

# Genocide

Bathory

Mechanised death, poisoned last breath  
In dust realised kill, what a thrill  
All hell ablaze the furnace gates  
Stands open wide for genocide

Genocide - physicians in league with death  
Genocide - die this day or do with less  
Genocide - holloweyed and grey charade  
Genocide - death head strut and masquerade

Vomiting blood, where are you, God?  
Can't you fuckin' smell  
The damned stench, excrement  
Mountians of corpse, can't you see, Lord?  
It makes your Gomorra look small, very small

Flames to the sky, white Christ is blind  
The burning smoke, the piles of bones  
One final cry, last pleading words  
Through the chimney high  
The prayer is unheard

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