

# Cephalic Carnage, Pseudo

All our lives growing up, we are taught to respect the laws of life:  
Honor they mother and father.  
Listen politely when others talk.  
Be prompt.  
Never disrespect your elders.  
Never lie.  
Put forth your best effort.  
Don't smoke or take drugs.  
Sex at an early age is wrong as well.

The moral values sound correct, kind of like our president,  
Lying to protect us  
Conceals the truth, we are fragile creatures, living in a sheltered womb.

As I walk amongst genocide, liberty's burning bright  
Another way to survive, missiles decorate the sky  
Long gone are the days when we used our hands to fight,  
Fists were our weapon of choice.  
Now we're putting guns into the hands of little boys  
Suicidal bombers killing for a cause, nationally exposed internal flaws  
Officials above the law, they get away with murder.

All while making their business rich  
Someday expect a top grossing movie about it  
Martyrs they become  
The victims are forgot about!

9/11 was a tragedy, the sight of it still burns inside me  
Two days before that my sister came to pass  
No country is impervious, from a terrorist attack  
Still grieving I had to witness that  
Pseudo-patriotism is back  
Looking beyond the gloom, or the hate we groom.

We destroy all we create  
We'd rather send death and debt to our future  
Than love and technology.

We live in a society with a fever for physical death or it don't exist.

Than the possibility of eternal life  
Something that can be seen now.

The strange things that haunt our skies  
Moving fast U.F.O.'s fly  
With pseudo friends, we always pretend.

The thing about it all, is  
"I'll be deemed a terrorist for smoking weed"  
Pseudo nugs infest my lungs  
Psychic wars will consume us all  
Road rage will be the downfall of man  
So drink super coffee  
And get caught in a traffic jam.

[this songs is inspired by daily life, good or bad.]  
[guest vokills by Keith (Deadspeak) and Dirk (Evulsion)]