

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