

Lords Of Discipline

Morta Skuld

at war, at war with the world
trust in me, who is our Saviour now
feeding off the weakness and fear
lost forever, souls that lose their path
they hear in the silence
no one escapes their eyes
do you question them
what every man fears
a man made machine, made of respect
nothing disgraces his eyes
to preserve order and chaos
my mind taken by force
I can't look back at what was me
using knowledge against you
a part of me is gone
their presence is known
never thinking twice
their command you obey, they rule with an iron fist
they hear in the silence
no one escapes their eyes
do you question them
what every man fears
I live in world of hatred
robbed of body, mind, and soul.