

## Blood and Grain

Ashers

When the wreckage starts to rust  
And our structures turn to dust  
And blow away  
The hungry will feast on the wall fed one day  
It all Unravels at the pull of a string  
You'll find your money don't mean a fucking thing  
As gallows creak and rope gently sways

Spare parts to feed the strays

All the wretchedness that you've caused  
And the hatred coursing through our veins  
Will only serve to weaken these chains

Displaced, resentful, heart full of hate

We can burn your manors down  
Level your palaces to the fucking ground  
Relocate the owners to a shallow grave  
Beauty pageants as executions  
your possessions as retribution  
Always remember the boot that rested your face

With blessed severed fingers and hollow eyes