

Year Of Desolation "Elitist Death Squad"

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Bound and gagged, awake to a state of confusion.
You don't understand, how someone could do this shit
to you.
There's no fucking way, we were gonna just let you talk
shit to us, to our fucking face.
Now how does it feel to be less of a man?
How much are your fuckin' scene points worth now?

In this worthless game of acceptance, there's no
contest cause you've all rigged it.
Now all hope is lost, a shallow line's been crossed, the
futureless and dead, lay at your feet and hands.
You will learn to speak to me with respect or you'll be
my slave, you can't spit lies and blasphemy we'll fill
your mouth with razor blades and glass...
Razor blades and broken glass.

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