

Spiritual Front, Slave

I'm a slave to who gave a name to my body and form to my filthy soul
I'm a slave to the money that burn my hands and to the profit and fatigue
To the mortal breath that bends my back and to the sperm vibrates on my body
To the blade that will cut the sour fruit and to the blade that will cut my throat and chest

You have to abuse me
'Cause I could have been so
And I was never able to
You have to abuse my sex
And tight your slipknot around my white neck

I'm a slave to the mother of all pigs and to the father of all my oppressions
To the will that erases my regrets and to my childhood and my hidden fears
I'm a slave to the light that gives a face to my weakness and to my fallen reign
I'm slave to the salt and the wind that will burn my wheat and my leprosy