

Circle Of Dead Children "The Genocide Machine"

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I can feel the Earth's erratic pulsations below its filthy
thick rippled foreskin
This feeling is far too comforting
The universe's largest assembly line working
subconsciously towards
the goal of global genocide
Will we ever have a chance to look back and laugh?
As a human I have succeeded in etching my own notch
from the planet's scum and failed in my effort for
concern
As individual units we are the gears, the lubricants, the
cables
As one we are the genocide machine
This feeling is far too comforting
Burn in soothing satisfaction
Burn in comfort
Burn the genocide machine

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