

Blackout

Gorod

With suffering but alive, I'm running through decimated bodies
Gapping, suppurated, oozing, are the wounds of my bloodbrothers
Through blood for freedom, I rise up against these dictators
Vindicative, oppressive, menacing, is the yoke of these warmasters

Participate in the symphony of destruction, kill to survive
Remember how thin life is on earth
Defend the sovereign laws of your country, brutalize to dominate
Remember how scarce air is on earth

Blackout, Blackout

With joy, but soulless, I've dealt out death with bomb dropping
For the riches, with napalm I destroy my enemies' nations

Exploded, erased, are the targeted peoples
Lost, trivial is the light of these poor men

Blackout, Blackout

With disgust but vomitless, I instinctively pick up my body's parts
Char, burning, rusted, is the blade that doubles me up with pain (now)
Through blood for freedom, I rose up against these tyrants
Deserved, blessed, soothing will soon be my rest, I've been slain

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Build up your way to hope, stab your fill (till exultation)
Remember some won't flinch and take your place
Fight for a legitimate war, eviscerate to civilize
Remember we are running out of water, out of sun