

We Are The In Crowd

"Call Of The Master"

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The war just died
Bodies - still warm
Fratricide
The wound is bleeding even more

Dreadful pain
Horror grows, fear remains
Bloodred skies
People dying with despise

Suffering imposed by the peaceful friends
Filial blood she'd for someone's sake
Neighbour exiled by his neighbour's wrath
Brother died by his brother's hand

Genocide
You purge the heretics
Punish the innocents
Suffer the kids

Spill the blood
Close the eyes
Maim the soul
Squash the slave

Stinky future
Awful future
Distracted present
Disrooted past

Countdown to doom, infinite gloom
Diabolical grain, people insane

There's no limit in despise
Demolition and demise
Empty promise, iron law
Heavy burden makes fears flow

Oppressing over you
Obedience will be sooth
If you try to flee

It will be your decease

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