

Cyborg Anti-Christ

Malickis Happy Corn Club

separate from civilized life we have entered a germ station
lost communication with god enter with the deviation
a walking time bomb's what we are murderous infatuation
neighbours are fighting in the streets unleash all your aggravation
kill all the mortal enemies let them face retaliation
lose yourself in the thought, and kill for total annihilation
you're all gonna adapt or die feel the discrimination
nothing lives with our solution of burning extermination
born losers are quite dangerous we are one with the retardation
the naked gospel is coming we shall never see salvation
we're mentally overcrowded we can't hold on to sanity
trauma centered inside our mind identify with savagery
prepare yourself for the blood age majorities disintegrate
modus operandi tells all minors to enter the gate
the leftovers speak for themselves can you see all the confusion
you must meet death to be destined brought about by social fusion
electronics steal the soul
delivering us to evil we are the sand that turns to glass
in the afterworld's realm broke by the hand that burns our grass
his majesty, satan, is paged our work with him has been engaged
industrial technology meets computer biology

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