

Degeneration

End of Green

Killing floors across the fields
New age, drowning century
Brothers, sisters, lovers, whores
Bleeding faces on the dancefloors
Willing zombies walk the streets
Golden age, dead century
Brothers, sisters, lovers, whores
Casualties of long and lost wars
Dead dead dead
We're a degeneration
Get it on
The same old song
Everyday it will be the same
Listen to the song that still remains
Under violent clouds we break
No time for healing again and again
I don't need your century
Brothers, sisters, lovers, whores
I leave