

Fear Before The March Of Flames, Absolute Past

Please forgive us children, yes we know exactly what we do.
We've been shitting where we sleep since we were young.
Dear god, it's me, King Blasphemy. I'm quickly nearing death.
Forgive me now, I cannot die a swine.

The whole world is on drugs.
Can't you smell us?
We're the filthiest of pigs.
Can't you see us?
We're the shame of family.
Can't you smell us?
First to show and last to leave.
Won't you end us?
The whole world is on drugs.

Everything will not be made right...