

The Syncope Threshold

"Reticent Not Refined"

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They paint pictures of a false generation
A sub-culture fixated on the demise of all mankind,
Resealed just to be laid before us.
Letting go what's real to me,
You're mistaken for this I cannot beat, it's chained to
me.

Hold back my intentions
Think twice before you act out aloud.
Release my depression (non existent)
But I ask: do you really suffer at night?

This will not be tolerated!

Propaganda and black blood create cock tales of
deceit and corpulent bigotry...

UNITE!

We'll walk amongst the fascists and we'll smash in our
words ever lasting,
The rest of our time, is against us auras that we
deflect...

CORRECT!

Tainted we will regret, no motive excuses
YOU FOR WHAT'S BEEN LEFT!
Mar the canvas, understand us
(Understand us)

Masked by black shadows forced to bind,
Unjust, you fought for us? Then she'd the truth.
Although it doesn't matter anymore.
It's too late no need to prove your self otherwise,
The echo's and patterns light the sky,
No undoing what's been done,
And you've killed them all for fun.
Allegiance of none led on by the one!

