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