

7 Generations "In Wolves Clothing"

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As we grovel at the feet of our enemy Begging for our
day
To bask in their light Whoring ourselves out to every
Master we are sworn to dethrone We forsake our
destiny,
Our birthright: To tear their world apart at the seams
We
Are a wolf-pack, howling of our own dread Baring our
Claws and fangs while shaking with fear Timid at the

Sight of a flock of sheep we were born to hunt We eat
Their scraps, beg at their heels and obey their rules
We've been tamed and mastered by our prey And if we
look
Like them And if we act like them And if we believe
their
Lies And if we live their lives Then we are nothing more
Than sheep in wolves clothing

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