

Like poison they spread, the braindead
I'll wait for the sirens, the explosions
The blood on our hands, the bloodstains

Afraid to live, to sleep, or even have a dream

The way the world burn, feeds my rage
Deliverer of plague
The way the time flies
It hurts, it burns

The power they possess
The corruptive solution, the napalm pollution
The future ain't bright, no time!
Afraid to live, to sleep, or even have a dream

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