

A Grim Charade

Gorefest

A grim charade, this jester's race.
Its bleakness washes over me.
This overpowered farce, technocratic state.
Needs to be put back into its place.
All the shit you throw now comes back at you.

That's when you wake up and realise
That this war cannot be won.
The truth hits hard, the walls come down.
Your nightmare has just begun.

It's a total invasion, devaluation, degeneration.
Of your lust for wealth and power,
Your pointless rules and accusations,
The price to pay for the greedy nations.

There's no-one to help you now.
Your threats mean nothing now.
No-one to help you now.
Your threats mean nothing.

It's a total invasion, devaluation, degeneration,
Of your lust for wealth and power.
Your pointless wars and accusations,
The price to pay for the dying nations.

No-one to help you now.