

Malickis Happy Corn Club "Cyborg Anti-christ"

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separate from civilized life we have entered a germ
station

lost communication with god enter with the deviation

a walking time bomb's what we are murderous
infatuation

neighbours are fighting in the streets unleash all your
aggravation

kill all the mortal enemies let them face retaliation

lose yourself in the thought, and kill for total
annihilation

you're all gonna adapt or die feel the discrimination

nothing lives with our solution of burning extermination

born losers are quite dangerous we are one with the
retardation

the naked gospel is coming we shall never see
salvation

we're mentally overcrowded we can't hold on to sanity

trauma centered inside our mind identify with
savagery

prepare yourself for the blood age majorities
disintegrate

modus operandi tells all minors to enter the gate

the leftovers speak for themselves can you see all the
confusion

you must meet death to be destined brought about by
social fusion

electronics steal the soul

delivering us to evil we are the sand that turns to glass

in the afterworld's realm broke by the hand that burns
our grass

his majesty, satan, is paged our work with him has
been engaged

industrial technology meets computer biology

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