

Welcome to Eville, Bienvenidos a hell.
Drained of promise, dreams lost in a cell.

Got plenty of victims, tons of stories to tell,
Painted in a picture, we all know so well.
Every time I look around, the vision that I see,
This everyday life system, stuck in reality.

This is Eville, place we dwell,
Some call it home, some call it hell.
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Slowly losing hope, laid out by apathy.
Days of urban struggles, because life ain't free.
Not looking for answers, that doesn't work for me,
Peace through escapism, so it won't bury me.

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