

# Cataract, For Their Sins

walk away with small fines, assassination still in mind  
Covered by the military reign, rules the world, rules with pain  
served your own beloved country, fought against religious poverty  
You just did it, with all your will, implanted the urge, the urge to kill  
You played master and servant the king of prison you were called  
On their knees you made them walk, there was no need for any talk  
You liked to punish them for their sins, beaten to death, with every breath  
With open eyes they let you do got you away with murder too  
Got you away ! Murder too !