of r
each
Taking over
See those city blinding lights, we are burning in the fields
Some take my life
So far and now so near, control under construction
(you'll don't like it? do you fight it?)
Slowly, softly, killed, we are the slaves of the protection
(you'll don't like it? do you fight it?)
'Cause there's nothing left to fear, there is something out of
reach
Taking over
If you see a blinding light, we are burning in the trees
come get a life