

## Rest in Pain

## Cryptic Slaughter

Mindless screams from the field of hate  
Increase our panic as generals scheme  
Mangled bodies emerge from the smoke  
Unconsciously begging the night's downfall

Life is just a fantasy  
Death is felt in vain  
No control or destiny  
We will rest in pain

The instinct to kill is what they expect  
Employed for destruction or the unbalanced will  
Expectations of truth are lost with the dead  
As thoughtless minds injure, all hope is lost

Free will controls what's left of our minds  
Survival drives our battered souls  
The pain we carry to the grave  
Shows indifference in the eyes of slaves