

Heads of motionless men are bending
Over the receding ground
Useless hands are laid on knees
It will be so nice to shoo them down

Back to cruelty
Back to cruelty

Four these fat men cut off from real life
By connected filters set in line
Tone down the keenness of their sight
To dull just like a blunted knife

Back to cruelty when starvation is staged
Back to cruelty to make up for their tedious lives
Back to cruelty, back to cruelty

Outsides a run of coded pictures
They try to sort out once again
But truth slips out between their fingers
With the handling of these cards in vain

Back to cruelty
A word will never weep
Back to cruelty
A book will never bleed

Remember thoughts are a waste of time
That keep you from action and fight
Remember to think is to stare at oneself
Another way of staying deaf and blind

Back to cruelty
Get rid of cold white visions
Back to cruelty
They're through with emotions

Strike to make the fat men utter
Cries of hatred, cries of anger
Beat their flesh to shake them out
Of obscene sleep now let them shout

Back to cruelty
Back to cruelty

Don't stay behind your window
Don't kill your crawling shadow
That holds you to the floor

Back to cruelty
Back to cruelty
And beat them

I'ma thankin' a you