

MAUDIIR 'Soliloque' LYRICS

Toxic Cloud

This is the dawn of the obscene
Of twisted figures in the dust
Traitors painted vulgar stains
Broken frames of burrowed pains
Creeping slow, the toxic cloud
Engulfed the city through the night
Too late the warnings came for flight
Burning death from the sky
This is the dawn of the obscene
Of twisted bodies left to rot
Merchant tyrants with moral stains
Paint the world with acid rains
At steady flow, the toxic cloud
Engulfed the city through the night
Too late the warnings came for flight
Burning death from the sky

L'Éloge du Cuivre

Come forth from this earth, heathen
Flames burn bright to a refined hue
Come forth from the heat of the crucible
It shall pass but nothing will be left after you
We laugh at your pain, your medical issues
We own your case, there's no need to deny
When cancer eats at your lungs, there's really nothing new
We pay you today
We laugh at your games, your radical views
We own the land, there's no way to deny
Climate disaster, it's really nothing new
We play you today
Come forth from this earth, heathen
Profits run high as toxic fumes
Clay at the bottom of this reservoir
Drink your death, Cantarella digs the tomb
We laugh at your pain, your medical issues
We own your case, there's no need to deny
When cancer eats at your brain, there's really nothing new
We pay you today
We laugh at your games, your radical views

We own the land, there's no way to deny
Climate disaster, it's really nothing new
We play you today
Come forth to this land, civilized
Come forth the greed of criminals
We laugh in your face, at your chemical issues
We own your case, there's no need to deny
When cancer eats at your lungs, there's really nothing new
We pay you today
We laugh at your games, your radical views
We own the land, there's no way to deny
Climate disaster, it's really nothing new
We own you day and night

Residue

Seeping into your brain
Artificial incentive
Rooted under your skin
To be synthetically cognitive
Flowing in your bloodstream

Swayed by the addictive
At safe harbor level
Running in our veins
And bonded to the frame
At high level death claim
Leaching into your drink
Damaging toxins
Creeping into your system
At cellular level
Poison in your bloodstream
Doomed by the additive
At safe harbor level
Running in our veins
And bonded to the frame
At high level death claim

Regarde au ciel

Quand la mer reprendra ses droits sur la terre
Quand le ciel te tombera sur la tête
L'œuvre de ton dieu tu ne sauras qu'en faire
Il ne s'ra point temps de rassembler des prières

On dit qu'c'est sous haute surveillance

Mais y'a jamais rien qui change

Tout l'monde fait juste de son mieux

Mais ça s'ra toujours trop peu

Réveille!

Quand la Mère te dit qui s'rait p't'être temps d'changer

Faudrait p't'être pas trop tarder à l'écouter

La réalité frappe pas fort à' porte de l'ennui

Si on s'fie à' file qu'y'a pour l'modèle dernier cri

Le dernier cri

Autant en emporte le vent

Toute 'tait ben beau avant

Ben écrasé s'ul divan

On s'en crisse tu d'tes romans

On dit qu'c'est sous haute surveillance

Mais y'a jamais rien qui change

Tout l'monde fait juste c'qu'y peut

Et ça pourra pas être assez

CH₄

The slum I call my home

Your waste is my trade

The filth breathes on its own

But lately this rash has been quite a bother

And the sky is now obscured

Crawling a mountain of trash, move like a rat

Scouring for scraps, sifting through litter

Health don't matter when you can't have dinner

Foul air and toxic water

Rid my skin of scale and blister

I call it my home

But it burns on its own

Sitting on a mountain of cash, you're a rat

Trickle down the scraps, down the shitter

Wealth and power, up high in your tower

Foul air and water leach

Blind my eyes and grind my teeth

I call it my home

But it burns on its own

The slum I call my home

Your waste is my trade

The filth breathes on its own
Foul air and water leach
Open sores and troubled sleep
This is my home
And it burns on its own
It burns on its own
There's nowhere to go
But it burns on its own