

Deadlock, Deathrace

driving a truck was always my dream,
king of the road letting off steam
follow me while i check the truckload
call me the master of life and death

join the deathrace - come on

hear their excited groaning which turns to painful screams
when i start my powerful engine.

I am the king of the road
with my moribund load
their torment, pain and fear
makes me drive in top gear

where is the fucking difference between a living load and normal cargo,
arriving on schedule means getting paid punctually

don't blame me for being one of the first parts of mankind's insane catering monstrosity
i just laugh about these pseudo guardian angels that think they could change our world.

if they could what should they pray for?
dying in my truck on the road or in the abattoir
the ones condemned to death have not a single chance to win this race

cattle crossing! keep silent!
man fated to be tyrant!
no mercy, no barrier
express cattle carrier

look at the peak of evolution the food chain leader
looking like the freight that he's chauffeuring to eat up
aint that some wack shit rolling to the shambles
acting as a cab bitch slaying loads of animals
imagine y'all was cannibals & mankind the cattle dude
locked up in a box small enough to get in rampage mood
i fucking disagree with the price & fee
that these beings have got to pay so we can feast & fucking eat
i'm one with all fauna the animal persona
raw & distinctive the beast master warned y'all
keep roughhousing & i will be the karma
for acting too supreme make me have to armour up
testing chemicals & genocide to foreign species
acts of our society so sick son believe me
we got to keep it real how the fuck would it feel
locked all your life behind rolling bars of steel

heres a story about this man in a slaughter house
took me on tour and showed me all his whereabouts
and in my lurking doubts
he starts to light a cigarette and starts drinking on a geniusstot,
you greenpeace fools we handle your food
and if you like fast food
heres some examples for you,
livestock cows in dead, destroyed milk they use burger king meat
what they feed to the streets, no time to negotiate,
blood fills their death, when they're alive when they breathe they lungs aspirate,
you like veil, this will spoil your meal,
the baby confined to no light and food and that's real,
respect for islam for eating no swine, heres some waist pits we use to feed them there time to time
he expressed no pain for 4 weeks pain a cut in the juggler-vain is something i can't explain