

Wine Will Turn To Blood Again

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What really drives us is not in the sky -
It slithers through the waters of our mind!
At any time mankind ceases to be
The earth will sigh on this fair day for being free
A chaos rule!
A ruling tool!
We will be next,
Long live the cruel!
Mankind's crippled with broken legs,
We will all fall, we will be next!
On golden spoons we're serving chaos to the fools,
Sweet of taste, but it predicts failures.
The value of humanity has drowned in seas of selfishness.
Everyone's a rebel against everyone and nothing.
We are herds of brainwashed nerds,
A violent breed while mankind dies.

2000 years of violence and depression,
justified by the crucified!
Breeding and feeding a new kind of fear
To rule the hearts of all alive.
A chaos rule!
A ruling tool!
We will be next,
Long live the cruel!
Wine will turn to blood again!
Who will burn in the end?
On golden spoons we're serving chaos,
Sweet of taste, but it predicts failures.