

## Politricks

## Icons of Filth

The country in which I live  
Had offended another nation  
And so here I die with millions  
Through political complication  
I've offended nobody still face in the mud  
I die clad with fleshy pieces  
The result of political war cry

Chorus:

Die, die in another's war  
Why, why was there rich and poor?  
Me, me 'six feet under'  
You - further down in your bunker

Now that I look back  
This annihilation didn't have to be  
You learnt us your fucking patriotism  
To support your pathetic greed  
You also gave us hate  
So we could fight amongst ourselves  
And you slyly ran for shelter  
as we were showered with shells

Chorus:

Die, die in another's war  
Why, why was there rich and poor?  
Me, me 'six feet under'  
You - further down in your bunker

For the 'lesser'  
A painful ending  
For their 'betters'  
Maybe another chapter  
Did the other live?  
Is it still raining?  
Outside your bunker  
Lies your answer.