

The Season of Revenge

Krampus

Hosts of slaves starving for nothing
in the kingdom of discontent
Swarms of moths burning their wings
on the alluring flames of deception
this is the world where you live

Billions of little men
squeezed till the last drop
by the hands of few
For the wealth of one
the ruin of the rest

stones dressed like diamonds adorning
the hopes of the tricked fools
while the sated laugh at your tears

feeble is the veil behind which you lived your life
in this carnival built by their lies
Time has come to give them a payback for your cries

rip out the silence
tear down the chains
that dwells your mind

Tired of liars, tired of thieves, tired of the rotten that dwells around me

Anger for every injustice subjected the raise of the rightfull begins
Revolt

Billions of little men
squeezed till the last drop
by the hands of few
For the wealth of one
the ruin of all the rest

rip out the silence
tear down the chains
that encase your mind

Never the voice of righteous will go out in vain
all the suffering, will never be buried by time
and standing in line, waiting for the call
the crowds of forgotten will never be hushed again

seeds of rebellion
Sprout from the lies
Harvest of hate
the season of revenge