

There is none righteous, all have turned aside
Sorrow - fill the lives of falseness and lies
Not hunger or thirst, diseases or the wars
Nothing is enough for dying mankind

There is no horror, which man is not capable
Misery - and failure, is it what man is made of?
I step aside to listen, the cry of this world
Pain comes in many forms, enhanced in hands of men

Constant - amount of pain, driving us insane
I have less so you get more
Constant are the cries
You have less so I get more
Constant are the cries

Constant - amount of pain driving me insane
I have less so you get more
Constant are the cries
You have less so I get more
Constant are the cries
Have a feast at Vanity Fair
I have less so you get more
Constant are cries
Have a feast at Vanity Fair
You have less so I get more
Constant are the cries