

# Collapse

## Molotov Solution

Collapse!

Hold out your hands and demand that we kneel before we stand.  
Force your hand and bleed us dry, every day of our fucking lives.

They preach peace and salvation, then bind us with debt and damnation.

They speak as lords of creation, denying grace, forcing inflation.

Hold out your hands, and demand that we kneel before we stand.  
Force your hand and bleed us dry, everyday 'til we fucking die.

This repetitive pathology has a new charismatic voice; a deliberate socialistic path leaving us without a choice.

The infrastructure cracks and crumbles as the very foundation gives way beneath our feet; to an overburdened nation, portrayed as God's creation.

A living, breathing king of kings with a toxic tongue.

He speaks as if as if the war is won.

God isn't dead.

He never existed.

Never existed.

When the dollar fails and the systems collapse, you will impose a false solution, a demand you could never ask us.

As if we'd forgotten you put us here to begin with.

Separate the truth from fiction and fact from faith.

Reject faith and acknowledge reason.

Get the fucking facts straight.

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