

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.