

Disturbance "Parasites"

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Into the soil, into the sky
Into the soil from which we thrive
Growing space, by war and lies
Fill up the gaps of those who die

We're all parasites

Growing fields of new born
Who will feed us while we die?
Growing our survival
Blunt for any reason why

We're all parasites

Like vulture feeding on a corpse
Like growing flies on human waste
Like rats on a banquet in the crap that's human taste

Eating out he womb while looking for the light
Feeding on the ones, gone to waste
Eating out he womb while looking for the light
Grow your own and taste the taste
Parasites

Like vulture feeding on a corpse
Like growing flies on human waste
Like rats on a banquet in the crap that's human taste

We're all parasites

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