

# 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