

# National Disgrace

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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!