

Striker

Enslaved

From soar to plague
From clouds to imprisonment
From wheat to the gallows
In dreams of free will
Strike

Never saw fields
Quite like these
Never will Never would
With open eyes
Shut

Useless wreckage
In the wake
Cannot hear the chatter
Cannot bear the drag
Leave

When they saw
With what they were left
They screamed in fear
They screamed for blood
Endure

Should I build
I will build my own
Knife and noose
In flesh and will
Strike