

Bottom Feeders

Beneath the Massacre

Burning bridges and building walls
Weakened by individualism
Victim of mass paranoia

Short leash and thick walls
Nothing can penetrate their primitive intellect
Carrying
Carrying dead men's luggage
No hate and no love
No passion and no pulse
An envelope without its content
Both hands busy carrying
Carrying dead men's luggage

Black or white and Manichaeism
A comforting over-simplification
A nightmare for everyone to see
Another victim of absolutism

They're brutal behind the social mask
They wear at their mondain events with enemies
And they'll sink like a rock thrown into the sea

Their destructive lives will be forgotten

Somewhere between a monster and a coward
They once were victims
They once were victims, now executioners
And it's far too easy
Far too simple to hate what they don't know
They fear what they don't know
They don't know what they
Devour
All the pleasure they encounter
And mistake
Mistake it for well-being

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Let them sink
For they are bottom feeders
Let them sink
For they are bottom feeders