

# Into the Arms of Cruelty

## World Under Blood

There's no real way to make the best of the worst  
We are sentenced at birth onto a prison we still call the Earth  
The pre-adolescent mind records  
And stores all that they see, feel, and hear  
And the actions of adulthood at best are carried out in fear  
A figure of neglect stands above the shape of innocence  
Succumbs to insecurities and issues cruel punishment  
Unqualified, yet socially identified as symbols of poverty  
Entitled to our cognizance  
You can burn in hell for knowing what you know  
Projections of a bastard, reaping what you sow  
Feeding the illusion, a child's faith erodes  
A new soul, a blank face  
An innocent expression already erased  
A new soul into the arms of cruelty  
A blank face into the arms of cruelty  
An innocent expression into the arms of cruelty  
Already erased  
There's no real way to make the best of the worst  
We are sentenced at birth onto a prison we still call the Earth  
Why can you ignore the warnings?  
And how can you truly welcome the product of yourself  
Into the arms of cruelty?  
Feeding the illusion that you want them in your custody  
The helpless child trusts the arms of cruelty  
A new soul into the arms of cruelty  
A blank face into the arms of cruelty  
An innocent expression into the arms of cruelty  
Already erased

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