

Kreator "Coma Of Souls"

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Masters of war
Merchants of false peace
Bleeding the lives of the lost
Feeding them terminal disease
Breaking the rules
No matter who gets hurt
Wholesaling useless filth
Charging twice what it's worth

Freedom of thought a mirage
The coma is endless and deep
Feeling so worldly and wise
Fooled by the friends that we keep

Spirits on ice
They'll never be free
One dimensional lives
Will the coma of souls outlive eternity?

Children are pawns
For general to play with and kill
Mercy will never be found
Where mayhem is done for the thrill
Righteous crusades
Murder to honor a God?
No one is saved
Dead bodies shrivel and rot

Freedom of thought a mirage
The coma is endless and deep
Feeling so worldly and wise
Fooled by the friends that we keep

Spirits on ice
They'll never be free
One dimensional lives
Will the coma of souls outlive eternity?

Deep in the unconscious mind
Lies the oldest wisdom
Buried by centuries
Of war and inquisition

Truth is raped and crucified
By men with savage brains
Greed flows forth in endless waves
From fools to wretched slaves

Tore my souls
Tore my souls

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