

## **Trigger The Bloodshed "The Dead World"**

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Immersion, destine of the terra firma marched upon by  
the execrable,  
An unthinkable atrocity plaguing the conscience of men  
and women alike,  
This ambiguous world, with it's many curses,  
Has fattered it's weak, it's undeveloped seeds,  
Exempt from inferiority the wealthy stop to gaze,  
The tolerance to watch an entire race fall is lame,  
Humanitarian charities take it upon themselves,  
Inadequately begging, for the bestowal of,  
Riches to save those that cannot be preserved  
As well as our own indebtedness to our stealing  
overlords,  
As every country in the world descends,  
Further into incapacity,  
Summits cannot see eye to eye,  
Unifications of axillary indigents begin to die,  
With no trace of their existence,  
Writhing in the torment the incarnations of adversity,  
Owing but a wearisome recognition to the humane  
race,  
Embodying all that is their misery, whilst a minority,  
Pose witness to the omission of an origin,  
Realism clutches away hope, faith and conviction,  
Lazy is exhaustive humanity at playing the courageous,  
Divide of reimbursement for the grind,  
Holding back from the obscenity of conflict has  
destroyed,  
And crippled territory of development,  
Scandalous countries, unwilling to reconstitute their  
cities,  
Apparent malignancies, attributes to the prevailing  
world,  
Independent nations left to drown in poverty,  
Little known countries overflow with epidemical  
torment,  
Now fragmenting, without the aid taken from them,  
Colonies withering away, distressed, crippled hands,  
Outstretched in vain, To a sinfully commercial deity,  
Whilst it scrutinizes with an absent mercy.

