

Monotone

Sarea

Degraded, false hope
Some kind of tension
That suits our need
To feel misguided
A need to put things
Where they belong

System failure,
Collapse of all
Became a horde
Mindless drones
Of no man's land

Collateral damage control
High above the sediment
They sit on thrones of bones
Last in line still we sing

This empty monotone
Existence was never my own
We wave our flags up high
Scared of the unknown

Pulsating
We are the eyeless watchers
The man-made hate