

The Violent Sound

The Valuator Time

The scent of the ashes
Spoils the air in my lungs
This riot inside me
Has a hold of my soul

So what should I fight for?
Should I fight for your so called liberty?
So would I just die for you?
I can assure you that I won't die in your name
No, not this way
You're the shepherd that led his sheep astray
I am searching for a sense in all of this

The scent of the ashes
Spoils the air in my lungs
This riot inside me
Has a hold of my soul

When you open your mouth, all I hear is the violent sound
Remember when you were crowned you used our weakness as feeding
ground

All you account for is the dollar in your pocket, sure
A life far from the fucking ground floor
Yeah, I do recognize your love for lies, manipulation and war
Tell me what else you got in store
We spend our days at the frontline
While you show, you got no spine
You're leading crime to its prime time
Remember when you were crowned you used our weakness as a feeding
ground

What use have our voices if they stay unheard?
What do we need our eyes for if we live in the dark?
Just living is not enough
Feel the fire
There's not a single lesson to be learned
I am still searching for a sense in all of this
Just breathing is not enough
Feel the fire calling out your name
Feel the fire blaze