

Vision Of Disorder, Ways to destry one's ambition

Level, Crumble
Level by the hatred
Can't really explain our nature
Genocide was created
Blown into the backs of children
Pushing - miles away
Down
There's no acceptance
There is no control
Breeding adolence
Come on
I said it's to me
To me there is nothing
But total annihilation
Come to us Armageddon
Give us all what we deserve
I lack the provision
I lack the self control
I lack the way to be
Will to grow old
I pull the shotgun close;
close to my chest
Grants me security in the New York City mirth
Your eyes bleed
Level, Crumble