Ruiner

Moss Garten

How light could be our darkest hour?
None will be left when they come
To collect their blood debts
Accounts will be dry, binary vessel
Full of nothing but dustA vicious lust for control has turned us
Into pawns for the faceless kings
Shed rivers of blood turned the color
Of their lucre greedFiscal commandments impel
And we will obeyBlindly
Fury of, furyThe fury of the sun has passed
Into the hands of men
Whose hands were already too full
Of abused strength and anger
Of abused strength and power
Bio-economics killing again and again

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