Genocide

Bathory

Mechanised death, poisoned last breath
In dust realised kill, what a thrill
All hell ablaze the furnace gates
Stands open wide for genocideGenocide - physicians in league with death
Genocide - die this day or do with less
Genocide - holloweyed and grey charade
Genocide - death head strut and masqueradeVomiting blood, where are you, God?
Can't you fuckin' smell
The damned stench, excrement
Mountians of corpse, can't you see, Lord?
It makes your Gomorra look small, very smallFlames to the sky, white Christ is blind
The burning smoke, the piles of bones
One final cry, last pleading words
Through the chimney high
The prayer is unheardGenocide - physicians in league with death
Genocide - die this day or do with less
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