

By sick fate we are born
They should have used condoms
Everything is being blamed on us
Mistakes, their fuck-ups

Weight of the world on shoulders
Mentally so close to breakdown
Life tends to become distorted
When everything is shit except piss

Suicide is not a solution
But it remains an excellent option
Perhaps the time is ripe to go
Time to harvest what we have sown

From wet womb we are torn
Thrown in their nightmare world
Year after year being pushed too far
Till we cross the final line

Suicide is not a solution
But it remains an excellent option
Perhaps the time is ripe to go
Time to harvest what we have sown
Rotten seeds have now grown up
Separate them from the good ones
May all deathwishes come now true
And conclude that: B.16.15.18.21.24.25!!!