

Jasta "Enslaved, Dead Or Depraved"

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Whispers tell the tale
Striking distance to defeat
Push so hard to keep sane
View the masses so diseased.
Violence carries over
Find a trace of peace & hide
Those content with slowing dying must arise
Or theyâ€™ ll find us all

Enslaved, dead or depraved
When the choice is made
The martyrs will awake
Enslaved, dead or depraved
Piled high in an unmarked grave

Freedom lies in the thoughts
Far beyond what theyâ€™ ve been told
So at peace are the slaves
Who deny imprisoned souls
Black clouds of despair loom high so surreal
Pure greed stands tall
While the rest fucking kneel

Theyâ€™ re enslaved, dead or depraved
Now the choice is made
So much weakness ingrained
Enslaved, dead or depraved
Piled high in unmarked grave

This world is bent on breaking us

This world is bent on breaking serve, fear, lose or
conquer.

This world is bent on breaking us
We wonâ€™ t halt in the path of hardship

Anyone can hold the helm while the sea is calm
But can anyone dictate a war while the front line
pushes on?

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