

# 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 listening Cannot receive the obvious  
Line up cattle and cut the necks  
Swat at the flies omit disgust The 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 coming Cannot receive the obvious  
Line up cattle and cut the necks  
Drain us of life and cleanse the mess Wash me off inside, wash me off inside We'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 damn Now we'll sit and wait Wait 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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