

Construcdead, At Any Cost

In turmoil, well, what else? It's the only state of being here.
Erratic lives, sporadic fights surround me in this human hive.
I don't have anything to give but pain, it's yours to have if you approach me.
All coherent thought has abandoned me,
Staring out through eyes that have ceased to see.

It feels like my blood has turned to acid
eating through my veins, seeping through my soul.
Every muscles aches with the adrenaline
and the world around me moves much too slow.

(Chorus)

I'm the ashes left from burning false beliefs.
I am the screaming, bleeding, raging hate that kills the weak.
I am retribution, retaliation, at any cost.

The rotten apple doesn't fall far from the rotten tree.
I can't be held responsible, I just do what the world has taught me.
A deviation I'll always be, so the world of false pretence
can hold no power over me.

(Chorus)

So I shoulder the world rage, retribution is mine.
In the name of religion, politics, perversion I shall strike.
It's time to roll the dice with the stakes set high.
It's easy to die when the option is incarceration for life.
I'll fucking tear it down. I'll find a million ways to fill
the world with blood, then laugh as we all drown