

Agathocles

"Dear Friends"

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Dear friends, how does it feel to be stabbed in the
back,
Dear friends, how does it taste, the poison in your
venomous mouth ?
But dear friends, the reason you live, has no meaning
at all,
'cause dear friends, the holes of your graves,
have already been dug in my mind,
Yes, dear-friends, I don't give a shit about your
artificial lives,
'cause dear friends, the scars I still wear, have been
cut by your knives,
And dear friends, this goes to you, it's my way of
saying thanks you,
Yeah dear friends, I'm singing it now, let's hope on
your funeral too,
Thank you all - my dear friends
Please die now - my dear friends

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