

Hatebreed, Burial For The Living

No one can redeem themselves, no one can be saved. In a dying world filled with enslavement and endless apathy. A tortured past and not much future a tattered earth remains, destitute and alone in madness. Burial for the living. Our earth stripped of wealth. Burial of the living. Our bodies drained of life. In a world full of enemies, I'm an enemy of the world. There is only so long we have to live, our dying days are spent waiting for history to repeat itself. Our only hope is vengeance.