

Node

"The Plot Sickens"

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You killed in the name of freedom
You killed for the West of Europe
You killed for a new business-land
You win and now what do you pretend?

The plot sickens

They killed an ideology
They killed the truth, they killed the real things
Now they control the East of Europe
Now they condemn the revolutions

The plot sickens

Two worlds, two ways, two winners...
They play with the dust of there lands
They're building the new aggression
On the heads of the whole world populations
But your fire will be there against you
Lies of peace now begin to come true
Tell me how I can trust in your god
In your laws, in the proud of your new world

Romanticize these fucking lies, romanticize...
Their Christ's a killer

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