

Assassin, Raging Mob

My father is jobless and my mom has passed away
Sister a whore and my brother in jail
Always out of cash and got nothing to eat
Where I come from is an endless war to fight
There is a line of genius and craziness
Who draws it knows the impossibility
There is this fear of this very society
To be named proletarian man
Proletarian
Prowl aloud through the streets
Proletarian
Stay the way you are and you wanna be
Hail the return of fantasy
Raging mob rules society
Counting the days of the system to break down
We are ready for a new society
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