

The Final Skull

Master

The science of their incubation, I think they'll soon be
in control.

What is it with this fascination, the warheads are the
mother load.

The secrets of societies, the victims are in dire need.
What good is the philanthropy, the world's already on its
knees.

Are we enslaved? Can they withhold?
Are we enslaved? Under control.

With sanctity there's idol hatred, illusion can't be
swept aside.

The fallacies of humans prosper, when no one's even
forced to try.

The embrace of the final skull, the temptation of all
they hold.

Is earth the only real hell? Will they discover somewhere
else?

Break the chain, free your soul, a useless maze, complete
control.