

Trophy Kill

The Agonist

Often misjudged are the criminals among us
Guilty and their sentence is not yet served
How broken and dead the reigning race would be if we
If we all got what we deserved
All sentient beings are only those that we dictate
How can you judge what you lick off your plate
Giver now has been brutally raped
Who knows if the future has so good a taste

Although we know what the future has for us in store
Consumption society just breaks right through the door

In blissful ignorance the fists of power thrive
Now, look at your hands
Your command tells who will survive

Fresh mermaid carcasses wash up on shore
They're a prize to be won and a cheap thrill no more Paranoid g
rins on fake colorless smiles
Fear of the hollow between wrong and right

Sobriety is no longer an option
When digging upwards from the trench you fall in

At the top of your game, who cares
The ones below are too far down
But we're the ones who kill our neighbours to stay safe and sou
nd

In blissful ignorance the fists of power thrive
Now, look at your hands
Your command tells who will survive
Trophy Kill

We are such great masochists
Fuck you, fucking hypocrite
We are such great masochists
Fuck you

Too bad you do what you do to score
True, what you knew what you know, before

In blissful ignorance the fists of power thrive
Now, look at your hands
Your command tells who will survive