

# Die Apokalyptischen Reiter, Slaves Of Hate

Don't lookin' for any master, don't need an idol,  
Goin' on my own way, don't know where.  
I try to live, but I almost choked on it.  
Wolves attack me (fall upon me) tearing my soul.  
Slaves of hate  
No light in the darkness, no aim without hope  
Defeated by the game of violence.  
Gears are working monotonously  
Systems work continuously, but nobody knows  
How long?  
My courage is crushed, my hope, my fears too.  
I'm waiting for flying it into pieces.