Prod

Ebolax

Emotions inside us troubling,
The hatred inside us escalating,
The sickness inside us keeps us weak,
The masses inside of us suffering they are bleeding,
The calling inside us sick with greed,
The voices calling to us deafening we're not listeningCannot receive the obvious
Line up cattle and cut the necks
Swat at the flies omit disgustThe leaders inside us posturing,
The pollution inside of us suffocating me,
The science inside us menacing
The will that's inside of us its dying end is comingCannot receive the obvious
Line up cattle and cut the necks
Drain us of life and cleanse the messWash me off inside, wash me off insideWe're killing ourselves killers
Goddamn we fucked up the circumstance,
Too late to save us from ourselves,
Callous minds against trust and confidence,
Too late to give a damn now
Too late to save us from ourselves, too late to make it all go away,
Too late to beg pardons from the mother, too late to give a damnNow we'll sit and waitWait wait for the coming. of the end
Wait for the coming the killing the ending the plight of man
Deserving no mercy expelling by god's hand,
It's okay the ending it's over no more pain .Emotion the hatred the sickness the calling

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