

# The Spell Can't Be Broken

Metal Church

Rituals are carried out for reasons quite unknown  
The fact remains you have no mind to call your own  
Condoned by a bible I have written for myself  
No duplicates, there's only one inside my shelf

The spell can't be broken  
You all have been chosen  
You're dying for me  
Demoralized servant to my every need

A system of tyranny rages uncontrolled  
One day soon you'll find it now controls your soul  
Nothing's changed for many years, your dreams are run with rats  
They won't hesitate to rip the shirt off your back

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What will you do when your future unfolds?  
Life as you've known it, you'll be much too old  
Days of your youth were all spent in defense  
Memories are painful, the thoughts you resent

I know I was meant for much better things  
No time to sleep, so I've lost all my dreams  
Look forward to nothing, look back at the same  
I'll spend my life here and deal with the pain

The choice has been made, you all will be slaves  
Unreasonable power  
I mock at the suffering and grow strong by the hour

Hatred grows among the ones destined to be slaves  
But only life itself can lead you to your grave  
Lost in thoughts of what you're told to do for someone else  
I don't think you're superior, you're making my life hell

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