

We Are Your Enemy

Dying Fetus

Die, rust, and rot away, this last war doesn't have a name.
A cancer on this lifeless carcass called the world.
Not one left in peace, a policy of mandatory greed eats its way
across this nation built on lies.

Post-modern slaves,
We don't give a fuck so long as money made buy, sell, believe,
Three words are just what you need at birth we're hooked for li
fe,
Soul-less selfish power-
fight last hope fades, chaos starts to...

Multiply a paradox of fucking hate,
And lies, is nothing real at all?
Sell the dream, competition is a way, of life, are you for sale
, or me?
Pain for price, commodified we are the last
Device, its all the fucking same world devolved,
Emotions are they dying gasp dissolved, its just a rotting fait
h...

Blind we sleepwalk into history victims of the first world sodo
m the fire burns inside,
We've left the past for dead,
Let's spread the wealth among us and kill the rich instead,
Their broken crosses falling,
No longer on our knees our revolution storming,
From sea to bloody sea.