

A fateful day when you lost your mind  
Pulsing blood but tour body won't die  
They hold up the mirror to your face  
New definitions to the human race  
Preaching charity and mind over matter  
Profit by your misadventure  
Are you passed away when your lungs are breathing  
Time to go when your heart is still beating

Braindead  
Braindead  
Braindead

Conditioned by vivisection  
Cannibalised, no resurrection  
Butchers covered by snow-white coats  
To save your life and morbid thoughts  
Acceptance by forerunners of hell  
They know how to do and they do it well  
To suppress the lies and all the facts  
The truth about your final breath

Braindead  
Braindead  
Braindead

Braindead  
Braindead  
Braindead

A fateful day when you lost your mind  
Pulsing blood but tour body won't die  
They hold up the mirror to your face  
New definitions to the human race  
Preaching charity and mind over matter  
Profit by your misadventure  
Are you passed away when your lungs are breathing  
Time to go when your heart is still beating

Braindead  
Braindead  
Braindead