

The Final Burden "Processor"

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Get in line, one by one
One after the other
We are playing the robot game
I have been here before, my mind is appearing to
recollect itself
Where is there a place that shuns away
Those That Have not seen the light
A place where there is only truth and no other is looked
upon
Here it goes again, like feeding meat to the wolves
We throw our intellect to waste
Empty our bullshit on the riches of the earth
Empty our bullshit on the riches of the earth
Breathe for a second
Breathe for a second
Breathe for a second
Breathe for a second
Tortured beings are more likely to burn
We are the sheep to the shepherd, the shepherd of shit
Murder the faithful
Pillage the village
And sacrifice their heads to me
Pain in their stomachs will bring forth the phlegm
Their balls on a platter to feast upon their children
Sped Up the process of elimination and seek the smell
of rotten good
Pain in their stomachs will bring forth the phlegm
Their balls on a platter to feast upon their children
Tortured beings are more likely to burn
Breathe for a second

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