

Against The Plagues "Order Of Decay"

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Clones of this world
Opiate mass
Robotic phantoms of men
Bane through the screens
Arms of decay
Narcotic rush through the veins

Cryonic cell
Crawling in wheel
Torn in a vile atmosphere
Brought up to slave
For others' gain
Cry at this scene of despair

Destroy the vital, honest self
Utilize our souls
And truth subjected motive serves
Shaped to fool us all
With Eyes decrypting
Through codes discerning
The lies eroding
Unveiled shall always be

Conflicts their game
Crises their wings
Control and power to fuel
Systems depraved
Masterly run
Ancient or modern, renewed

Trained in their art, from dawn of times
Corrupted, modeled, refined
Bringers of doubt, fear and disgrace
Blades in the backs of our lives

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