

# Regurgitated Lullaby For The Born Dead

**Beneath the Massacre**

Prowling along the edge of misery  
Suffocating on hope of better days  
Questioning minds fed with the myth of opportunity

Death at birth  
Still essential  
As they want  
But shall rise

Destiny chosen by fortunate ones, wounded for life  
Can't become a master when you're born slave  
Slavery for the shut mouths

Mortification for majority  
So that masters  
Keep sleeping in  
Their castles built of gold

A child's dream, nothing but dreams,  
Will soon start to burn and turn to ashes.  
The production equation doesn't bring wealth  
For everyone, a thing to benefit the fortunate  
Ones/empowered ones. Awake the born dead.