

## Fatal Vision

## Warfare

The smog turns visual  
A silver disc the rain so cold  
The ice age inside my head  
Glowing fire the silk that's read  
A warning the epic sign  
The graves are of the ones we love,  
So dark inside the twilight haze  
Echo circumstance, and dancing days.

It turns into a trance  
The singing and the dance  
For the ones who bang their heads on walls,

Eccentric is the host  
The one that plays the ghost  
And foolish rumours when they fall.

The conflict just seals the fate  
Wax burning down the wick  
So quill the bird in flight  
Stained in ink do we say who's right  
Oh the barbs and graffiti walls.  
Electric the walk the dance,  
First edition brothers let's all sing  
To the pleasure of the wastelands ring.

Dance into a trance  
Blaze the fire burning bright.