

Fight, Beneath The Violence

(Halford/Tilse/Travis)

Closed into self asylum,
On ice that's paper thin.
Wrapped up for good protection.
Keep that from getting in.

The shadows bring the shelter,
Some refuge from the storm.
Brakes on the helter skelter,
To let these nerves reform.

Retreat out of the mad house,
Stop foaming at the mouth.
Hang up this strange behavior,
Cut through the overgrowth.

Watch from a safer distance,
Observe the next offense.
See how the hands do murder,
Then try to make some sense.

Black vision
Dead body
Oppression

Shock system
Explosive
Depression

Disaster
Malignant
Infection

Inhuman
Sadistic
Rejection

These acts of tender mercies,
Work on the purest soul.
They tease and trap remorseless,
Till six feet in the ground.

Shut down till all is silent,
Be still this seething blood.
Turn off, release the trigger,
Let numbness do some good