

# Invisible Titans

## I Am Abomination

We never would have thought that we were dead.

We were torn limb from limb.  
Let this be known as our battle-hymn.  
Our spirits rise from our shattered remains.  
No bones to speak of, but the passion retains.

We have died and returned as a phantom.  
Nothing can stop our push for power.

The asphalt stained a shade of red.  
We never would have thought that we were dead.  
We won't rise from the ashes, but we'll rise from our hopes.  
The afterlife means we reign as ghosts.

Black smoke drowned out a birth to the obscene.  
The critics tried to suffocate the flames with gasoline.  
Smoke and flames couldn't stop us now.  
We will forever live on to haunt this town.

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