

Caedere "Rotten To The Core"

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Global downfall by the grace of fear.
Fucked up system, glorious victory.
Global downfall, rotten to the core.
Rumbling units down.

Global downfall - grasps all, lose all.
Body count rising, cavernous liberty.
Global downfall, rotten to the core.
Rumbling units down.
Crawling like a snake to hunt them down.

Claimed is the aim to raise the sense of justice.
Claimed is the right to rule the weak.

Atrocity, brutality, horrifying, rotten to the core!

Roar is filling a tensed field of wiping snakes.
Containment seems not to be an option.

Dead Rubbed off skin.
Decomposing - sin.

Shaped in sand, in taking seduction.
Tricky in disguise - prepared for taking life.
Could you turn away, aware of the deadly peril.
Strangulation on a prospectless struggle of your life.
Providence is always on the side of the strongest
battalions.
When they give full rein to their lustful greedy illness.
Why not taking, why not weeping, for the sake of our
pride.
Wiped out mind, wiped out soul, wiped out fear, wipe
out life.
The need of taking more.

Global downfall by the grace of fear.
Fucked up system, glorious victory.
Global downfall, rotten to the core.
Rumbling units down.

Global downfall - grasps all, lose all.
Body count rising, cavernous liberty.

Global downfall, rotten to the core.
Rumbling units down.
Cunning, stunning, rotten to the core!

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