

Bataar

"The Futile Scene"

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Cells divide
To a futile scene
Anemic Angels and Dolls
The body will spasm with a twirling scream
All entity
Is lost

So whereas you
Will fade

We will not lend ourselves
To manipulation
Instrumental shrapnel
The rain will never stop

FAME
Is a given for some
I feel depraved for the cyanide in them
A reaction has undoubtedly begun
Let the screamish volunteer
We'll remain unsung

Your phalanx will fall

Brace yourself
Blaze in death
Let's rewrite the story of our time

FAME,
A stroboscopic pursuit
What's lacking blood will only lead to dispute
Those with deficiencies cannot coexist
In spite of the lots of you
WE WILL PERSIST

Your phalanx will fall

Brace yourself
Blaze in death
Let's define the world before we die

Instrumental shrapnel, the rain will never stop

Instrumental shrapnel, the rain will never stop
Instrumental shrapnel, the rain will never stop
Instrumental shrapnel, the rain will never stop

Brace yourself
Blaze in death
Let's rewrite the story of our time

Brace yourself
Blaze in death
Let's define the world before we die

Before we die
Before we die
Before we die...

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