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 dissappear when you die
And that there is no difference between right or wrongElimination 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 lieWould you die for this?
Fake and fractured, soulless and manufactured
Would you die for this?
Crossbred and numbered, we are cybertrashProclaimed 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 starWould 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 wayWould 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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