

## **Dominia** **"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

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