

I come from a land  
of systematic erasure of optimism and positiveness  
You don't want to encourage me

Slowly corroding your fortified norm  
Leaving you bitter, grim and sober

With rigid cramp or silent fear  
I strangle what you do hold dear  
With rigid cramp or silent fear  
evoking addiction, limp, severe

It's sin again  
Like charcoal on flaming nuns  
Consistence unknown like early black metal

We're born without armor -  
don't you think I'm watching my back ?!

With rigid cramp or silent fear  
I strangle what you hold dear  
With rigid cramp or silent fear  
evoke addiction; limp; severe