

# Dying Fetus, We Are Your Enemy

die rust, and rot away, this last war doesn't have a name  
a cancer on this lifeless carcass called the world  
not one left in peace, a policy of mandatory greed  
eats its way across this nation built on lies  
post-modern slaves,  
we don't give a fuck so long as money made  
buy, sell, believe, three words are just what you need  
at birth we're hooked for life, soul-less selfish power-fight  
last hope fades, chaos starts to... multiply  
a paradox of fucking hate, and lies,  
is nothing real at all? sell the dream,  
competition is a way, of life, are you for sale, or me?  
pain for price, commodified we are the last  
device, its all the fucking same  
world devolved, emotions are they dying gasp  
dissolved, its just a rotting faith...  
blind we sleepwalk into history  
victims of the first world sodom  
the fire burns inside, we've left the past for dead,  
let's spread the wealth among us and kill the rich instead,  
their broken crosses falling, no longer on our knees  
our revolution stroming, from sea to bloody sea