

Domine

"Harvester"

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It is time for nailing some heads
Something looms in the dark tunnel ahead
These headless bodies keep walking
Can't you hear the half-deads talking

Without their eyes, they can see it
Without their ears, they can hear it
Without their lungs, they are breathing
With no blood, they are bleeding

New world society
Has written their blank creed
Giving liberty
To widows wrapped in black weeds
When life's not worth living
Are they real, are they fake?
Hold out to the end, unforgiving
They wish they were dead

Someone godlike holding heads as a salesman
From ashes of hell he's arisen
The whole world fatalities
Seen through half opened eyes
For them being nothing
They paid the price

Without their heart, they can feel it
With no soul, they feel hatred
Without their legs, they are creeping
Without dreams, they are sleeping

The whole world's fatalities
Have thrown on a head hunter shield
Confront brutality
Their doom is yet unsealed
For those who are blind
Whose life is a fake
Deprived of all presence of mind
A profound mistake

