Running forever in circles of hate, clinical bars keep us tight Hoping for fools to unleash us in haste, to prove to the world of their might

Created to kill in obscene trails of pain, to blot out the sour ce of the light

A subtle but deadly supply on the wind, it gives them no reason to fight

The island of death where we wait in the dark, injected with dr oplets of pain

Lies quietly watching the homeland of fools, soon to revenge it s disdain