

Attila

"Whirl Of Death"

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We, we've got involved in this death whirl
Full of shit like tolerance, and anxiety
Fear, that's what they want to see in us
Covered by plastic faces and fake smiles
Rise, rise, rise, we must rise

Martyrs, that's what they try to turn us into
They are stealing lands and taking lives
Pain, so much pain has spilled
Mothers lost their sons
We were unable to stop this

Slaves, in this kind of shape
We are the most profitable, most usable
They, they take the advantage of us to set the hate

Using our hands to destroy everything
Rise, rise, we must rise

Tey have sacrificed all humanity
To their profit, to better life
Rotting bodies lying apart
Rivers full of blood, Is that what you wanted
Is that what you wanted

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