

# Acid Drinkers, Megalopolis

Metropolis creates mob and mob creates its face  
Megalopolis builds barriers, you die under their stress  
The mob creates its atmosphere:  
Bitches, drugs, guns for sale.  
I'm a stranger in the city, in its rotten part  
I will destroy the barriers and If I win  
I'll get lucky!  
The mob watchfully guards the wall  
It's very hard to get through!  
Volunteers in the army's rows, essence of slums and stench  
Dead body of a city - alienation and water, the beginning of a job  
Killers from dirty streets, victims of the city's creation  
Fifty bucks for one head, they are not afraid of this task  
To approach them is a risk, conscience is taboo  
To escape them has no sense, losers in the system abound  
Metropolis creates the gang and the gang defines the city  
Parasites love this corpse, killers in the army's rows!  
How many people did you kill?  
About two hundred and fifty  
How many murders did you see?  
About two or three thousand  
Tell me man, did you use choppers?  
Yeah, we used choppers to torment!!!  
And I wait for the darkness to set myself free...