

Bossanova

Laibach

Run for your life
Blood is on the hook
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Hey
Your lips are cracked and black as sorrow
Hey
Your soul is cold as ice

Eat your sin

Confess your crime
Choke on your greed
Swallow it down

I want torture
Arms and corporations
No control, president or parliament
Feed my hunger with poverty
Feed my anger with children
Feed my lust with bikini food
Feed my ego with luxury
I'm having a good time
And I want my nation to break down

Place your heart
In a golden cup
Greet your victims
With a smile

Eat the dust
Of the frozen souls
Cold-blooded mind
Of a cannibal

Run
Run
Run