

The End

Razor

City lights are dimming
Kings and Queens alive
Flames of red are burning
As they diminish time

Eyes of greed are rising
The aides of good will send
Conflict of extremity
A cry, it's the end

Crawling from a shaken mind
The prophets as us why
The jaws of the sharpest realm
Leave us all to die

The population's gathered
Persuaded to defend
The weakness is intelligence
The strength is in - the end