Inner Surge "Interahamwe"

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Blood red fists will rule
As long as distractions are in place
As long as this sphere remains
Lawless and vile

Be scapegoats at night Do not fight No one here to draw the line Do not fight

Expect murder unless you turn the gun on yourselves
Herd the sheep to the sound of the churchbells
Millions will give
No one will pay
Weapons arrive with no paper trace
Sing to your man made gods and props
A wretched song of desperation

Blind and erase No one will pay Torture is not enough Pain is not enough

You'll soon understand no one's to blame
As far as they're concerned we have no name
If blocking peace efforts is a mistake
Bow your head to the weapons trade
The world's heart bled it's dirty cash
To leave more bodies smothered in ash
Blind and erase
No one will pay
Hope is not enough
Purity is not enough

To be safe from harm

Akazu Apocalypse deux The damned elite Orchestrators

Those who work together

Run together

We would like to thank first and foremost the media We would like to thank the United States of America We would like to thank Chirac and the French Government We would like to thank you for your complacence

Appealing to the pawns of industry Relying on an uninformed citizenry

It's easy So easy

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