

Devil Ate My Son "24 Hours"

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Focused on efficiency it's the path of isolation
That binds our eyes to a numb sympathy 24 hours
365 days possessed by the cash crop
Indifference becomes an esteemed virtue
Again information has been withhold
To ensure trademark stability
Exporting war- medical research
The benefit is based on slavery
Bodies 've been buried under the footprints of
Pharmaceutical efforts
The glory sold as wisdom
Though we swallow pins and nails
Perverted abstract patterns
That place the pistol on our temples
Bodies 've been buried under the footprints of
Pharmaceutical efforts
Where amnesty leaves heroin graves
In a land where names disappear in the deserts
And profit is obtained by thieves and snakes

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