

## The Grip Tightens

Revocation

Slowly our rights erode away  
We exist only to be slaves  
The hidden hand with fingers outstretched  
Closes in around our necks

Masses refuse to see  
Kept in line as we are deceived  
Minds start to atrophy  
Suppress the will to be

The grip tightens around our throats  
Gasping for air as we choke  
A barren future, we've lost all hope  
Slowly the grip tightens around our throats

Snuffing out the air from our lungs  
A horrid realization  
Suffocating, as we watch our world come undone  
Knowing the worst is yet to come

Is this our destiny?  
To be enslaved endlessly  
The notion of our freedom  
Is a Fallacy