

No Rest For The Wicked

Toxik

In chrome and glass towers,
Modern nobles designing misfortune
The true seat of power,
High priests of total consumption

Capitulate, to your master
Participate, in his disaster
Collect your pennies, for the effort,
slip on the collar, a slave forever

Descended like wolves,
down onto the sheeple for slaughter
Like stampeding bulls
Trampling the backs of the martyrs

Sadistic in their disconnection
from the lives they've conflicted
Delivering, glittering misery,
No rest for the wicked, so wicked

Transfixed by desire, a need to control more than rule
The empty empire, legions of simpleton god fearing fools

Despotic in their lurid pleasure, decadent they're addicted
To the privilege they wield, no rest for the wicked,
Psychotic in their criminal endeavors,
reckless and unconstricted
By the violence they yield, no rest for the wicked