

Raised Fist, Pretext

celebrating with a feast though place and date is wrong
the sun has ceased to flee it didnt last for long
the green trees and mighty seas all my dreams are for free
but when i see these lies line up to end in misery

chains of money as pretext what will come next
maybe to sell your soul that seems to be your fuckin goal

old customs scaring you away the future is carrying your pain
you try to forget the past as your soul is dying fast
the green trees and mighty seas all my dreams are for free
but when i see these lies line up to end in misery

chains of money as pretext what will come next
maybe to sell your soul that seems to be your fuckin goal