

# Cybertrash

## The Kovenant

Superstition, disguised as faith  
The fear of death plagues their eyes  
Automated animation, a fingerprint personality  
Born of desperation  
So terrified that you just might disappear when you die  
And that there is no difference between right or wrong  
Elimination of the modern nation  
No need for the excess population  
Twisted monuments of human decay  
Old death to new beginnings  
Remake the world in genocide  
Everything they taught you is a lie  
Would you die for this?  
Fake and fractured, soulless and manufactured  
Would you die for this?  
Crossbred and numbered, we are cybertrash  
Proclaimed by a thousand prophets  
Believed by a million fools  
Its an endless line of tragedies  
What is faith but another word for superstition  
On the ruins of the old  
Free of the moral waste  
Perfect and gleaming  
In the light of the morning star  
Would you die for my sins?  
Or would you take my life and try to make it yours?  
Prove me wrong, but I'll still see it my own way  
Would you die for this?  
Fake and fractured, soulless and manufactured  
Would you die for this?  
Crossbred and numbered, we are cybertrash

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