

# The Grey Massacre

Sinister

In the battle of the obscure  
Tragic death so suddenly  
Slowly unlatches the leather strap  
Roaming mortals so divine

Deadly intention, with the will to kill  
Eyes locked, your heart pounds

The grey massacre, a familiar sight  
Substance of fire, the visible truth  
Modified version of an alternate reality

Deadly intention, with the will to kill  
Eyes locked, your heart pounds

Grey massacre...seared into the flesh

I see this world, I see it dead  
Accumulate and multiply the victims of the dead  
What always was, will ever be  
Dark risen force, repeated history

It's all the more tragic, that they were young  
But have they lived very, very long lives  
They could not have expected, nor they would have wish to see  
As much of the mad and macabre as they have seen that day  
For them an ideal summer afternoon drive became a nightmare

In the battle of the obscure  
The grey massacre, a familiar sight  
Modified version of an alternate reality

Grey massacre...seared into the flesh

I see this world, I see it dead  
Accumulate and multiply the victims of the dead  
What always was, will ever be  
Dark risen force, repeated history