

Revolution Decimation

Axis of Advance

X marks this day in the darkness, but within its view
The blood from my boot lace garotte comes clean in a gutter wash
Middle aged wretched whore
Faceless, nameless, penniless
Lying down, rictus twisted
Extinguished from a long misery
Sleep comes easy this night
As a gear in life shifts
They will emerge from the metal caves
Punishment's mystery revealed
The day of XX waiting they come not
Choose they, to ignore? Or does it not know?
Fear turns to anger... Turns to hate
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Something is furious... It's in us... It fears us
Feeling the blood, oh, the blood
A useless, nameless old man's blood
As he drops, I stand waiting they do not come
Like a stone, does it not see? It makes me hate it even more
XXX the will to kill reality the final decamp
Winds of variance; Rising force blood lust for invincibility
A garotte turned to a poniard and now a gun
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