Kill Kill Kill

Bathory

Industrialized abortions
The organs lined up on the shelves
Colored pills guaranteed to keep you at peace
With your pitiful fucking selvesSo full of nothing behind the closed doors
Of your very own misery
You're getting your share of weird fucking pleasure
Watching humiliation tvYou're all fucking nothing but bricks on a board
Pawns in a game moved and owned by faceless high lords
Useful a cog in the money machine
Disposable sellable obedient slaves to extort industryThat's why you kill
Why you want to kill
Why you should kill
And so you killBeauty pageants for the five year old
Pay-per-view Christ for your souls
The lottery of mammon will provide for you
When you are back broken useless and oldBut once you are dead and they'll showed
You into the forgiving flames
They'll refer to you only by a social security number
And not your nameLife is no welfare circus you're all born to work and to give
Do not even dare to believe in an alternative way which to live
So shut up and swallow the pain that keeps eating you up from inside
And continue to timely pay your fucking taxes until you all fucking diesThat's why you kill
Why you want to kill
Why you should kill
And so you kill

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