

The Final Skull

Master

The science of their incubation, I think they'll soon be in control.

What is it with this fascination, the warheads are the mother load.

The secrets of societies, the victims are in dire need.
What good is the philanthropy, the world's already on its knees.

Are we enslaved? Can they withhold?
Are we enslaved? Under control.

With sanctity there's idol hatred, illusion can't be swept aside.

The fallacies of humans prosper, when no one's even forced to try.

The embrace of the final skull, the temptation of all they hold.

Is earth the only real hell? Will they discover somewhere else?

Break the chain, free your soul, a useless maze, complete control.