

Catalepsy, Architect

Like a plague, flooding streets
Is the stench and blood of the innocent
This is everything you've been dreaming of
They still die for your benefit
Our friends still die for debts you raise.
Im not standing for all your fallacies
Were the living proof, of your treachery
Your destroyer, hands soaked in blood and oil
War, Lies, They, Cry
Whats the reason for fighting
If there's no fucking end?