

Dying Fetus, Born In Sodom

Born, a human life into this world.
Dead, the sad result from disease.
A century of sacrifice is lost in greed.
In a time of massive wealth, where not one sees.

Chemical children are raised in the streets,
Their whoring mothers begging beside.
In prisons the riots are breeding resistance
The starving all seek to be fed.

A shit-city built on the backs of the poor
where the real world is buried beneath.
While tourists and business, partners in greed
devour the fruit of the land.

Starving and dying, assassins surround to kill them.
Praying for something or someone to set them free.

Life in Babylon, post-A.D.,
defined in terms of what can you do for me.
The world outside is full of rot,
so walls divide the burn of acid air, and black-cloud skies.

Death squads are crawling the city,
in search of the worthless to fill up mass graves.
Corrupted and careless, degrading all life
these cops are the killers, well-trained.

Millions of people stand dead at their feet,
begging for mercy denied.
Breathing pollution and slaving to eat,
they're humans, but empty inside.

Rise, out of the slums, they seek to fight, fight to defend.
Nothing is left but a future of death.
Awaiting the poor, who starve just to breathe.
Breathe in the air, now they shall be reborn.

How can you think that our world is so good?
The red, white and blue blinds your eyes.
When everything's fine in your white neighborhood,
who cares for the dying outside?

Forced to rebellion, uprising
they're tearing through the walls of confinement, uprooted
The promise of a third world resistance,
the power is overtaken.

Nightfall in Sodom, it's burning.
It's time to bring it down.
Now the time has come at last,
to give back what they demand.

Just a chance for life, and peace far away
from famine and disease.
Power has changed across the world now,
It's just the money that rules in Sodom today.

And the bastards that run the corporate plan,
will be choking on their blood when the masses make them pay.