

Dictators

Master

The Sick and the twisted horrors - and all the pain
The men made Gods of torture - they still remain
No one can learn from the mistakes - they did before
Is destiny encouraging - yet another war

The tombs are reminders of all who paid
The angel of death whose prezenze - was surely made
The writings of victims - their atatements still cover
walls
The sounds of them marching echoes inside the halls

A tourist attraction
That millions see every day
Unknown feelings of anger
Their souls were pray

The tombs are reminders of all who paid
The angel of death whose prezenze - was surely made
The writings of victims - their atatements still cover
walls
The sounds of them marching echoes inside the halls

I am the law, I rule this place
I am the law, I will dictate the way you live
I am the light, I am the way
I am the light, I will decide
Who lives or dies today