

# Justifiable Homicide

## Dying Fetus

Profits are the powermad's motivating force.  
Just a greedy aspiration to be fed.  
Put to the test, they'll fuck all the rest,  
till all their rivals are dead...they're dead.

Pushed on to fight as the pressure infects  
and their rotten intentions arise  
Our retaliation forces are the primary front  
we all have got to cut them down to size.

Faceless prophets pushing nazi policies  
Money is the God they defend.  
The workers released, the lions are fed,  
it's all just a means to an end.

The war is here and the mission is clear: engage-enforce-erase  
Who are they to say we're free? There's no choices I can see.  
Just look around, the tension builds.  
Who's to blame when it comes down?

Drug laws, no privacy, the last breath of sanity  
It's all fucked, 'cause what I see is too damn many brain-washed humans.  
The forces of dissention are released,  
their products and corruption no one needs.

The cracks within the system start to show  
so let's fucking let them know  
think if you can, what a fucking waste of life  
one too many dreams have broken.

Down through the past, it's a spiral into night  
try if you can; break this cycle clean.

Work for a wage, it's a lie, it's a mind game,  
breaking your back for some mother fucker  
He doesn't care, and no one really does  
Life is short, so get up off your knees

there's no peace, till we rip off the roof of this whole desecration  
haul out the liars who claim who claim they "got a job to do"  
cause we all understand there're violent implications  
inside a world that needs us, to see the fucking deal go through

through false tenets heralding the "right to mass consumption"

the population's gluttony is spread  
fatter and weaker, no thinking's allowed empty eyes on empty heads  
chaos surrounds as the system's cut down, these fuckers are as good as dead

once we tear out the heart in this evisceration  
you'll know just where the fuck the world's going to  
fuck you if you believe there's no alternative  
thats where we fill-fill your empty void  
there's no changing the faith of the common man  
he's got life that your mind could never comprehend  
worthless waste just a shell of human life  
now cold dead, a death justified