

Hate to Create

Warfare

Twenty two catches, the fire still burns,
When you lit those matches, in seven it yearns .
At the end of the day, dead centre of town .
You're still going away to swim and then to drown .

Just a dream
It's so vain
to be real .
endless shame .
this is life .

The cemeteries full
But not full enough
You won't compromise
Endless biting dust
To demoralize
Treat us with your lies
But try to create
And you'll see your fate .

Sitting so coy engulfing mist it swirls,
Wound up clockwork toy, little girls with curls
Disgust within art, I'll drink to your life
Organs torn apart, entang led rot and strife .

A happy new year we will paralyse
New age is just a blur, then immortalize
Suburban rotting town, depression its reknown,
People and a place not a single trace .

Moral in the text, the fire burning bright
Because we are next, lighting up the night .