

At The Gates "Nausea"

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Release me from your world of lies
I cannot bear this pain
Degenerate machinery
The monster we create

Nausea, oh sweet nausea

Genetic barcode hell
Mental genocide
Repulsive human shells
Choke on the fruits of our life

Nausea, oh sweet nausea

Cold stare, starving eyes
Blinded, tired lives
Release me from this pain
Unknown to man

Nausea, oh sweet nausea

Cold stare, starving eyes
Blinded, tired lives
Release me from this pain
Unknown to man

"The family structure
Victory over adversity
Though the family.
Mix within god and country,
Add the ten hour day
And you had what was needed..."
-C. Bukowski, "Ham On Rye"

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