

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.