Land of treason-waste no reasonwe are breathing fire
We're packs of dogswe're enemies of men-we are not desired
Our face showwe've grown cold-but
have not conspired
Old hearts gonethe future's on-mother nations mired
I like a recepticle for the chosen dead,
we find our bodies clawed
And with the scent of death,
we find that we are not so very awed

Loyalties burned—
the words our blurred—overturn your own
Walk like dogs and watch the doors—
have your other stone
Stop the toys that match disordered—
calculate the thrones
Feel the pulse descending—
decaying hallowed tomes
In the starving sense you worship—
the nations of debris
You wear a cost of sewage—
that you've never ever seen

The time is now-the vicious herea stolen dinner code The license of the savage landthat you've always sold So bite the hand that needs you and bless another coal The virus never issuesfrom a cotton so very old As the lights come down You wash your hands and start to climb the ladder that you stole Slip the hatch-and spin the swordthe money lords are poor Push the tan-that rolls downhilltheir sense of dream absorbed Still the cat that breaks the nighttie him to the core Chase the viruses that believethat what's right is scored It's a senseless cash in of right for rightwhat's wrong is never gone And left is just a bassion for the fools golden dawn