

Extinction Overkill

Rage

In the land of milk and honey
Everything is made of gold
Every day we're making money
And we're never growing old

Endless growth is our mantra
We consume the last resource
And the tree of life, it's branches
We will cut them down, of course

If we will, if we won't - extinction overkill!
If we do, if we don't - extinction overkill!
It's too late for a change - extinction overkill!
It is all long arranged - extinction overkill!

In Siberia's wide expanses
Where the perma frost soil melts
Endless carbon gas is rising
In the atmosphere's belt

That's an unstoppable process
And no matter what we do
If we save or live in excess
Heat is rising, hear the news:

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Oh whoa extinction overkill!
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