

FLESH ON BONES

Wildness in steel, and chaos from stones.
Stumbling power and flesh on bones.
No tear on a dead face, no frogs and no snakes.
Just bikes and tanks. Bikes and tanks.

The fortress of thoughts is no longer save,
and the pictures, the sound.
A never ending wave without a ground.
But the flood will take the houses
and the people there within.
Just bikes and tanks.

Wake up to the sound of war.