

Ian Erix

"Confessions Of A Killer"

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Something's wrong when we can't drink the water
In modern times we're still playing warrior
Some people starve while some people eat for four
In this beautiful world

All the voices in my head are getting clearer
As I listen to confessions of a killer

The moral's lost on the corporate minded dealer
In this beautiful world

The animals are loose and they're running the circus
They cooked the golden goose and they did it on
purpose
Now I'm leaving you behind
Drop dead, beautiful world

Rivers rise cause the globes getting warmer
Flying bombs are a threat to brick and mortar
For some it's hell and for some it is euphoria

In this beautiful world

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