

# Hidden Genocide

Gorod

I try to assert myself, I seek to dominate  
The end justifies the means, I will be merciless  
I hold the ability to destroy, I have the power to kill  
The end justifies the means, I will design some disease

What's a nation, what's a continent?  
What's a fellow, what is a people? ...Nothing but livestock  
What is ethics, what's morality?  
What's altruism, what's humanism? ...Nothing but sterile thoughts

There's no struggle  
No resistance  
No guerillas  
Just illusions

There's no peace  
No negotiation  
No mediation  
Just a hidden genocide

This underdeveloped continent, deserved only one thing  
To die in despicable ways, and leave me its wealth  
Imagine a virus, and people degenerating  
Over three generations, imagine a virus

Crude physical and mental alterations  
Your behavior deteriorating, your instincts more debased  
Your eating habits changing, you will fading out  
All that makes you human disappearing, you're turning into a pig

Your faeces shaping your background  
To gorge yourself and laze around, such are your motivations  
Man's caricature, even your pride gets lost  
In the gaping bodies of your ripped open brothers