

Dying Fetus, We Are Your Enemy

die rust, and rot away, this last war doesn't have a name
a cancer on this lifeless carcass called the world
not one left in peace, a policy of mandatory greed
eats its way across this nation built on lies
post-modern slaves,
we don't give a fuck so long as money made
buy, sell, believe, three words are just what you need
at birth we're hooked for life, soul-less selfish power-fight
last hope fades, chaos starts to... multiply
a paradox of fucking hate, and lies,
is nothing real at all? sell the dream,
competition is a way, of life, are you for sale, or me?
pain for price, commodified we are the last
device, its all the fucking same
world devolved, emotions are they dying gasp
dissolved, its just a rotting faith...
blind we sleepwalk into history
victims of the first world sodom
the fire burns inside, we've left the past for dead,
let's spread the wealth among us and kill the rich instead,
their broken crosses falling, no longer on our knees
our revolution stroming, from sea to bloody sea