

This is the next bloody axe in your face  
This is the fight for the voiceless minority

NO LAST WARNING - NO WARNING SHOT  
SMELL THE SCENT OF YOUR OWN BLOOD

YES, IT'S YOUR FLESH IN YOUR MOUTH  
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Welcome to your own slaughterhouse  
It's time for work, you under your bloody axe  
It's time for my revenge, can you feel the pain?

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SMELL THE SCENT OF YOUR OWN BLOOD  
NOW I USE YOUR TECHNOLOGY  
TO SHOW YOU HOW THEY DIE A BILLION TIMES EVERYDAY

Let's "burn it down"  
And "destroy the machines"  
Hear the thousand screams  
Hear the thousand screams

"HANDS OFF THE ANIMALS

And a "firestorm" will come

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