

The Light

Text by Nicolas Py, Music by Age of Collision

Enclosed in the dark
You can hear his deep breath

Twice a day, everyday,
Down to your cellar
To cuddle you hard

Accept in silence, your fate
(and swallow every drop)
Your death could be your freedom
(you don't know how to die)
A hopeless existence, a suffering body
Your prayers go into oblivion

One day will come your vengeance
One day, your hero will foment his disgrace
One day, this asshole will drop the soap in prison
And understand "brutal buttrape"

Accept in silence, your fate
(and swallow every drop)
Your death could be your freedom
(you don't know how to die)
a hopeless existence, a suffering body
Your prayers go into oblivion

And the door scattered
In a cloud of dust
The angels were singing while
He was entering the room

And then he said "follow me"
"are you up to see the light?"

The light.

Abysm

Text by Lucas Sanchez and Nicolas Py, Music by Age of Collision

Blind are the eyes
Chao is regning over limbs
Numb are the legs and arms
The dept rotting in the chest

They will chock into despair
Why do I feel so heavy ?
I can barely breath

Deeper into abysm
Stronger the embrace growing
Neither living nor dead
As they lose themself, as the decent begin
Start the song of the past
Flowing out the mouth of our own history
Start the song of the past

Remincent mistakes awake me
Why can't they leave me
Why do I feel so guilty when the bottom finaly shows itself
Just silence
Neither hope nor light can be seen with a darkend mind

Arise a king named silence

The voices sing again
They're not the same now
They cradle the soul
Settle serenity

A helpful hand hold myself
Could it be salvation ?

I feel true love deeply ablaze my heart.

Lame

Text by Nicolas Py, Music by Age of Collision

I won't let them destroy
I won't let them soil

Captain, soldiers
are you ready ?

As the sun went down on the shore
We sailed through the night

And then we saw the blinking light approaching
We set our ropes and banners, we counted remaining seconds
The time came, we jumped, we climbed, we ran
As the dawn and its cold sunrises arrived
They read the truth

We didn't expected their forces
A certain lack of intelligence
We surrendered in front of their guns
We were rightful

Dropped into the hold, they blinded our eyes but it was not ours that matters
Anesthetic liquid, they shut our screams but it's already been broadcasted
Upload just had time to complete, the new spread like wildfire

Politicians puked lame speeches
For mainstream media's scandal hunger
NGOs threw pathetic claims
All the team rotted in gulag

"Release those peasants"
thus spoke the emperor.

We didn't expected this twist
A certain event is yet to begin
We went back home with the pride of a sir
We were puppets

Dropped into the hold, they blinded our eyes but it was not ours that matters
Anesthetic liquid, they shut our screams but it's already been broadcasted

Five ring's flags rise
(We were puppets)
May the best win

B-Zilla

Text by Alan Gualandris, Music by Age of Collision

Sweet children
Shut up and listen because I've something to tell you
About the end of the world
Stand up and scream for your salvation because everything you own will be destroyed
So put your fists in the air and pray for the hell
Break down, burn them down to the roots and make them eat the dirt
Seriously guys what's wrong with this earth
We fucked up and felt apart with the damned and the fools

The fire will burn them all to ashes

Our city is on fire
We can see the women crying (sexual desire)
Bitchzilla came back from the death
We're gonna fight him till the end
We're gonna fight him till the fucking end

Once upon a time there was a mexican family living on ohio

But they died
Burned like a motherfucking taco
Burned just because bitchzilla spits fire from his mouth
No one can resist his fluo tentacles
The scourge of the monster pull them down

Our city is on fire
We can see the women crying (sexual desire)
Bitchzilla came back from the death
We're gonna fight him till the end
We're gonna fight him till the fucking end

Come on
Come on bitchzilla
I'm not afraid

Bitchzilla is back motherfuckers.