

There Is No Business To Be Done On A Dead Planet

All Shall Perish

Depleting the need of thieves to care
They rise on Degradations wings
I've seen, we've all seen
We have seen the coming price for our
Self-righteous greed
A cry from earth for changes
A silent plea
Deciphered in a manner
Lost in failure
We've left in-numerous numbers
Failing into tears
They've lost their lives
We're on a killing spree
Killing spree
The blood of tortured souls stains us
The blood of tortured souls stain me
I can't bear it
We must see where this life's leading
Kill these deadly habits
We must see where this lies leading
Then we'll listen, then we'll listen to a cry from earth for changes
A silent plea
Deciphered in a manner
Lost in failure
We've whored this world for riches
And we soon shall see
We've lost our lives
What good is all their money when
There's nothing left to buy?