

Crippler

"Damocles"

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Five on the run
Running dry
Their hands on mouth, ears or eyes
Five and again
Looking back
Again on the run
And up the wall

Repetition
Competition
I ain't scared
Are you
Let's be the dogs that bite the hands that fed us for so
long

Fear, I won't let you in
Right in the line of fire, I turn around and look at
Fear, I won't let you win
I make you shrink, until you disappear

I can't hear you breathing
I don't see you cry
If you are what they call alive
Then what the hell am I

Five on the hunt
Hunting the brave
Feel the bars from which side of the cage
Five are hurt
Hurting for immunity
Of change

Communication
Regulation
I ain't scared
Are you
Frightened people are great believers in security

Fear, I won't let you in
Right in the line of fire, I turn around and look at
Fear, I won't let you win

I make you shrink, until you disappear

Killing

No more

Killing under the constraints of caution

Again

Again

Again

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