

Ad Patres

Hanker

They claim that they care about nature
They swear that they do
They say that they build our future
I'm not sure it's true

Among the crowd someone is watching
Behind the clouds,
He must be crying

They are plotting our destruction
Sowing evil seeds
We fall victims to their plans
In their world of bloody deeds

Flying higher, reaching higher
Aiming for the clouds
Flying higher, we're getting closer
Please make them see, please set us free

Hiding weapons underground
Preparing their war
In their game of mass suppression
Till death do us gore

Set us free!

(Homo Homini Lupus)

Hiding behind their deceptions
Preaching to save face
Decreeing that they're innocent of
Extinction of our race

...out!

Higher!