

## **Samuel Caldwell's Revenge "Obscene State Of Murder"**

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Stuck in a world, draining our commonsense  
Spirits of revolution, Diluted with authority  
None Has the sense, purpose, point or reason  
Why the world is in this mess  
We carry an ideal, purpose set to lie  
And hate the privileged witness to murders  
Slaughters on the screen, how did we lead ourselves  
To evolve from this obscene state of murder.  
Will we ever turn our head from the alibis engraved  
In a public eye there are no division lines  
Faiths that tell us to be loyal, To ourselves  
Tell us to put the revolution on our shelves  
And the knowledge we acquire, Cause no part of the  
whole  
Dilutes us with an official sense of self  
It's impossible to rebel against the machine  
That keeps us on the verge of our existence

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