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