

Scariot, Forming Humans

Born into the world with no intentions at all
Casualties are set from the start
The roads to devastation are many
Will any lead to salvation?
Guided by sources of the "righteous";

An innocent child. Slowly being poisoned.
With all the convictions. Possessed by adults.

No perception of life the fat all
Prejudice seems the obvious way
How to find a right way?

Ultimately, we all develop from the filth
There's no righteous source
Man is too complex
Only death combines us

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We can only hope for a better man
Forming humans

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