

Whisteria Cottage "Baled To Death"

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Focus on the thought we wont survive when our
freedom is contradicted.
Even with the whips against our backs we will no longer
be afraid.
When your optimistic views are ravished maybe you will
finally see your tyranny yet we will still have to face
ourselves.
Forever a fight of bitter ends.
Where we feed the masses this lack of information.
Where media fills our minds with temptation.
This world drives me into asphyxiation.
And injustice of actions demanded.
We have to realize we must gather.
In order to capture and devour.
Never will we be the one's that are shackled down.
We must break free of what, we once thought we were
meant to be.
Count the bodies as we destroy what they made us
believe.
I will hold my head high

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