

# Wilt

## Brutal Truth

Drawing from the truth  
Innocent few cast their chips in  
Praying, count accounts  
Believe in something for a price Cop out  
Broken dreams  
Deceiving more  
You've raped their hearts and soul Capitalize  
False gimmick for the weak and needy  
Blind angel  
The shortest distance from the truth Rotted minds  
Believe your loaded lot of shit  
Forgotten few  
Sorry victims of divine crimes pay their lives Capitalize  
False gimmick for the weak and needy  
Blind angel  
The shortest distance from the truth Rotted minds  
Believe your loaded lot of shit  
Forgotten few  
Sorry victims of divine crimes pay their lives You're faceless beyond crimes  
You've taken on a new level  
Hatred, more spite than any other Gutless, dying victims  
Hollow shells, empty lives  
Lifeless lives

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