

Abstract Rapture "Democadencia"

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Now the world is fed with anger
You move your pawns for your war
You pretend to be the new avenger
Everybody wants you like the new star
But there is one thing you forget
The core is not dead, not yet
You claim to be the hand of God
But alone, facing yourself inside you realise
You are the

Whore of the Gods

They welcome the star you are
They thank you for sending their sons to war
They drink you morality
They sork the words you say, docilely
Rains purify the earth
But not your soul soiled at birth
The crux of the universe
Is not your problem, you're cursed

Man unsound, king uncrowned I'm hass gezeugt
Und erzogen, you're torn alive, taking refuge
In faith, hands covered with blood

Man unsound, king uncrowned, roi
Plagiaire enivre de sang
You're torn alive... Taking refuge
In faith, hands covered with blood

You're born to dominate, to hate
And decimate while we're born to
Create and to complete our fate
Watch human decadence... Falling
Fake democracy...
All Liberties dying democadencia

Democadencia -
Resist to the final shock

Democadencia -
We'll never give a fuck

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