

facelesssss!!!...
worthlesssss!!!...
these are not complaints
the whinings of a fake
i love the dirty smell
of my caste and cla**
slaves to work the ships
the masters bleed our spines
best documentary goes to the matrix
high tech cattle grind
eighty measures thick!
ripe with cicatrix!
aborted and attacked!
rejoice! you are the chosen -- undercla**!
rise..
rise..
rise..
creeching for crack crumbs
callous claws and thumbs
my tormentor rapes me
in return for self.. worth!!!!..
worth!!!!..
dog packs in the streets
frozen and nothing to eat
eyeing the master's house
are you thinking what i'm thinking?
the first reports of the flames
had them at eight miles high
but we measured in red states
and laughed at their estimations!...
eighty measures thick!
ripe with cicatrix!
aborted and shellacked!
rejoice! you are the chosen -- undercla**!
rise..
rise..
rise..
burn the right.. side
with their own.. lies
burn the right.. side
with their own.. lies
burn the right.. side
with their own.. lies
burn the right.. side
with their own.. lies!...
burn the right.. side
with their own.. lies
burn the right.. side
with their own.. lies!...