

Bastards From Hell

F.O.B.

have nothing to sell, conspiracy in (democracy) lines
Only dead survive, they are able to sell our lifes

Promise us everything, talking only lies
Everyone has it's own price, avoiding looking to their eyes

... Bastards ... on the president - seat

People must be blind voting for this shit
Believe that (they) are right, no wrong in their sight

At the end of the tunnel, asking is there light
Nothing to eat, but the main thing

... Bastrads ... on the president - seat

Bastards from hell, bastards from us
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... Bastards ... on the president - seat