

Cannae, Finest Minds

The finest minds never think alike
Always a conflict of interest
Behold they come together as one
It's a revolution that has started
We nurture buried in the underground
A place where your rules don't apply
Thieves crooks the criminal minded
A breed they would never want to control

This world has cast us away
Some get swallowed down some adapt
I see it everyday
People fearlessly following other people

They think they will be blessed into heaven

They think they will be blessed
Do as I say and
I will love you
Will walk away and die

Time to develop power in solitude
Educate to create our own ideas
I know to think for me
Consuming the biggest white lies

Our hands already blood red on my return
Everyone is guilty and their souls must burn