

3111

Exodus

Plazas of carnage, bloody rewards
Fields of poppies, gifts from the lord
Act with the Devil, piling dead
Ransom slaying, payment in lead
Kingdoms ruled with fear and distress
Leaders killed on sanguine egress
Mangled bodies litter the streets
Masked sicarios, death repeats

Killing, a way of life
Murder, innocents die
Trono de narco tortura
Massacre 3111

Product is good, profits are high
Cartels reign, nowhere to hide
Wolves hunt, weak are the prey
Blood-drunk sadist, live for the taste
Underworld running it all
Mothers cry as brothers fall
Those in power turn a blind eye
They make the money selling the lie

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Unto the eyes of death you will stare
We poison the earth without compassion or care
Execution and murder, they win every time
Morgues overflowing, a tempest of crime
The price is blood, and now the world will pay
Into our grip, we lead you into the grave