

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