

# Mistress "Kunt"

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1803 - The year you fucked up  
If you know so fucking much then tell me - why'd she  
die?

What use are your fucking laws  
When life's not worth living?

You're a fucking symptom  
With your words and big ideas  
But her human cries for help  
Fell on dead fucking ears

Fuck your life of apathy  
I'd choose death

What kind of messiah would let his disciples die?  
Some kind of mega cunt  
No soul in the fucking machine

This kingdom that you built  
With stone walls of duty  
You didn't seem to notice Kunt  
It's filled with fucking ghosts

Victory with no resistance is no victory at all

So we're cold in temperament  
And to suffering indifferent?  
Did you ever look in the fucking mirror?  
You fucking robot cunt

You couldn't save her  
And that's why I crown you King Kunt

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