

Year of Desolation, Elitist Death Squad

Bound and gagged, awake to a state of confusion.

You don't understand, how someone could do this shit to you.

There's no fucking way, we were gonna just let you talk shit to us, to our fucking face.

Now how does it feel to be less of a man?

How much are your fuckin' scene points worth now?

In this worthless game of acceptance, there's no contest cause you've all rigged it.

Now all hope is lost, a shallow line's been crossed, the futureless and dead, lay at your feet and ha

You will learn to speak to me with respect or you'll be my slave, you can't spit lies and blasphemy v

Razor blades and broken glass.