

Vio-Lence, Oppressing The Masses

Land of old, this soil I now see turns grey.
Looking on, I see crowds that
Stand against tyrant guns,
Blow them away.
All for the sake of freedom,
Look to your screen they're screaming, help. (Help!)

High upon a pedestal,
Man's mind speaking aloud.
What I see, is what I hold;
Power and all that's around.
Curfew at dusk,
And my soldiers litter the streets.
This is for the people, no,
We're breaking, taking, killing.

We bleed from tyrants war,
Runs red through streets of blood.
The freedom that we would
Seek is screaming lost liberty.

Oppressing the masses,
Could this be.
Oppressing the masses,
Could this happen to me.

Deceiving things he says
You might take as true.
One word believed by him,
His strings attach to you.
So we the people
Must unite, and defy.
Destroy the power, fight
This man's rule must die,
By our hand.
Oppressed people of this land.
Convert, exist the planned way.
Revolt, with blood we'll flow the end.

Oppressing the masses,
Could this be.
Oppressing the masses,
Could this happen to me.

Gone year's of ten
I'm still power alive.
My dominos fall on taking
Other men's pride.
All for the need of power
Watch as I devour you!

This virus of my intentions, infectious.
Your land my carnage forth.
Obviously death results.
I am the ugly face,
The spreading disease
I am oppressing, raping life,
I do as I please

And you pay the price.
You're lost without arms to fight
If given the spine from hate
Would you cower, or rise and say.

Oppressing the masses,
No, not to me.
Oppressing the masses,
No this could never be.
Oppressing the masses,
To be free I would rise.
Oppressing the masses,
For to live contained,
This mind would die!