

1803 - The year you fucked up
If you know so fucking much then tell me - why'd she die?

What use are your fucking laws
When life's not worth living?

You're a fucking symptom
With your words and big ideas
But her human cries for help
Fell on dead fucking ears

Fuck your life of apathy
I'd choose death

What kind of messiah would let his disciples die?
Some kind of mega cunt
No soul in the fucking machine

This kingdom that you built
With stone walls of duty
You didn't seem to notice Kunt
It's filled with fucking ghosts

Victory with no resistance is no victory at all

So we're cold in temperament
And to suffering indifferent?
Did you ever look in the fucking mirror?
You fucking robot cunt

You couldn't save her
And that's why I crown you King Kunt