

Be glad, be pleased

There's no space for love
'cause the fear can not come out
Chains will not fall off
Doesn't matter how much you shout

And if you care
about your life
Stay still and never dare
To go outside

Ignore the mess
Forget what's seen
Then the world is blackless
Then it is clean

You must be glad
you must be pleased
for the world you've had
that brother gifted

You must work hard
you must be squeezed
for the world you've had
that brother gifted

They will never move
from their mighty thrones up high
Even if you try
They can't ever be removed

These kings of pain
They search for war
Chaos surrounds their feign
concern for-it's core

The nation's heart
is a grand seed
being borrowed for hate
letting it bleed

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