

Afrobeta

"The Murders Of The Young Ones / Wiser Through Pain"

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Flashing lights and rhythmic sounds
They fill this night
People are enjoying a festival
But Descarte is here
He has a plan in his mind
Such an evil plan...

[Descarte:]

"I will grant you some pain
To help you exceed yourself
Pain will excite your brain cells
You are numb, you are a slumberous trivial being but I
show no contempt
I will assert my authority to guide your steps to cosmic
balance"

The music stops
People stand still, they are hypnotized
Now it's time to make them weep
He will assail their young ones
And teach them a lesson

As soon as Descarte whispered "now you are free to
move"
Screams and moans flooded the skies, the tragedy
was complete

[Descarte:]

"Lord look at my wondrous deeds, they breathe my
gorgeousness
A single knife is like a paint-brush for my art, my
grotesque art
I am the onset of Hell in their lives"

"I will grant you some pain
To help you exceed yourself
Pain will excite your brain cells
You are numb, you are a slumberous trivial being but I
show no contempt
I will assert my authority to guide your steps to cosmic
balance"

The murdered children:
'O God why you flee in panic? Where is your grace?
Innocent flesh dissolved into pieces, now we are
forlorn
Our demons will make our people wiser"

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