

8 Foot Sativa, Human Abattoir

Brutality, dislocate from the brain
Ordered to die by political puppets
Who purge their hate driven by greed
Ritual insanity, distort the truth, suffocate dreams
Delude the youth, the war machine
Gorges itself on flesh and blood

It's torture to live a life so traumatised
Eyes burning, running blind
Rivers of blood stain my mind

Choke on the smoke and burning flesh
It rots my mind
Crave it, rape it, slay it, burn it
Justified genocide
Go Choke on the smoke and burning flesh
It rots my mind
Justified genocide

Indoctrinated conscripts
Enslaved disposable meat, a human abattoir
Slaughtered for deluded dictators
Genetic bonds, enforced incest
A tribal pride, cannibalistic mentality

Forced to remember what we're
Desperate to forget
Humiliate, blatant crimes
Wishing we had died

Dismembered corpses, trash named worthless
Political meat, incite, coerce us
An industry game, illusion well played
They warm their hands on the embers of children

The media machine it shines and gleams
Distort the truth, hypnotise your brain
Censored, controlled, terrified
The truth raped, oppressed still fight

Open your mind, become self aware
It's happening now, the sickness lives
Cycle of hate perpetuates casualties of war
Annihilate the pain, defy the filth and noxious lies
Flaccid, weak, you'll crawl and die