

Circle Of Dead Children, Eldorado

It's a suicide lottery and they've won
The real life has just begun
Coughing up nest of cocoons it feeds the statist
Oblivious to wounds seeping dry it feeds the statist
All value is lost when we allow the spiders to feed
Our values bled into this eco-cesspool
This is where it all ends
This is where it all ends
All value is lost when silence is born
Death behind the dollar
We are in the womb of the statist and all is not well in the best of all worlds
It's a suicide lottery
Drop the guillotine
Bury my head