Death Camp

Hellbastard

In the death camp attitude is worthless
Grey skulls lying in the gutter
Pissed on by dogs, and you thought they cared
Pissed on by dogs, and you thought they cared

The tattooed are made into purses and lampshades
The leftovers into pies and carried up into the moors
And sacrificially burnt by satans children
And no one cares

Mr. McDonalds brought the children
To his meat packaging and processing plant
Pushed into the grinder by the army patrol
Pushed into the grinder by the army patrol

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