

Volatile Existence

Burning the Masses

As their motive sets in
Enter the ring
They became the marks and our motto's
Slowly

Implosive rage
Brought demise for everything

You're addicted

What once was shall not be
Put before the sun

For this hypocrisy
I see your pain
And now it seems no one, can free men and be done

Volatile Existence!

I think i've felt your fear
Still for the departed to actually see
At their dead bodies