

Living dead of London town
Flesh vessels underground
Mourning suits, burial gowns
Nine to fives doleful sound
Pallid faces office bound
Mortuary all year round

Corpsecycle is life's circle
Life's circle is corpsecycle
Life is passing away
Society eats your mind away

Walking corpses, vacant slaves
Banking rottenness, decay
Saving cash for early graves
Utopia is coffin shaped
Wealth hungry drugged rats chase
Empty dreams of a better place

Corpsecycle is life's circle
Life's circle is corpsecycle
Life is passing away
Society eats your mind away

Truths fading farther day by day
To material enslave
Die with the world as you awake
In the rat race you rotate

Degenerations zombified
Oblivious in the tombstone line
Corpses fucking their way through time

Corpsecycle is life's circle
Life's circle is corpsecycle
Life is passing away
Society eats your mind away

Life has passed you away
Flesh turned to gray
Society ate your mind away