

Pitch Black

Fear My Thoughts

The world highest towers fall
A pile of stones that once
Built our solid but manipulated manifesto
Another brick of concrete
Now home for maggots life
Spilling milk that could have opened our eyes
Another tower built
Still memories to fade
A thousand scars yet too young to itch

And you call me a liar
But you cut my tongue before
In the name of your law
Drowned your sins in the lake of pitch black

The storm will rise again
Destroy and bury all
Revenge for those who once had to fall

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Call me a liar

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