

Dying Fetus, Destroy The Opposition

Who does the earth belong to?
The human termites spreading lies.
The people have to make a decision,
but they're too busy dying to try and realize.

Who controls their future,
and money flows above their heads.
Just give them all a chance to make contact,
and the last ones shall rise up to seek revenge.

There was a time, when the weak would suffer.
The ones in power would crush all who dissent.
Just look around, because nothing's changed.
No longer kings, they wear a suit and tie.

Those who survive, have no conviction
Just follow trends, until they're born again.
So who will live, and who will die?
It's up to us to carry on the fight.

Rising up, from the ashes to the challenge.
Face to face, it's not too late to start resisting.
All around; we have a chance to change the world.
Believe in us, tomorrow's dreams are fire in our blood.

Bred to buy, not to think.
Tell more lies, make them weak.
Nothing's real, except the mindset you've created.
To the left, avoid the path that they've been paving.

Mainstream lies, unleashed through waves that mold behavior.
We've had enough, their greedy fucking system's going down.

Bred to buy, not to think.
Tell more lies, make them weak.

Without hesitation, I will kick the TV in.
Sick of all these fuckers with their Prozac grins.
Always selling shit, that no one wants or needs.
Choking up the planet with their get rich schemes.

A mediated world, what a sick reality.
Wake the fuck up, smell the shit, then you will see.
What's good for them isn't good for everyone
The future starts now, for a past yet to come.

Just ask them one question,
and they'll tell you fifteen lies.
They're Judas, Hitler, Stalin, and Brutus
all combined.

The world is false-constructed,
just to satisfy their needs.
If we keep obeying orders,
we're like lambs to the slaughter for their feast.

Handed down, the final call.
Rise to fight, destroy them all.
It's too late to accomodate.
The game is lost, because no one is thinking.

Born with a chance to facilitate,
The end of a time that's defined by hypocrisy.
Just like rats, they will multiply,

and run with the pack without ever seeing.

Out of the womb to be crucified,
we challenge the doctrine they've been preaching.