

Suicide Of The Guardian Angel

Project Pitchfork

Searching gold you and me
Just a reflection of insanity
Digging for the wrong things
Until we're old
Like in the case of this fucking gold

We want to make the change
But we can't 'cause they won't
We can't 'cause they won't
We're bored of the lies
They're not
They just close their eyes

Chemical industry says
Nothing can go wrong
They say this since forty years
And now we see the fact that it's too late
The nature strikes back

They bury the garbage
Of their megalomania
In hope of not remembering
And the guardian angel
Has chocked himself
By tearing out his wings
He swallowed them

They bury
The garbage

Kill kill kill kill no more!