

Trauma, Neurotic Mass

Fear is our strength
It determines our will to fight
The phantom of destiny and the curse of death
The strongest ties in a dying instinct
The heart explodes with powerful energy
The march of thousands of drums
In a condemned parade
The mind doesn't control a body any longer
Hormones in service of muscle hydraulics
The sloth in which you have existed for tens of years
Is only a strange remembrance
In veins radioactive blood is revolting
The spinal cord as a huge cyklotron
Adrenaline propels an organized chaos
Pain is a fuel for insane fury
The orgy of impulses in deceptive logic
The only proze is to capture the summit
Bellows are contracting a life-giving debt
Perception created millions of enemy eyes
The world created faster than a neuron's flash
Perishes in the war of carbon and oxygen compound
Strenuous look has stopped in the distance
Time has thickened creating a critical mass
Tauten statue of organic structures
The last deal in energy balance
Fear is our strength
It propels this murderous world fear is our pain
It propels this fucking world