

Acted situation
Cheap shadowplay, sold expensive
Triumph of a dying culture

Rotten core
Surrounded by the
Faceless circle stream
Rolls like the boom
Of giant granite cylinders
Exposed victims and their hopeless runs
Breathe in dust with a boot in their neck
The fear in their eyes
Make spectators hearts
Beat the slow rhythm
Of executed "justice"

Spiral progress, unstoppable
Exhausted sources
Replaced by perversion

Now we come down
Down there to the realm of blood
Diving in seas of
Putrefied bodies

Charge yourself during scenes of dying
You will buy again
Cause boredom creates hunger...