

World Under Blood

"Into The Arms Of Cruelty"

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There's no real way to make the best of the worst
We are sentenced at birth onto a prison we still call the
Earth
The pre-adolescent mind records
And stores all that they see, feel, and hear
And the actions of adulthood at best are carried out in
fear
A figure of neglect stands above the shape of
innocence
Succumbs to insecurities and issues cruel punishment
Unqualified, yet socially identified as symbols of
poverty
Entitled to our cognizance
You can burn in hell for knowing what you know
Projections of a bastard, reaping what you sow
Feeding the illusion, a child's faith erodes
A new soul, a blank face
An innocent expression already erased
A new soul into the arms of cruelty
A blank face into the arms of cruelty
An innocent expression into the arms of cruelty
Already erased
There's no real way to make the best of the worst
We are sentenced at birth onto a prison we still call the
Earth
Why can you ignore the warnings?
And how can you truly welcome the product of yourself
Into the arms of cruelty?
Feeding the illusion that you want them in your custody
The helpless child trusts the arms of cruelty
A new soul into the arms of cruelty
A blank face into the arms of cruelty
An innocent expression into the arms of cruelty
Already erased

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