

Out Of Here Alive

Misery Inc.

Pray you're not the one who is selected.
Pray you're not the one more sacrifice.
Stand up straight, win this game.
Survive, hide your hate like you'd hold your life.
Hold your life.

Lines after lines, we're all like swines.
On our way to the slaughter.
Riots, blasts, growing fast. Suffocation, no salvation.

No one gets out of here alive. Or so they say.
One of us should tell the world this nightmare, killing, living
hell.

Hold your breath, fight this day tomorrow. This life is death and it feeds, feeds our sorrow.
They do not, they won't be selected. They won't hear me weeping
, massacre. Massacre.

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