

Living in lie little by little you learn to pretend  
And this helps you to coexist with human nature  
The truth is that it's far from the life you can dream about  
It's a life in which you decide their worthless fates  
Deliberate decay is the price of indifference  
Morbid mind is a retribution for life in lie  
And there's no pity when you see them suffocating  
No fucking pity when you see them dying  
Only spilling blood you feel alive  
Only execution of the ones of your own kind can justify you  
But the moment will come when you'll have to look into yourself  
And the only thing you'll find is the piercing void  
Lacking for sense of compassion  
You administer your own justice  
Your personal code of an executioner helps you to structure the  
chaos inside  
Day by day your hunger grows stronger and stronger  
And you've got no power to keep it in check  
No power to pretend  
A breathless body is getting colder  
But you feel no guilt  
Regretting nothing  
You're waiting for exhalation.