

The Casket You Sleep In

Beneath the Massacre

This is the casket that you, you sleep in
This is the...
Oh poor ape, living futile life
Searching for the truth
Denying the only certainty he'll ever have
Righteous man, living by the book
Blaming the devil for each and all modern ills
A lifestyle that pacifies your existence
It's your false concept of progress
It's your reactionary views leading us to nowhere
It's your ideologies...
the casket you sleep in
And we all die alone
Wretched
Desperately searching for Hope
And there is no peace in death
Nothing to appease your shattered heart and aspirations
We are all alone.
This place is our tomb
And we die all alone
Oh and your endless quest for Truth, for Unity
With a closet full of skeletons
Bones of the victims, casualties, human sacrifices...
Doesn't your quest lose all of its meaning?
It's your false concept of progress
It's your reactionary views leading us to nowhere
It's your ideologies...
the casket you sleep in
Sisyphus, who you try to fool?
This is not what you're here for
Sisyphus, are you tired yet?
This is just getting started
Revolt. Freedom. Passion.