

M.o.d

"Unhuman Race"

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You criticize a way of life.
And don't agree to their struggle or their plight.
Then you're branded, left dead, stranded.
Freedom of thought, I don't ask, I demand it.
You point the finger, but your guilt lingers.
You agree just to blend, so you dont figure,
talk is cheap, flesh is weak.
Actions make the man, so judge him by his deeds.

The unhuman race...
The unhuman race...
The unhuman race... What a disgrace.
The unhuman race...
The unhuman race...
The unhuman race... What a disgrace.

You criticize a way of life.
And don't agree to their struggle or their plight.

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The unhuman race...
The unhuman race...
The unhuman race... What a disgrace.
The unhuman race...
The unhuman race...
The unhuman race... What a disgrace.

Live a life of shame, of profanity and pain.
Salvation's down the drain.
You're the unhuman race.

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