

Vincent Black Shadow, The "World In A World"

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I, being the judge of this legal court
Motion for the accused to arise.
Stand up boy, here's the end of your life.
Now all be in awe of my upper hand
And you watch as I detain.
I swallow time, twenty years
Of your life, I have obtained.

Sorry in a cell, with the rest of the dogs
I do nothing but wait.
I'm being fed shit, tormented, such hate.
Bashed, beaten, battered, some inmates here
Just cannot defend their lives.
That for me, the luxury in here is only to die.

Now you're in, here to stay
Life sentence, convicted,
And now you must pay.
So watch your back and all that you've got.
Stealers take, killers kill, but usually in the dark
Cold and empty grey
Matter of your brain would spray.
Unpleasant taste it leaves in your mouth.
This place is hell, this place is what we call.

World in a World
And you fear this fucking.
World in a World
Guilty you'll rot.

Warden hates because he's playing the part
He makes his point by turning guns on the unarmed.
Or solitary confinement they'll keep you
You resist and I'll have to beat you
A battered mess, and oh I regret
When you're in here slop is all you'll be fed.
And when you're tired and needing some sleep
The cement floor is all they feel you need.

World in a World
And you will fear this fucking.

World in a World
Guilty you'll rot.

World in a World
Held out of all sight.
World in a World.
To be here is to die!

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