

# 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

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