

Morda

"Swallow / Concrete"

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I look upon you
As if you've exploded existence
To achieve a little change
He who drowns out every voice of strength
I look upon you
As if you've shattered existence
To achieve a little change
That man whispers by shooting nails

That man screams by using silence
Delay has become the highest conception
What is this called your world
It smells it fucking smells like nothing

A warning to thee
The nature of change cannot drown
But I can be neglected by the foot
The greater the need to bring that change
The greater the craft for discipline

Give me all you have
And I shall move your world
Give me all you have
And I shall break your world

That man shifts by holding ground
Take the silver and save the fucking gold
What is this thing called you will
It bites it bites you to death

My declaration to men
To all gathered to all amassed
My tribunal

My contemplation to all men
The flame of change can't burn out

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