

Watchout! There's Ghosts

"Tyrants In Distress"

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Tyrants control-overwhelming, overbearing
Rebels are marching- into their midst
To bring them down-and cease the cruelty
Do as they wish-and remember only fear
The reign of tyranny falls, with a thunderous crash..
The swords, and axes of the rebels, are drenched with
blood...
Tyrants in distress
Bringing chaos, bringing turmoil
Bringing death to the powerful kings
Breaking their skulls, breaking their bones..
Killing is foremost on the rebels minds
The panic the panic, the tyrants can feel, rebellious
thirst for blood, cannot
Be quenched
Death to the bastards of tyranny, give them to hell, you
rebel missionaries!
Conformist slaughtered, where they stand...
Recalcitrance...is the rebels battle cry..
They scream it, at the wretched tyrants..
And find the end to the power hungry authorities
Who are no more....

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