

Homo Iratus

"Life-Like Violence"

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Eleven years old
Labor, prostitution
In this world
Of endless disgust

Deep wounds
Carved on their souls
A cross weighing tons
They have to bare

Beautifuck! world
Of fading colors
Violent awakening
Dim visions of another life
The only luxury
They are allowed
A beutifuck! world
Of fading colors

Manlike beasts
Usurpation, prostitution
Sloth, lust
Their kind of utopia
A choking brain
Shame and guilt
Today foreseen to be
Worse than yesterday

Innocent souls their fires burn
For whom shame and guilt are life
Innocent souls their fires burn
To living hell their lives are turned

Life - like violence.

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