Propelling Scythes

Comecon

Souls are crushed
With a brittle sound
Like crumbs are crushed
When a table's undone
Their blood was their wine
Their mind was their meat
Here they sat
But now they're gone
So bring a law that crime won't break
So bring a lamb that wolves can't take
So bring a light the blind can see
Goats bleat, God speed, bring up the fee.Souls fall
Over the edge
Like scraps from a table
For whom was it set
For whom was it sent
Propelling scythes
Propelling scythes
Into propelling scythes they wentSERVE IT AS A WARNING
SERVE IT AS A WARNING
SERVE IT AS A WARNING
SERVE IT AS A WARNINGGOATS BLEAT FOR THE MOURNING
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