

Estradasphere, Jungle Warfare

One nation
Run by wolves
Ruled by pigs
Occupied by sheep

Branding them in broad daylight
That's okay, 'cause I'm alright

Wait, oh no
The troughs run low
The pen you go

Cauterized, enslaved

The wolves feast
On the weak
Hearded by the hunter
You'll follow the tail in front
Who's ass smells like your own

Where is sheepman

Gods, be pleased
I slit, my guts
Red, as roses
Food, for maggots

Love wealth, love hate
Love wealth, love pain
Love wealth, love guns
Love wealth, love drugs
Love wealth, (?)
Love wealth, love death

Be pleased
The sickled tongue, misleads
You to a right god
To bless
Our nation of sheep

Darwin, grow me the horns
And I will, charge my way out of here

Branding them
In pale moonlight
That's okay, we're bred to die

on a greener
Grassier, front line