Rest In Pain

Cryptic Slaughter

Mindless screams from the field of hate
Increase our panic as generals scheme
Mangled bodies emerge from the smoke
Unconsciously begging the night's downfallLife is just a fantasy
Death is felt in vain
No control or destiny
We will rest in painThe instinct to kill is what they expect
Employed for destruction or the unbalanced will
Expectations of truth are lost with the dead
As thoughtless minds injure, all hope is lostFree will controls what's left of our minds
Survival drives our battered souls
The pain we carry to the grave
Shows indifference in the eyes of slaves

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