

Anthrax Attack

Legend

Running forever in circles of hate, clinical bars keep us tight
Hoping for fools to unleash us in haste, to prove to the world
of their might

Created to kill in obscene trails of pain, to blot out the source
of the light
A subtle but deadly supply on the wind, it gives them no reason
to fight

The island of death where we wait in the dark, injected with droplets
of pain
Lies quietly watching the homeland of fools, soon to revenge its
disdain