

Leaf-Fat, Next Century

Madness is the way you live
Above the bones and skulls you leave
With your masterpiece, no grief
Where's the next scapegoat you'll deceive?

High above the concrete life
High above the cuts of knife
With no sense or empathy
You create next century! (create new century!)

Children are dead inside their mothers
Clones will rule the kindergarten
Asking themselves who's their father
'cos of the products and no one bothers

Sick is the idea that feeds your head,
I'm putting you on hold, after beep you're dead!!!

Sick is your head