

The Weeds Will Prosper

Allegaeon

Skell's of society, perceived through filtered eyes
Judged on biased reality, a malevolent despise
Mechanic, action, programmed simple minds
Veiled in a hatred, blackened disguise

Paradigm shift, judged by the hypocrites
Paradox rift, a sermon for the ruthless

We are the weeds, battered and broken
Skell's of society, lest we be outspoken
We are the weeds, born to burn in hell
Worms of society, forever we will prosper

Scars of tomorrow, scabs of the human race
Seen as vile, defined as the great disgrace
Morbidly clad, we're painted in black
The more you kill, the more we'll grow back

Paradigm shift, judged by the maggots
Paradox rift, a sermon for the heartless

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We take on the masses, with our heads held high
High deviant catalyst, defeating simple minds

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