The House That Man Built

Comecon

A palace of crystal on a postament of slime
Rule of refinement, rats in the cellar
Restless and climbing as slime and mud come
Flooding
Grace greased by ingratitude and greed
By a despicable debris of delinquence and
Debauchery
The palace is of crystal, but the postament is
SlimeHouse man built
House man built
This house was built, God is dead
Dead is gone, God is gone
No body's found, unstable ground
But the house was builtThrow out the ballast and the vessel will be
Faster
The called are over-crowding the market,
Let the chooser be the market,
And the loosers - we'll wall out all the loosersAnd those among us who turned foul, they're growing more
For every hour
The rich are getting richer, the poor begin to steal
As multiplied police force feels more righteous than wealth
Program
Gaps widening 'till it bursts asunder
Threw out the ballast and the vessel went underHouse man built
House man built
This house was built, God is dead
Dead is gone, God is gone
No body's found, unstable ground
But the house was builtThe scene is set for a grand new war
This war is final - no new markets to explore
This war will transport us through door
When all is fire, God will set the scoreHouse man built
House man built

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

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