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!