

empire sews the seed of hate we remove ourselves
passing flames inspires ugly traits sanitize creepy
ills to keep the fear in line is it wrong to let the
liar lie creepy ills to keep the fears in line more
acquired is disease the souls state I am a god I am a
faceless warrior lost leaders wins the glorious
growing stocks of used up people life is twisting all
the words to shun life worth less than corporate rape
empire takes control of fate I am dying I am dying is
wrong to call a spade a spade popping pills will ease
the daily pain bombing peace back up into the stoned
state I am not living here I have got much left to
fear in the place of safety I am fortunate to be alive
with all these distant rich things around me I am left
to realize its not the blood in me it's not the hate
it's just the simple things that I relish I am a god I
am a face less warrior we remove ourselves from the
war looking from a distance sanitized wash your hands
an feel it the dirt is down the drain. enough