

# Suicide Of The Guardian Angel

Project Pitchfork

Searching gold you and me  
Just a reflection of insanity  
Digging for the wrong things  
Until we're old  
Like in the case of this fucking gold

We want to make the change  
But we can't 'cause they won't  
We can't 'cause they won't  
We're bored of the lies  
They're not  
They just close their eyes

Chemical industry says  
Nothing can go wrong  
They say this since forty years  
And now we see the fact that it's too late  
The nature strikes back

They bury the garbage  
Of their megalomania  
In hope of not remembering  
And the guardian angel  
Has chocked himself  
By tearing out his wings  
He swallowed them

They bury  
The garbage

Kill kill kill kill no more!