

Clay of Hate

Disarmonia Mundi

Forge the human appetite and shape it like a doll
Grant the nails to crucify and demonize the unknown

There's nothing sacred in this world
And nothing's worth dying for
Condemned to fight all my battles alone
I'm not a servant to your cause

Clone the fool and feed the lie, truth has lost its relevance
Teach the puppets to comply and raise their flags of ignorance
Make 'em laugh and scream and shout, panem et circenses
Till they're nothing but drones, bittersweet tragedy

I refuse to be a part of your freakshow
Cause there's nothing left to hold on
I'd rather sink into solitude and scorn

We've been mold into the clay of hate
We're the breed of the underworld
We are born into the clay of hate
We are bound to the netherworld

Misguided drones eager to unify
Beneath the flag of fear
Fear, the guiding force behind your hate
You need to belong

Build a cage of gold and lies and force us to belong
Free will ain't that free at all lost within a freakshow
Make 'em laugh and scream and shout, panem et circenses
Till they're nothing but clones lost within a freakshow