

# Pretty Maids, Terminal Violence

Do you feel the penetration  
Do you feel their pins  
The masters of manipulation  
Pulling in their strings  
Beyond the walls of power  
In the high command  
The high and mighty  
Imposing you masterplan  
Caught in a world  
Where you dont have a say  
Terminal violence  
This is a nightmare  
Hell is here to stay  
Under surveillance  
Every single day  
Terminal violence  
Caught in a system  
You cant slip away  
Can you feel the coldness  
In a sick society  
In an Orwell frame of mind  
Among friendly enemies  
They drag you deeper  
As you reach for higher ground  
They chase and scare you  
Like a fox among the hounds  
Caught in a world  
Where you dont have a say  
Terminal violence  
This is a nightmare  
Hell is here to stay  
Under surveillance  
Every single day  
Terminal violence  
Caught in a system  
You cant slip away  
Youll never get out of here  
The more you see  
The more you hate  
The more you give  
The more they take  
Tied up and locked in no escape  
Caught in a world  
Where you dont have a say  
Terminal violence  
This is a nightmare  
Hell is here to stay  
Under surveillance  
Every single day  
Terminal violence  
Caught in a system  
You cant slip away  
Cant slip away