

Volkana, Living Hell

Mountains crumble to the ground
Buildings, houses, all burn down
Nothing left but dust
A silent cry on through the night
Faceless shadows, fallen angels, fly high

Money makes the world go around
It takes you higher until you drown
Kingdoms built on dirt
Devastation, desolation
Madness rules, pay your dues, you scapegoat

Struggling to where honesty lacks
There's too much dirt in the facts
They're rolling the dice
They're cutting their share
You know they just don't care
I've made up my mind, ain't taking no more
Stop the game because we know the score

Little puppets, little toys
He who builds, he who destroys
Marathon of pain
Deep inside the truth they hide
Point of entry, where good and bad collide