

Fury

Nasum

Reaching for the end, I wouldn't hold my breath
Smothered thoughts, all alike, machine-like beings walk on by
...through smoulderning remains...
Scorched by flames, from the burning cold
Mental ice-age, reality postponed
When all is said and done, what will be left of you?

All signs point toward regression
None show the width of their obsession
...the undeniable truth...
So weak, so forgotten and so forfeit
Without conscience and without faith
No beliefs to call your own, their origin remains unknown

No equality in present day
There's been no progress made
You're still here to produce and to consume

No equality in present state
There's been no progress made
And we're all still their slaves

Shocking truth, deliverer of pain
Better start to move, don't just sit down and drown in shame
...of not doing anything...
When the seas calm down
But only then will our fury finally sleep
Until then this whip will deal out its lashes constantly

No equality in present state
There's been no progress made
And we're all still their slaves
And we're all still their slaves