

## **Antonio Neglia**

# **"Packed In Purgatory"**

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Reaping the wind,  
take another breath,  
one stop closer leads to another death

World without order takes it start  
Corrupted figures don't know their parts  
The day remains black as midnight  
As the fallen reap from the in sight

Who are we to play a god?  
Power consumes and blinds like fog  
Grip your guns, we'll go to war  
Who to fight. We'll pass you the torch

Hear the voice, breathe the fire,  
We put pain back into desire  
You wish you may  
You wish you might  
Now go and kill all in sight

Battered and broken,  
Unholy and unspoken  
The means of a hero considered to be a fellow  
But with great means comes great sorrow  
Consider the pain  
Tears falling down like rain  
From the heavens above  
Puncture the hearts of the living and the sane

Don't you see  
This pain will never cease  
Fighting for no reason, not one sense of your liberty  
Lost souls on bloody seas  
Doesn't help the weakened praying on bloody knees

This is no game, this is called war  
Something not needed, something so uncalled for  
You speak of liberty  
We speak of uncertainty  
Cant you see this is just some bloody hypocrisy ?  
We fear no enemy  
Already have been driven to insanity

This life is what you call some  
God damn \*\*\*\*ing abnormality.

Play your god, play your part  
The worlds your stage, and lock our freedoms within a  
cage  
Diabolical factions satisfy your taste  
The world as we know it  
Is sure at stake.

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