

# Her Nightmare, Come Anarchy Come Ruin

You can't escape  
Accept the strength and rise from death  
Wake up sleeper live again  
Your dignity's worth more than your master's suggest  
Break the chains of objective creeds  
Drown in an ocean of conformity  
We are the people who have become idle  
The masochists seeking bridles  
We are the people who have become idle  
And willing to make the descent  
Disobey your masters, make then fear and tremble  
Come anarchy, come ruin  
No longer passive in social servitude  
Come anarchy, come ruin  
As we follow this path of destruction  
As we wander this world without function  
Turning blind eyes we consume the mass-production but will we make the descent as instructed  
Our individuality has been choked under foot  
Our idea of freedom has been surrendered  
For the material possession that drives us  
The very thing that controls us  
Ideas of freedom have been surrendered  
Disillusioned people accept the strength that comes through solitude.