

Slaves to Society

Master

The silence of the vast majority,
the violence will it simply will succeed.
When face to face into the thick of it,
The force of will it will enforce the fist.

A shallow pit of emptiness,
Can we escape from restlessness?
Reluctance from their empty heads,
Society's already dead.

Impoverished nations, will they rise again?
A confrontation have we reached the end?
The slaves of hatred can begin again,
In contemplation of their master plan.