

The Agonist, Trophy Kill

Often misjudged are the criminals among us
Guilty and their sentence is not yet served
How broken and dead the reigning race would be
If we all got what we deserved
All sentient beings are only those that we dictate
How can you judge what you lick off your plate?
The Giver now has been brutally raped
Who knows if the future has so good a taste?

Although we know what the future has for us in store
A consumption society just breaks right through the door

In blissful ignorance
The fists of power thrive
Now look at your hands
Your command tells who will survive

Fresh mermaid carcasses wash up on shore
They're a prize to be won and a cheap thrill, no more
Paranoid grins on fake colourless smiles
Fear of the hollow between wrong and right
Sobriety is no longer an option
When digging upwards from the trench you fell in

At the top of your game, who cares?
The ones below are too far down
But we're the ones who kill our neighbours
To stay safe and sound

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Trophy kill

We are such great masochists
Fuck you, fucking hypocrite

Too bad you do what you do to score
True, that you knew what you knew before

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