

Victims

Infected Rain

There is a leak in the boat we are in
A leak everybody is ignoring
Ignoring the storm, ignoring the thunder
We are going under

Because power pollutes whatever it touches
We are eaten by darkness
Darkness in our souls, in our pulsing veins
Devouring our brains

Whining echoes inside the eye of a hurricane
Are lifted from the ground in a brutal dance
Moving in slow motion, the rats are coming out again
Maggots and leeches take over, infesting this place

Guided by tyrants
Fooled by clowns

Someone under pressure folds, others get productive
Yet just a simple person with simple thoughts and needs
Can take control, avoiding being abducted
By others' illusive ideas and creeds

It's all about perspective, about choices
Not about rumors and noises
It's about the transition from dust to gold
We've been worshiping the wrong gods

Guided by tyrants
Fooled by clowns
We are playing victims, it's feeble
It brought us to the bottom of the well

There is a leak