

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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