

Agathocles, Forced Pollution

Produced poison
That's in the air
We breathe
So it's in our blood

Maggots'll bite
Our guts to shreds
We are sure that
Death shall rise

Forced pollution
Punishment of mankind
Forced pollution
Until death do us part

One by one
Our bowels burst
And our body
Will be filled with pus

No-one can help
'Coz we are rotting
And that's our fault
So enjoy the decay