

Hecatombe

"Tied On A Chair"

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Take place, relax you and you'll have a very good
journey
Don't believe we want to hurt you I'm said, the day of
A very nice travel, selected by my adviser, I travelled at
Their cost, I travel in an other world. My eyes, bound
With a black headband, in order to let me the surprise
From a forbidden place, I travelled where I couldn't
Because I was alone But overthere, at the end of
My trip, I couldn't live no more
I was in their room, blind fold, tied up on a chair
My last big duty, was to let electric power drive

Through my body, until death

Tied up on a chair in their well-known room
Tied by fear to strangle them They pay my travel
These people who steal your last money

My execution on the electric chair is the cellar
Of their white house statemen let me die...

Because I didn't live in the limit of their education area
In the limit of their money area
Their ideas don't suit me, so I would express my right
Without reason, they kill me.

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