

Pretext

Raised Fist

Celebrating with a feast though place and date is wrong
The sun have ceased to flee it didn't last for long
The green trees and mighty seas all my dreams are for free
But when I see these lies line up to end in misery

Chains of money as pretext what will come next
Maybe to sell your soul that seem to be your fuckin goal

Old customs scarring you away the future is carrying your pain
You try to forget the past as your soul is dying fast.
The green trees and mighty seas all my dreams are for free
But when I see these lies line up to end in misery

Chains of money as pretext what will come next
Maybe to sell your soul that seem to be your fuckin goal