

The Drowning

The Haunted

High on fire and solid confidence
Truthful rantings but no one is listening
Check collateral, sweep the corners
The fear of words in a fucked up reality

Steal my freedom of speech, my liberty
Fail my rights to express myself
All this half-lied semperfi stone-faced bullshit
Infecting me to deplete my design

I'm drowning in the fear of gods
The more I see the less I want
I was not raised to shut my mouth but as long it holds
me
I will fight it
And scold it
All My life

Merge and fold to avoid complexity
All we know is a backfire parody
Know your place you see no malady
Shut your hole and accept the abuse

Let it burn
Let it burn
Let it burn I don't care if we all go down

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As I close my eyes I can see it now
In a sepia twilight sundown
To the sound of electric eyes
The obedient sons and the daughters all perfectly in
line
All hail
Raised hands
In impeccable synchronicity

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