

Reign "Obscured"

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This is our reality, our sarcastic state
We learn new religion, a religion of hate
Because of the shadows in which we depend
Our tormented lives never end

Obscured
Obscured

All right

Born out of ignorance still here we lie
Death growing closer as time slips by
Cold black stone, with blood at our feet
Should we accept that we are weak?

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Obscured

You rip away our independence
We can cope without you
Alone are we in our death sentence
In dependence we will do

Silence of the masses
Silence of the masses

Ignorance teaches to admit inferior
To follow an icon, a construct superior
Listen to use, freedom is the right
A vision beyond this barren sight

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