

Dear Friends

Agathocles

Dear friends, how does it feel to be stabbed in the back,
Dear friends, how does it taste, the poison in your venomous mouth?

But dear friends, the reason you live, has no meaning at all,
'cause dear friends, the holes of your graves,
have already been dug in my mind,

Yes, dear-

friends, I don't give a shit about your artificial lives,
'cause dear friends, the scars I still wear, have been cut by your knives,

And dear friends, this goes to you, it's my way of saying thanks to you,

Yeah dear friends, I'm singing it now, let's hope on your funeral too,

Thank you all - my dear friends

Please die now - my dear friends