

Aus-Rotten

"Do You Know Where Their Children Are?"

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Do you know where their children are?...Do you care?
They're withering away on desert plains
Rotting flesh in withering pain
Sickle skelatons who sleep in piss
Covered in flies and fucking shit
Do you care?
They're quarantined by barbed wire fence
Filled with disease and massive stench
There is no shelter they sleep on stone
They watch eachother turn to bone
Do you care?
They're retarded zombies in huddled mass
Left to rot like fucking trash
Attention drops as bodies mount
Too many victims to fucking count...
Do you care?
They're withering away on desert plains
Rotting flesh in withering pain
Sickly skelatons who sleep in piss
No human beings should have to live like this
Yet you know where their children are,
You see the pain and the suffering from your lavishly
furnished materialistic shithole
You cry crocodile tears for the poor wretched children
That inhabit the two-minute time slot between your
favorite sitcoms
That seem to make everything better
Who should you care, after all, tehy're not your
children...for now!

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