

# The Haunted

## "Trespass"

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Tampering with the codes to our existense.  
The blasphemy will take its toll.  
With blood on their hands, they alter our perception of  
reality.  
Morticians clad in white seek their prey.

Compassion is left behind.  
In their search for a controllable mind.

Trespassing on sacred realms.  
Sustaining the dying breed.

They will eradicate the features of man's weaknesses.  
Delete, improve the versions of ourselves.  
Try to cure us from the disease, we're dethroned and  
left to bleed.  
Human nature's shedding skin.

Compassion is left behind.  
In their search for a controllable mind.

Trespassing on sacred realms.  
Sustaining the dying breed.

Trespassing on sacred realms.  
Sustaining the dying breed.

We're all just shedding skin...

Creating but bitter repercussions.  
We're disarmed of all control.  
With blood on their hands, they alter our perception of  
reality.  
Morticians clad in white seek their prey.

Compassion is left behind.  
In their search for a controllable mind.

Trespassing on sacred realms.  
Sustaining the dying breed.

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