

Dying Fetus, Justifiable Homicide

Profits are the powermad's motivating force.
Just a greedy aspiration to be fed.
Put to the test, they'll fuck all the rest,
till all their rivals are dead...they're dead.

Pushed on to fight as the pressure infects
and their rotten intentions arise
Our retaliation forces are the primary front
we all have got to cut them down to size.

Faceless prophets pushing nazi policies
Money is the God they defend.
The workers released, the lions are fed,
it's all just a means to an end.

The war is here and the mission is clear: engage-enforce-erase
Who are they to say we're free? There's no choices I can see.
Just look around, the tension builds.
Who's to blame when it comes down?

Drug laws, no privacy, the last breath of sanity
It's all fucked, 'cause what I see is too damn many brain-washed humans.
The forces of dissention are released,
their products and corruption no one needs.

The cracks within the system start to show
so let's fucking let them know
think if you can, what a fucking waste of life
one too many dreams have broken.

Down through the past, it's a spiral into night
try if you can; break this cycle clean.

Work for a wage, it's a lie, it's a mind game,
breaking your back for some mother fucker
He doesn't care, and no one really does
Life is short, so get up off your knees