

Satanic Surfers "False Ambitions"

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The teach us how to stand in line and we follow like a
frightened herd
question nothing swallow everything 'cause obedience
is a virtue

Line up the parade of fools and let the games begin
The one with the most possessions when he dies is the
one to win

Competition-Emulation-teaches us to win at any cost
Our egotism is rewarded as long we don't-look back at
what we lost
What we have left behind.
Like a burden, those who encumber us can be
sacrificed

These false ambitions taste like poison
Where will they lead us now?

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