

Monsters of the Midday

"Manipulation Strain"

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Cast into desolation
Uniform destruction of the pure
On wasted soil never to vegetate
On this lifeless planet of ash
Manipulation of their world
These helpless victims

Sirens of war soon fade
Silence of death now heard
By mutant survivors of this holocaust
A strange leprotic race
Dreaming of a different place
Manipulation Strain
Manipulation Strain!

To build once more from volcanic dust
A populace of deformities
A multitude of horrific defects
Corrupts the surviving colonies
Engulfing their lives ever slowly
Manipulation Strain
Manipulation Strain!

Searching in their eyes
For a gleam of life
Yet the only rays of hope
Are filtered out by the burning sky

And with their fears
Of the poisoned atmosphere
Comes the fuel to cast them onward
To the shores of oblivion!

In a forgotten world
Of lives that have no worth
The remaining cries
Fall to waste

Screaming they're not dreaming
Fate has caste them down
Into their molten grave

Never to be found
These helpless victims!

Sirens of war soon fade
Silence of death now heard
By mutant survivors of this holocaust
A strange leprotic race
Dreaming of a different place
Manipulation Strain
Manipulation Strain!

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