

A Pale Horse And The Story Of The End

Soilent Green

Overcome variation for a more reasonable approach of thinking,
Handle these days as if they were your last
Heightened flaws from lost emotion, this routine has leached it
self onto me again
Don't let guilt speak loud, too soon for the obvious
Make this action a more sensible conflict
Arguing with parents will modify the heartless
Enlist in this grace, extortion of these words
Develop vocation for insult, your best
Begin extinction of this judgement, forgotten sense
This brigade of uptight citizens, false premise
Back to the days of burning witches, regressed
Complaints and desires
Have you by the throat again
In this sadness, you will find
These are one and the same
Never look back, they will all be waiting
With revenge in their heads
It's about rebellion, now a lost cause,
Of course, I don't expect an answer
Shouldn't we have a more responsible action?
These outbursts are uncalled for
Honor the demons, that reside in your head
Heresy is the only means
Circumstances of this bitterness
This rule over weak standings
The design of stolen ideas
For confusing these masses
Not a chance to advance
Say goodbye to it all
Take these names, insert them into that little black book
Repay a visit to them, once you have filled these veins with ha
te
Temptation once again, to expose that empty soul
Should have held on to your dreams, now others have taken them
for their own
Letting all that you've adored die
Would you have this the last day of your life?
It's another Sunday and the games have just begun
Death of this effigy, watch for the shards of glass as heaven e
xplodes
Time for hell to have it's way with this meaning of the end.