

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.