

Burdens

"Fit For Swine"

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Fucked.
Rooted in shit.
With forked tongues they rise, in silence we fall.
Wipe from your eyes the rhetoric and their fucking lies
Pigs begot pigs.
Knee deep in filth.
False hand is lent. Spare them their guilt.
Fuck.

The tyrant speaks and he molds his masses.
The drooling fucks turned against their own.
Economic holocaust, not taught in our school books.
A false hand is lent. No will to survive.
Unleash the pigs. Bring their feed.
Piles of corpses masked in good deeds.
Fucked. Fucked. Fucked. Fucked.
Rise and you'll fall. Bound to the ground.

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