

## **Bathory**

# **"Kill Kill Kill"**

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Industrialised abortions  
The organs lined up on the shelves  
Coloured pills guaranteed to keep you at peace  
With your pitiful fucking selves

So full of nothing behind the closed doors  
Of your very own misery  
You're getting your share of weird fucking pleasure  
Watching humiliation TV

You're all fucking nothing but bricks on a board  
Pawns in a game moved and owned by faceless high lords  
Useful a cog in the moneymachine  
Disposable sellable obedient slaves to extort industry

That's why you Kill  
Why you want to Kill  
Why you should Kill  
And so you Kill

Beauty pagants for the five year old  
Pay-per-view Christ for your souls  
The lottery of mammon will provide for you  
When you are back broken useless and old

But once you are dead and they'll showed  
You into the forgiving flames  
They'll refer to you only by a social security number  
And not your name

Life is no welfare circus you're all born to work and to give  
Do not even dare to believe in an alternative way which to live  
So shut up and swallow the pain that keeps eating you up from inside  
And continue to timely pay your fucking taxes until you all fucking dies

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Why you want to Kill

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