

empire sews the seed of hate we remove ourselves  
passing flames inspires ugly traits sanitize creepy  
ills to keep the fear in line is it wrong to let the  
liar lie creepy ills to keep the fears in line more  
acquired is disease the souls state I am a god I am a  
faceless warrior lost leaders wins the glorious  
growing stocks of used up people life is twisting all  
the words to shun life worth less than corporate rape  
empire takes control of fate I am dying I am dying is  
wrong to call a spade a spade popping pills will ease  
the daily pain bombing peace back up into the stoned  
state I am not living here I have got much left to  
fear in the place of safety I am fortunate to be alive  
with all these distant rich things around me I am left  
to realize its not the blood in me it's not the hate  
it's just the simple things that I relish I am a god I  
am a face less warrior we remove ourselves from the  
war looking from a distance sanitized wash your hands  
an feel it the dirt is down the drain. enough