

The Factory of Death

Aborym

No baby! Don't touch that radioactive toy
No food and blackouts of every street light

Open your eyes, it's horrifying, it lays in your sleep
You eat the bullshit seven days a week
The real owners of the world
smacking god with the 8-finger devil's hand

And tell me who's gaining from the anguish and sorrow
Doctrines you swallow, dioxin your breath
Doctrines you swallow, dioxin your breath

Whatever you have done to learn
Whatever you need to expiate
Whatever you say
Doctrines you swallow, dioxins your breath
In the factory of death

And tell me who's gaining from this bloody business
Doctrines you swallow, dioxins your breath
Doctrines you swallow, dioxins your breath

No baby! Don't touch that rosary chain
It's contaminated by the aura of the living dead
By years of horrors
By millions of deceptions
By false expectations
By hundreds of unanswered prayers