

# Overkill, Within Your Eyes

Torn in disarray, Hear now what I say  
Brand your people, let them go  
Send them on their way  
Worn the fired plead, give them what they need  
Kill your people let them die  
Before they plant the seed  
Born, the black creation  
Sure, to never die  
In crimson sorrow rise, not to compromise  
No one knows where the cold wind blows  
Until it's in their eyes  
In guarded disbelief, the crimson turns to grief  
The loyalty you knew so well  
Now stuck between your teeth  
Born, in desolation  
Sure, to never die  
I am, God's creation  
I see the light of death  
Within your eyes  
Breath the devil's creation  
With a mouthful of flies  
I am the scourge of the nation  
Harbored within your eyes  
Never wore the crimson red  
Never thorns adorned the head  
When was what we used to be  
Now is what we'll always see  
Left unto compacency  
To right the wrong conspiracy  
Never what you used to see  
With eyes adorned in misery  
Choose commit right or wrong  
The road reaming ever long  
Truth in anger's compromise  
That shine the lies within your eyes  
Never was mistaken, nevere was the prize  
Never unforsaken, hide within your eyes  
Never an illusion, the ever rising tide  
This the constitution, harbored in your eyes