

Incubus, Massacre Of The Unborn

Alone in their destination
Wandering thru this violent life
A part of all misconception from their past
And now thrown out to the street to rot
Painful screams never heard
Hung on the wings of death
Germs are what they seem
For the rich they have no need
Left in the cold in crucial places
Feeling the horrors of real life
Places to places, no where to go
Agonizing pain and no one seems to care
Trying to revive 'em for a higher place
But no one seems to give any support
They hear their torment call
Disarmed from an endless war
Aimed by all kinds of poverty
Vagabonds you will find in types of societies
Resting in the underground of this materialistic
Inferno

CHORUS

Mortify
In hostility of human injustice
Some say that they're not concerned
But never willing to take their burdens
Let's hope it's not your skin
Which is rotting of sins

CHORUS

Mortify
In hostility of human injustice
They are living in a world of darkness
In which the light seems far away
No justice
Blamed for someone else's deed
Humiliation
Because they are poor
Treated harshly
Is this what they call the advancement of mankind
Why men want to rule the space
While they can't even solve the problems of the earth
Where is our humane sense now
So much said, but so little done
Blinded and devoured by our greed
Facing all the worries of our minds
We can't feel what is happening in the world around us
turbulence is the conflict which we all must face
Crossing the line of stupidity and discrimination
Is one of the reasons which makes us ignore
The actual state of the moribund
Breaking down their hope to piece
Destitution increases in front of their own miserable lives

CHORUS

Mortify
In hostility of human injustice
Days passed
Injured ones dying fast
Harsh temperatures
The whips of cold winds
Are frosting their bodies on the attack
Feeling the rigor mortis stage alive
Reaching to the ultimate muscular paralysis