

Gentile Crown
Should off with yourself
You're pulling the innocent down

Sick shade
Torture's your torture
We're building our own way to die

Scapegoat we're
Bred for consumption
Commodities bought sold and styled

Fixed fight
Hook line and sinker
Building our own way to die

A bit
Too Drunk with power
You feed our mouths with hunger
and Aim the Gun that we've built
Then we all die
We all Die