

Distinguish to Kill

Bathory

System the crooked cross
the code yellow star
machinery of death will grind
the trains keep on rolling
both nearby and far
the cargo is of Abrahams kind

Gasping for air
in the stench and the heat
losing track of the number of days
only the cramped space
keeps people afeet
while all hope vanishes like a haze

All comes to halt
and the doors slam wide open
then all are called out on the ground
a sweet sour smell
fills all lungs on the platform
the roar of the death machine sounds

Phallos of death
giant chimneys arise
spewing ashes and fire way high
the disciplin of racial purity
the code by which you all
fuckin' must die

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Shiny black leather boots
peaked caps in grey
sporting the deaths head mean grin
yellow star patch
and pink triangle displayed
numbers inked into bear skin

Rows of barbed wire
high voltaged in miles
ensurance to kill all last hope
the only way out of this hell is to go
through the chimney
like thick burning smoke

Burning the bodies
the owens glow white
as the heat cracks the skulls open wide
bodily human fluids joins the melted fat
running down the collecting pipes

Now grinding the piles
of burned bones to powder
the system perfected and complete
all to attain and remain in purity racialy
the wheels turn in deaths industry
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