

Beneath The Massacre

"Regurgitated Lullaby For The Born Dead"

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Prowling along the edge of misery
Suffocating on hope of better days
Questioning minds fed with the myth of opportunity

Born-dead: Death at birth
Unwanted: Still essential
Exploited: As they want
Born-Dead: But shall rise

Destiny chosen by fortunate ones, wounded for life
Can't become a master when you're born slave
Slavery for the shut mouths

Mortification for majority
So that masters
Keep sleeping in
Their castles built of gold

A child's dream, nothing but dreams,
Will soon start to burn and turn to ashes.
The production equation doesn't bring wealth
For everyone, a thing to benefit the fortunate
Ones/empowered ones. Awake the born dead.

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