

Gorefest, Seeds of Hate

Tell me what you're trying to say
I ask you man to man
Troubled visions, fucked up thoughts
Which I can't understand
So, you're a part of the masterrace
And plant the seeds of hate
You talk, the bullshit flies
It makes me nauseous
Be colour blind - And see the truth
Free your mind - The problem is you
Problems that occur to yourself
Beyond your control
Fault of those who come to our land
To live on our expense
Your mind is sick, pathetic you,
Who plants the seeds of hate
You talk, the bullshit flies
It makes me nauseous
Be colour blind - And see the truth
Free your mind - The problem is you
You're too deaf to hear
You're too blind to see
Too numb to feel
Calling yourself human?
You think that the world
Is turning for you
And that you can judge
Whether one can use it
No!