

Monster (Paris '04)

Malevolent Creation

Seize the pipe, offer your life, inhale this obsession.
Filling the lungs of minorities youth, coincidental connection?
The sickness spreading, into their lives, free-base infecting.
Who will pay for their lives? The gullible one grabs his gun, sticks it to your head.
For a piece of smoking disease, squeeze the trigger until you're dead.
Mind is thrown in disarray, for a vice, unconscious slay.
Governmentally induced, no one except yourself to blame. No one to blame, suicide this game.
Shell of a man left to wither and die.
Deteriorating waste, ignoring his mind's cry.
Addiction continues, more population to abuse. Monster!
Expanding into your lungs, banish your right of thought.
Tasting your foul sorrow, sickening trend of this plot.
Is this what your soul commands? How much rock can you smoke?

Songwriters

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