

# Hollow Syndicate

Naildown

Outdoors, infiltrating the inner side  
Indoors, finding a place to hide  
Control, they follow behind me  
Collision, with unknown  
Trail to subjection

I won't tell them why  
They won't tell me why

They're coming to take me away  
Bright the light hits my face  
I feel no fear, choking breath  
Growing pulse of heart  
That I never hear, never feel

Never seen, never been in such a  
Hollow syndicate, below society  
Willing to exterminate this place around me  
No matter what, in the end you fail