

Social Suicide

"When Speaking Of Plagues"

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Imposter's are leading the way to the light
false words are spoken, truth has been despaired
we have inherit the lies of our fathers

they have spread the tales as weed in a field
spread this myth as fire in grass
Were not capable of shaking this trash off our backs
haunted by this trend and we still comprehend

Why do i question this?
Cause we have yet to find
balance to keep this going
its like a kick in the groin

We're steering this ship towards skerries
and we're cutting the sails
while sinking in to deep

We base everything on "who's in and outs"
claiming we're the guardians of truth
when someone questioned, we shut our mouths
we changed god into a liars fraud

They have spread the tales as weed in a field
we're not capable of shaking this trash off our backs
haunted by this trend and we still comprehend

The abject will rise up
In the kingdom of light
There will be no fringe
between the highs and lows
To you who is worn out:
You will rise up as strong
Something tells we it is worth it

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