

Bison B. C. "Stressed Elephant"

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No pills for our sake, we journey to a different grave.
Hunted and beautiful, the darkest, the true.
Work place, a sin, let the dancing begin.
Our dead will rise with raging thunder, trampled under.
We are caged, wasting away.
Escape into renaissance.

We live in memories; we lost everything.
Marching to our grief, obeying human thieves.
Our dead will rise with raging thunder, trampled under.
We are caged, wasting away.
Escape into renaissance.

Our dead will rise, revenge for human crimes.
Into renaissance, we died for innocence.
Marching to our grave.

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