

Right, is it right to take a life for the taste
Of a mother or her child
Do you think? Don't you think about the pain they face?
Just to end up on a plate

Can you taste the factory inside your chest?
It's not a drug, religion or the way you're dressed
If they could be dishonest would you be impressed?
Can you deny this?

You, if you didn't have a voice would that mean
That you were worth much less than me?
Don't you try, don't you try to justify your lust
For the blood of innocence

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It always is

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