

Loser, craven... And I've just begun!  
Cause you pick me just a sense of war  
I never felt until now  
You insult my basics, and you feel stronger just because  
The weak is in front of you  
Your crime is breach of...

Power and supremacy are the monsters we must face  
Violence, oppression should remain leftover chance  
Can you realize the sickness and disgust you have created?  
Your crime will be well-marked!  
You roast! Distasteful! you know

With a person who needed help

Blast! in your bad trust! now start to run! from now my task, i  
s scourge you!  
Conflict for block savagery of a new post-human vision

Climax of madness in a fuckin' jungle age!  
Real presence of a sickness, where abuse is guaranteed!  
Today you claim your primacy and tomorrow you claim help!  
Come on now let me hear your voice telling me your regret!

And so... let me know  
What are you searching for...  
Just approval? Or self realisation?

Burn... in your boob... you'll never stop my core...  
Don't say you're sorry... it's useless it's so  
Impure

Fourteen percent of British teens victim of the new violence's  
border  
New tools in the service of old habits  
Technology as amplifier of human hate

Actors, walker-on and viewers  
Digital bulls performing for digital user  
Even in the softness of my sofa violence is so grim, so true, s  
o real