

# Deathrace

DeadLock

Driving a truck was always my dream  
King of the road letting off steam  
Follow me while I check the truckload  
Call me the master of life and death

Join the deathrace - come on

Hear their excited groaning which turns to painful screams  
when i start my powerful engine

I am the king of the road  
With my moribund load  
Their tourment, pain and fear  
Makes me drive in top gear

Where is the fucking difference  
Between a living load and normal cargo  
Arriving on schedule  
Means getting paid punctually

Don't blame me for being one of the first parts  
Of mankinds insane catering monstrosity  
I just laugh about these pseudo guardian angels  
That think they could change our world

I am the king of the road  
With my moribund load  
Their tourment, pain and fear  
Makes me drive in top gear

If they could what should they pray for?  
Dying in my truck on the road or in the abattoir  
The ones condemned to death  
Have not a single chance to win this race

Cattle crossing, keep silent  
Man fated to be tyrant  
No mercy, no barrier  
Express cattle carrier

Animals can't speak but we can...

Look at the peak of evolution the food chain leader  
Looking like the freight that he's chauffeuring to eat up  
Ain't that some wack shit rolling to the shambles  
Acting as a cab bitch slaying loads of animals  
Imagine you all was cannibals and mankind the cattle dude  
Locked up in a box small enough to get in rampage mood  
I fucking disagree with the price and the fee  
That these beings have got to pay so we can feast and fucking eat  
I'm one with all fauna the animal persona  
Raw and distinctive the beast master warned you all  
Keep roughhousing and I will be the karma  
For acting too supreme make me have to armour up  
Testing chemicals and genocide to foreign species  
Acts of our society so sick son believe me  
We got to keep it real how the fuck would it feel

Locked all ya life behind rolling bars of steel

This is a story about this man in a slaughter house

Took me on tour and showed me all his whereabouts

And in my lurking doubts

He starts to light a cigarette and starts drinking on a genuisstot

You greenpeace fools we handle your food

And if you like fast food

Here's some examples for you

Livestock cows in dead, destroyed milk they use burger king meat

What they feed to the streets, no time to negotiate

Blood fills their death, when their alive when they breathe they lungs aspirate

You like veil, this will spoil your meal

The baby confined to no light and food and that's real

Respect to Islam for eating no swine

Here's some waist pits we use to feed them there time to time

He expressed no pain for four weeks pain a cut in the juggler-vain

Is something yo, I can't explain