

# Pro-Pain, Fed Up

There are no words that one can say  
To justify oneself of existing conditions today  
The race is on and yet the stakes are fucking high  
So we gather all we can  
Cause it ain't worth a shit when we die

For lack of resistance  
We cling to our existence  
Assuming position  
Aborting your mission

Fed up with the fucking lies  
Fed up with the world's demise  
Fed up with the human race  
I'll disappear without a trace

Trying times - no peace of mind  
So we fight amongst ourselves  
And we'll leave next to nothing behind  
Fill the void - to satisfy  
So we bite the hand that feeds us  
A seemingly endless supply

In search for a saviour  
Condoning this behaviour  
Denial - we live in  
When all is not forgiven