

Kill. Kill them all. Pigs written in blood on the walls.  
Your not entitle to accuse and judge one single man  
if you allow all shit that's happening in this damned  
rotten land. The pressure your damned system,  
religion and school puts on our minds creates an all  
collective pain that no damn walls can keep inside.

Do you really think that all evil and madness rests in me.  
Do you think you're safe locking me up  
and then throwing away the key.

Can't you see I'm out, man. Can't you see I'm free.  
Can't you see I'm out, man. Can't you see I'm just  
a product of a broken nation's shattered dream.

Death. Death to all. Pigs screaming, The blood runs  
down the walls. You'll never be successful trying to  
keep the madness behind these walls because the pain  
comes from inside and creates chaos within all.  
You can put me in the chair and watch me f\*cking fry.  
But I am aware my death's a nation's alibi.

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