

Brute Chant

"Olympiad"

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Faster, faster you lazy shit
Inefficient, completely incompetent
A huge swimming star
Is what you become
Not what you are
That's how it works
See the scheme underlined by the master
Move faster flabby bastard

A whip hits that bare ass
Said nothing? Nothing... ?
Our plans, our dreams...
How could I've been so blind?
Well, from now on
We are going further
Training, fighting even harder
Nothing matters as much...

Your plans - not mine
Your dreams - not mine

The hundred meters butterfly race
Far from winning again
The only interest in life
Doesn't make sense

At the time you've no defense
Drowning... as the scheme is broken
You - shame of your own master
Disaster

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