

Disassembly Line

The Berzerker

My discontent

Take them all to the darkened courtyard
Chopped them into chunks
Bag them up and count them
Wait until the flesh is contained

Feeding your loved once
Is a human right
People fear infection
Don't forget to tag the last one

Apply pressure (its) better to end your life
Prepare suppertime
Conditions dormant
We never seem to dine
The best's gone off
It's angelic, it is
Could we be the dead?

I see one thing that's missing

It's just like Hersey, Hersey
Why comply, a sick campaign
Millions of men
It's just like Hersey, Hersey

Imprisoned pride
Treated like animals, sever the link of the land
The spirit suffers
Taking an external rest in turn

I've seen the wall
What could have been?
Am I dead or alive?

Mistaken Chores
Surely denounced
They were grilled while alive

I see feeble, feeble souls
Feelings (have) stopped now, your savior's gone

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