

Acid Drinkers, Megalopolis

Metropolis creates mob and mob creates its face
Megalopolis builds barriers, you die under their stress
The mob creates its atmosphere:
Bitches, drugs, guns for sale.
I'm a stranger in the city, in its rotten part
I will destroy the barriers and If I win
I'll get lucky!
The mob watchfully guards the wall
It's very hard to get through!
Volunteers in the army's rows, essence of slums and stench
Dead body of a city - alienation and water, the beginning of a job
Killers from dirty streets, victims of the city's creation
Fifty bucks for one head, they are not afraid of this task
To approach them is a risk, conscience is taboo
To escape them has no sense, losers in the system abound
Metropolis creates the gang and the gang defines the city
Parasites love this corpse, killers in the army's rows!
How many people did you kill?
About two hundred and fifty
How many murders did you see?
About two or three thousand
Tell me man, did you use choppers?
Yeah, we used choppers to torment!!!
And I wait for the darkness to set myself free...