

Most people live without purpose
Blessed are the dead
You'll find the weight of burden heavy
Like a soul filled with lead

Our bones will grind together
In a mass grave
No one weeps
While children drown together
Sustain the creatures of the deep

I reject your morals
I've seen too many years of sorrow
Fuck this rotting planet from poisoned waters
East of nothing
We lost our burning passion
Pain of failure is hard to bear
Took a bullet ride to Cobain fashion
For our deeds were watered in our fears

How civil men turn vicious
In the quest for gold and wealth
Use words of plastic values
Then hit below the belt