Garbage Canyons

Depressive Age

We're the loosers, We see you're disdain
We're the tools for our own coloured fate
No one really knows our place
Justice, give us your grace! Show your face!

But the war slaves of the lords drive us from land to land
to the garbage canyons, to the eternal damned
And we ride like puppets on our boneless dogs, helpless,
into the ghetto canyons

"Antisocial" that's their only slang
political correct on their stamps
Roast our bodies sharp! Bon appetite!
Swallow our souls to vomit it!

And the forces of the lords drive us from land to land
to the garbage canyons, to the eternal damned
Yes we ride, like puppets on our boneless dogs, helpless,
into the ghetto canyons

Life injurance saves your future plan,
saves your future in a wheel chair gang,
but you laugh about this warning. You wanna drift there where
you want
to the suicide angels, if your fate is turning wrong
Suicide angels, you want never fall down, down from the sky
That's illusion, you can never fall, cause you are living in th
e
devil's reich

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