

Subrosa

"Crucible"

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We'll scour the ghettos
For the trash of the earth
Put em on the frontline
They won't be missed

Step into my crucible
Warm yourself in my crucible
Burn and die in my crucible

We'll bribe their grieving families
With the fat of the land
Spread distorted visions
Till they eat from our hand

The victims of the system
Are the first to be served
To propagate that system
They're meat in our mill

Cast into the futile battle
In the caste system
Of feudal lords
Crying from the
Bottom of the pile
In the voice of a number

We're paragons of virtue
And you are the same
When you die in our turnstile
We'll protect your name

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