

Satanic Surfers, False Ambitions

The teach us how to stand in line and we follow like a frightened herd
question nothing swallow everything 'cause obedience is a virtue
Line up the parade of fools and let the games begin
The one with the most possessions when he dies is the one to win
Competition-Emulation-teaches us to win at any cost
Our egotism is rewarded as long we don't-look back at what we lost
What we have left behind.
Like a burden, those who encumber us can be sacrificed
These false ambitions taste like poison
Where will they lead us now?