

At The Gates, Nausea

Release me from your world of lies
I cannot bear this pain
Degenerate machinery
The monster we create

Nausea, oh sweet nausea

Genetic barcode hell
Mental genocide
Repulsive human shells
Choke on the fruits of life

Nausea, oh sweet nausea

Cold stare, starving eyes
Blinded, tired lives
Release me from this pain
Unknown to man

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