

Catalepsy, Dethroat

Resistance will result in a massacre
Giving in could spell obliteration
You'll be forced to retreat
And give up everything
If that's what he wants,
Than that's what he gets.
Helpless, your people run and hide
Scattered like ants
You're fucking done.
In this war the lies are spread
Through his teeth
I'm not letting this go.
You'll swallow your pride
Or swallow your tongue.
I will not be a pawn in your torment
I cannot be a slave to your laws
But still, you remain unquestioned
In your anticipation of the end
I will rip out your throat.