The Iron Law

Enemy Logic

It's the law.
Drive it deep inside, your remorse for your crimes.
You're the one punished, punished by the world.
You are their darkest soul, mordant soul of their disgrace.
Everything that they hate is balled up inside you.
You will never fear a man, something that can bleed or die.
Everything that can fall, fall from their fucking grace.
Why can we not see this travesty?
How can we resist this irony?
Put on your dancing shoes. Put them on and dance bitch.
You can never reconcile, reconcile for your crimes.
What you've done is too vicious, ruined all their lives.
If you escape your cell, you won't forget what you've done.
Memories haunt your mind, condemn you to hell.
It's the law.

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