

English Dogs, Survival Of The Fittest

lying in the underworld, you now foresee the light
determined to be the vengeful you have lost your fight for life
taken down the alleys and imagining the pain
reality confronts you like a bullet in the brain
only the fit survive
through a lifeless life
to the ends of the earth
they have the will to fight
marching victorious
four corners of the world
life on earth behind you realising your mistakes
can't control the feelings that your body undertakes
life for the strong
[lead break/ chorus]
through a cruel existence learned in your ways
build a new resistance
you cannot see through the mist to the judgement days
survival of the fittest
power comes from the sky
life on earth is doomed to die
striding on through manhood to read the book of life
no one there to guard you from all of the delights
a world full of temptation with no room for the weak
no room for the parasites who have no tongues to speak