

Butcher Abc

"Suffer"

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Every day, I start anew
Ever biding fact that my life is almost through
Going to hell, calling it life
A constant moment suffering is what we're meant to do
Existence is a battle of war
Survival of the fittest no longer calls the score
Modern convenience the whore
Taking it simple and living it soft just makes you need
more
Scrambling to gain a hold
Keep us blind and ignorant so we do what we're told
Pushing us down into the fold
Simple human putty that is easy to mold
The enemies, take on different forms
Reliance becoming the modern-day norm
Falling ever deeper, into the trap
Blind obedience is where we're almost at
Bureaucratic business the life
Only answer seems to be grab the fucking knife
To turn it on you or me
A comfortable slave existence is not where I want to be
Substitutes for distraction
Pacifies and prevents the taking of action
Fall in line, don't tax the mind
A lonely wasted deathbed is what you will find
Life becomes meaningless
Vengeance for suffering
Instinct kicks in then the killing begins
Pens and papers, stamps and lies
All push us closer to the day we die
Guns, explosives, sticks and knives
The only answer is to start taking lives

Living puppets, of all race and age
A life so simple, you never notice the rage
The machine rolls on, thousands strong
Made to know your opinions is dead fucking wrong
Pit us against one another
A life of ease in which to suffer
There's little that they have to do
Just take away our right to choose

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