

Burning Point

"Warhate"

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Warhate, caped in the shit from the wounds of the
dead
Believing in what we're fed
It Can't be this way
Bullshit gets soaked in everyday
In the minds of the weak and the eyes of the afraid
We all get buggered by disgrace
Take Disgrace and fuck yourself
Fuck yourself in the face with it or wherever it hurts
most
Then maybe You'll see the truth that life is a war scene
Painted by the fingers of the cowardice bastards
Paint these scenes
Use the blood, shit and cum of the people that bug you
Relieve all the stress and tension that owns you
Why not use the hand of a dead child's remains
You couldn't be anymore shamed
Go
Tired of the lies
Tired of the false accusations that are upheld by all the
fucks
Way up the chain
Die coward scum
They won't take the blame
We know who is responsible for the shit we deal with
Nothing but false hope

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