

Ion

"Shunned Redeemer"

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This life of opulence has beaten all goodness right out of us.

Turning men to gods, then men to despicable parasites.

Nurturing indecency, incapable of true motherly love.

We spit on preconceived notions of compassion.

Everything's now subjected to termination.

A most voracious pack guided to the point of no-return.

Positivism is obsolete in a world filled with greedy consumers.

Only deceit and prejudices leads to such aberrations.

This life of opulence has beaten all goodness right out of us.

Turning men to gods, then men to despicable parasites.

Advancing or regressing?

Should we ever consider the option?

How is it that our evolution became the devastating?

Like a child screaming, gasping to breathe, we must unlearn before treason reaches it's highest possible form.

Disease to the Lungs, the solutions are narrowing to the same conclusions.

To salvage the Land, you must first rid the earth of us, the problem.

Like businessmen you squeeze every resource to maximize profitability.

Helpless followers in what seems to be a game of hid and seek, but you too will crumble beneath her wrath.

Tear you out, feel her wrath.

Year you up, feel her wrath.

I am thy leprous leech of a saviour.

Ready to take action against all indecent entrepreneurs.

To redeem our social values in the eyes of our Mother, and to set ablaze the masses, and their unscrupulous behaviours.

The mysteries of life have been erased.

Break this bond, the time has come, feel her wrath.

They mysteries of life have been replaced.

Break this bond, the time has come, feel her wrath.

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