

## Watchout! There's Ghosts "Asylum"

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The fears of an idealistic society  
Strike down the individual  
Moral oppression of civil rights  
Denial of our so called freedom increases  
Eccentricity, is our cry of struggle  
Echoes from the Tower battlements  
Let them cast those who oppose the system  
Into the dark deep cells of insanity  
We shall escape this asylum, batter the walls of stone  
Bitter farewell to the asylum, social resistance  
Evade the elite armed forces  
Who mindlessly scan this vastness  
If discovered, use death as a first resort  
Disregard the rotten stench

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