

Hidden Genocide

Gorod

I try to assert myself, I seek to dominate
The end justifies the means, I will be merciless
I hold the ability to destroy, I have the power to kill
The end justifies the means, I will design some disease

What's a nation, what's a continent?
What's a fellow, what is a people? ...Nothing but livestock
What is ethics, what's morality?
What's altruism, what's humanism? ...Nothing but sterile thoughts

There's no struggle
No resistance
No guerillas
Just illusions

There's no peace
No negotiation
No mediation
Just a hidden genocide

This underdeveloped continent, deserved only one thing
To die in despicable ways, and leave me its wealth
Imagine a virus, and people degenerating
Over three generations, imagine a virus

Crude physical and mental alterations
Your behavior deteriorating, your instincts more debased
Your eating habits changing, you will fading out
All that makes you human disappearing, you're turning into a pig

Your faeces shaping your background
To gorge yourself and laze around, such are your motivations
Man's caricature, even your pride gets lost
In the gaping bodies of your ripped open brothers