

Slowmotion Apocalypse "FiltH"

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Just tell me why I should believe you
Living for a few moments
Is this what I want maybe?
I have no time to listen to your shit

Apologies are just what is left for you
Just to make me believe it's not your fault
If you have become what you are

Stuff your children's mouths

There are no answers where you're searching
And it's been a long time since you last did
Mother's love turned into a blasphemy
From the new big mother the perfect children are
coming out

They will open their eyes in front
Of the monstrosity we created
The mirror in which we kept our guilt
The incarnation of our worst enemy
Slowly everything becomes stone. Dust

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