Kreator "Limits of Liberty"

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Drained of their expression Explusion, genetic defect A ritual among our consumers Not what you thought it could be

Limits of your Liberty!

Just take a look in the mirror Tell me, what do you see? Is this what you expected? Forget what you thought it could be

Limits of your Liberty!

When I see you passing me by You're not the one that I used to know Nothing is left, everything's gone A mechanised tool of the throne When I see you passing me by It's hard for me to understand How could you submit, capitulate In constant fear of the feeding hand?

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