Spectre

Cynic

A spectre is rising in the world today
Born of disaster, fed on dismay
From the shackles of slavery, toil and pain
The people are rising to stake their claim
A taste of this whip is all that you'll need
To keep you in line, keep you down on your knees
We are the bastards of mammon, we're here to stay
Keep you bowing and scraping till your dying day
A spectre is rising from sea to sea
A global solution for a global disease
A specter is rising from sea to sea
Divided you're conquered, united we're free
Miles above you and worlds apart
The bastards of mammon are playing their part
To fatten their bellies and hollow our hearts

Dystopian nightmare, war is art
The face of the master is the face of the whore
Hungry for money, always ready for more
Hear him scratching just outside of your door
To feed on your children and conquer your shores
One if by land, two if by sea
Three when we find you, down on your knees
Blinded by prophets sick with disease
With holy irreverence we do as we please
What terrified me will terrify others
I need only describe the specter
Which had haunted my midnight pillow
"What terrified me will terrify others.
I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow."
-Mary W. Shelley

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