

Trespass

The Haunted

Tampering with the codes to our existense.
The blasphemy will take its toll.
With blood on their hands, they alter our perception of reality

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Morticians clad in white seek their prey.

Compassion is left behind.
In their search for a controllable mind.

Trespassing on sacred realms.
Sustaining the dying breed.

They will eradicate the features of man's weaknesses.
Delete, improve the versions of ourselves.
Try to cure us from the disease, we're dethroned and left to bleed.
Human nature's shedding skin.

We're all just shedding skin...

Creating but bitter repercussions.
We're disarmed of all control.
With blood on their hands, they alter our perception of reality

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Morticians clad in white seek their prey.