

The Hell We Create

Fit for a King

This is the Hell we create
They go for the throat and take away everything
No mercy for the ones who break their backs
Weak conviction, fragile sovereignty
No hope, bloodshed

Into the fissure
Looking for light down a loaded barrel
Our ending hours are knocking down our door

Running straight into the end, eradication
No more reason to pretend that we can save us
We're dying casually, poisoned by apathy
No one is safe, this is the Hell we create

We're throwing fuel onto the fire that's cremating the remains
of all dreams that gave us meaning, pulled us through another day
Rip the rug out from the people that are hurting just to relish
in the screaming, in the carnage, in their undeserved pain

The age of hope is slipping away
The roar of silence is deafening

Running straight into the end eradication
No more reason to pretend that we can save us
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An empty conquest
An empty conquest
An empty conquest, we're burning down at both ends
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