

# Andreas Kisser, A Million Judas Iscariotes

Brutal truth, the final move  
There's no room, love is doomed  
March within' pain and fear  
What do you need? look what's near  
Overweight, overpaid, overload, overdose.  
The air is ill, turn off all lights  
You have no skills, to prove you&acute;re right  
The fate is sealed, for he who flies  
The tale is done, for he who lies  
Open your eyes and mind  
Open you eyes now!  
Constitution, violation, revolution, obligation.