

Wretched Mankind

Christian Death

Have no pleasure in tears
Let not your eye cast a shadow
On the silhouette of this filthy planet
Shun the pain

Even though
The earth beneath your staggering stride tumbles
Even though
Disappointment screams in the cyclone of your mind
Even though
You have been smitten five or six million times by the
Bastards of mankind

When destiny bears the funnel of truth
Only then will we be bound
To walk circumspectly
Stand tall

Even though
The plague of maledictions surrounds you
Even though
The scorners have blessed you with their dismal pride
Even though
You are condemned to exist by the rules of the
Bastards of mankind

And when they tell you
They know what is right
By the righteousness that abounds them
Fuck 'em
Just tell them I said that