

Vomit The Soul

F.O.B.

We are trapping free falcons, cutting their wings.
Well, you are all puppets, we are pulling the strings.
Pulling the strings of your mind, but if we can keep you blind.

Try, try, try if you can, try if you want, try if you can reach
for me,
fly, fly, fly if you can, fly if you want, fly if you still want
to be.

We are holding the apple, of mortal sin.
Killing our relatives, killing our kin.
We just control, we just control all of you.
Sure, women and children, too.

Try,

We are ending our wishes, killing your hopes.
We are building your gallows, trying the ropes, trying the ropes.
Trying the ropes for your neck, looking for your,
looking for your future, it is black.

Try,