

## Rogue

Jinjer

Their bread tastes like rock  
Joining circles of the dead  
As I am drinking all the sewage  
Of the damage they call help

In the land of the blind  
The one-eyed is a king  
He plants in their empty pots  
Ugly rotten seeds

Ugly rotten seeds in their empty pots

Collecting blood is his ambition  
He sets so light the value upon lives  
Each despicable decision  
Activates his dreadful knights

Their bread tastes like rock  
Joining circles of the dead  
As I am drinking all the sewage  
Of the damage they call help

And his order has become their thought  
Take a listen, their mouths  
Are fully loaded with his words  
No thought of their own arose

Collecting blood is his ambition  
He sets so light the value upon lives  
Each despicable decision  
Activates his dreadful knights

Shut up! Take a listen, take a listen!  
Fully loaded  
Shut up! Take a listen, take a listen!  
Fully loaded  
Fully loaded

There's nothing left in his stone chest  
Just rogue and endless battles  
Rogue

We are forcefully put on his map  
War-drum always rattles

Rogue