

## Dip a Sail

Jinjer

Your boat is called "Apocalypse"  
Dip a sail  
Those who regulate the head  
Bite their tail, bite their tail  
Maps are lost in hurricane of regress  
Your clothes are frazzled, still you navigate  
With having your crew oppressed

Pour some wine into your throat  
Stuff your guts a little more  
While your avarice accumulates  
The poor multiply hundredfold

Your ship is called "Capitalism"  
Anchor down  
It runs for dear life on the wind of corruption  
Defective compass serves to your purpose  
But soon as sweat of sailors dries  
You'll hit the bottom and go ashore

Pour some wine into your throat  
Stuff your guts a little more  
While your avarice accumulates  
The poor multiply hundredfold

Make these oars never row  
Dip a sail  
Strike the masts, end the boat  
To the sand  
Make these oars never row  
Dip a sail  
Strike the masts, end the boat  
To the sand