

The Grip Tightens

Revocation

Slowly our rights erode away
We exist only to be slaves
The hidden hand with fingers outstretched
Closes in around our necks

Masses refuse to see
Kept in line as we are deceived
Minds start to atrophy
Suppress the will to be

The grip tightens around our throats
Gasping for air as we choke
A barren future, we've lost all hope
Slowly the grip tightens around our throats

Snuffing out the air from our lungs
A horrid realization
Suffocating, as we watch our world come undone
Knowing the worst is yet to come

Is this our destiny?
To be enslaved endlessly
The notion of our freedom
Is a Fallacy