

# 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