

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