

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, never was the prize
Never unforsaken, hide within your eyes
Never an illusion, the ever rising tide
This the constitution, harbored in your eyes