

The fears of an idealistic society
Strike down the individual
Moral oppression of civil rights
Denial of our so called freedom increasing

Eccentricity, is our cry of struggle
Echoes from the Tower battlements
Let them cast those who oppose the system
Into the dark deep cells of insanity

We shall escape this asylum, batter the walls of stone
Bitter farewell to the asylum, social resistance

Evade the elite armed forces
Who mindlessly scan this vastness
If discovered, use death as a first resort
Disregard the rotten stench