Zennon

Killing Joke

Slow the procession that moves down
The road as they mourn
Hearts that are heavy
No burden unloaded
No resolution
No retribution
The madness must stop now
No No
Whisper the dead to the living
They can't hear it's cold

But in the sadness that pierces my heart
Seeds we sow
And in the end all we have is each other
Zennon [x4]

Molded by computer archetypes
Killing is fun
Nervous the young boy his first job
He lifts up his gun
Victims of circumstance
Products of what we've begun
Wide open mouths as the killer
He knows what he's done

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Seeds we sow
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