

Sepultura - Orgasmatron

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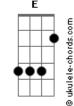
I am the one, Orgasmatron, the outstretched grasping hand My image is of agony, my servants rape the land Obsequious and arrogant, clandestine and vain Two thousand years of misery, of torture in my name Hypocrisy made paramount, paranoia the law D My name is called religion, sadistic, sacred whore

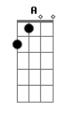
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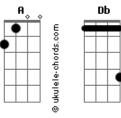
I twist the truth, I rule the world, my crown is called deceit I march before a martyred world, an army for the fight I am the emperor of lies, you grovel at my feet I speak of great heroic days, of victory and might I rob you and I slaughter you, your downfall is my gain I hold a banner drenched in blood, I urge you to be broad and a standard of the standard of t And still you play the sycophant and rebel in your pain And all my promisses are lies, all my love is hate I am the politician, and I decide your fate

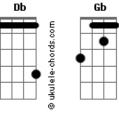
I hold a banner drenched in blood, I urge you to be brave I lead you to your destiny, I lead you to your grave Your bones will build my palaces, your eyes will stud my crown For I am Mars the god of war, and I will cut you down.

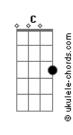
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