

Morbid Times

Mad Sin

Sometimes I think about your life
I like to cut your throat with a kitchen knife
Politics who twist the truth, just tell lies, drive me insane
I hate your guts, don't wanna fake, I can't get the repulsion out of my brain

You name religion but just bring war
I spit on you, that's what you hate me for
You are the pope, the biggest snake, we hate you, don't need to fake
Your fall will be the day, the day I see the light

I'm dying in morbid times and i was born in morbid times

We are all the chessmen in their game
Called moneymaking and big fame
Rock'n'roll Rock'n'roll Rock'n'roll the only way out
That's a fact, that's a fact, there is no doubt about