

National Disgrace

Angelus Apatrida

5 pm in the clock as you are buttoning up the suit of lights
People acclaim your arrival as their bloodlust rises
The festival
Sensational

The entourage awaits you for the national disgrace
A bloodbath for the masses, the final test
The festival
Sensational

What you call cultural traditions is just a cruel way of life
As the bull is crying don't you see the panic in it's eyes?
Don't you see the panic in it's eyes?
Don't you feel what I feel?

You think you are so brave, one man can kill a half ton best
But nothing further from the truth, it's a coward feast
The festival
Sensational

When the sword is cutting it's entrails I see you satisfied
White scarves are waved, two ears and a tail
And when you are stabbing the bull to death I see you smile
Blood spots in your face, signs of your crime
It's my turn

Let's overturn the tables, let's play the game backwards
If you are going to die while people cry out more and more
Let's give the bull the chance to torture, kill, humiliate you
And you are asking for it's mercy and all you get is the final
touch

You're lost, you're desperate, you cry, you bleed, parts of the
national disgrace
You die!