

Coma of Souls

Kreator

Masters of war
Merchants of false peace
Bleeding the lives of the lost
Feeding them terminal disease
Breaking the rules

No matter who gets hurt
Wholesaling useless trash
Charging twice what it's worth

Freedom of thought a mirage
The coma is endless and deep
Feeling so worldly and wise
Fooled by the friends that we keep

Spirits on ice
They'll never be free

One-dimensional lives
Will the coma of souls outlive eternity

Children are pawns
For generals to play with and kill
Mercy will never be found
Where mayhem is done for the thrill
Righteous crusades
Murder to honor a god ?
No one is saved
Dead bodies shrivel and rot

Deep in the unconscious mind
Lies the oldest wisdom
Buried by centuries
Of war and inquisition
Truth is raped and crucified
By men with savage brains
And greed flows forth in endless waves
From fools to wretched slaves