

Nevermore, Born

Religion changed the face of man, thou shalt not kill, we all are gone
The seed of ignorance is born thou shalt not think, thou shalt conform

The pigs order us to follow orders and obey
The flies drink the decaying nectar of their tortured effigy

Cling to wasted beliefs and visions and bathe in apathy again
No solution, the retribution of spiritual sickness begins

The legacy of suffering is through, the guilt we bear shall not tear us in two

Born we are the same, within the silence, indifference by thy name
Torn we walk alone, we sleep in silent shades
The grandeur fades, the meaning never known

If nothing in the world can change our children will inherit nothing

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The pigs call for pure submission and fall into the fray
The lonely hunter beats his shallow drum, the soundtrack of world disarray

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