

Full Strike, Metal Mind

Slaves of religions possessed by the waste, faithful they follow their trust.
Chained are the herd that takes all the blame, forgiven
with threats if they pray.

Blessed are the children with sorrow and pain, their vanishing spirit just fading away.
Malicious veins, who take all the blame, victims of greed and betrayal.
But their faithless dreams,
erasing their thought that leads all the way to your heart and to your METAL MIND.

Lost in oblivion and baptized in fear, poisoned by lives all beliefs.
But their ancient voice awakening their trust, from the ashes their shadow regain.

Their vanishing spirit now raising from truth, revival from hollow and into rebirth.

Moaning voices