Sociopath

Bathory

Kill. Kill them all. Pigs written in blood on the walls.
Your not entitle to accuse and judge one single man
If you allow all shit that's happening in this damned
Rotten land. The pressure your damned system,
Religion and school puts on our minds creates an all
Collective pain that no damn walls can keep inside.Do you really think that all evil and madness rests in me.
Do you think you're safe locking me up
And then throwing away the key.Can't you see I'm out, man. Can't you see I'm free.
Can't you see I'm out, man. Can't you see I'm just
A product of a broken nation's shattered dream.Death. Death to all. Pigs screaming, The blood runs
Down the walls. You'll never be successful trying to
Keep the madness behind these walls because the pain
Comes from inside and creates chaos within all.
You can put me in the chair and watch me f*cking fry.
But I am aware my death's a nation's alibi.Can't you see I'm out, man. Can't you see I'm free.
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Songwriters
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