

7 Angels 7 Plagues "Silent Deaths, Crowded Lives"

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With plastic face designs
Covered over a hell infested you
Your fingerprints marked in blood
Helpless to save you
Useless to name
Useless to purify
A lingering sin
In rubber rooms that float
Every bounding speck a memoir
Your devoted laughter silence
No one listens

A world full of ears become deaf
They scartch at the scars
But blood still drops from their eyes

With plastic face designs
We become fools to your lies
Hopeless to save
Useless to name
Your every desire to die.

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