

# Future Dead

Tactical Sekt

Instrument of pain in the hands of a tortured soul  
lamenting for his God  
Cut apart the sleeping child so cruel and unrelenting  
Took away the arrogance and replaced it with denial and  
bleeding hearts  
Inside a cell of bones a million miles apart

No soul will survive the culling  
No one to be spared the falling down  
No polluted minds to spread disease  
Severed heads of innocence

Cry alone your spirit black predestined strangle hold  
Fly on your own so far off track  
Impaled upon your throne  
You've seen all the crosses  
You've buried all the losses  
You've traded sides so many times  
You're now a victim of your own crimes

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Wish away the raping blade cuts deep down to the bone  
Defenseless child your life is black your future dead  
on your own  
So scared of the dark and silence, Frightened by your  
shadow  
This perfection broken down to dust, So depleted oh so  
hollow.

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