

# Crusades

## Fucked Up

Give dust to life, give life to dust,  
Crusades  
Alloyed in a void, I am torn, I am born,  
Crusades  
Ruderal roots tulleric shoots in cahoots  
Making life out of death chthonic breath meristem,  
Jubilee, I am free, so I rise from debris,  
Other seeds who are weak need a spur so I speak,  
Every word like a burr, so hoist my voice and rejoice,  
Just a spark from the dark ignites a thousand to march  
So we embark on a drive to split from the stem,  
Divide out of the clade, a parade to invade,  
CrusadesGlory to grow as part of a whole,  
Crusades  
We are roots, we are soil, we are leaves, we are souls  
Crusades  
Broad canopy from the tree, a decree,  
Blazon to the world we were born to press on,  
Blank the sky with our kind, make the branches align,  
Sing the spores to the throng, fill the fields with our song,  
We are bright in our blight, full of poison and pomp,  
Molded as one, we will outshine the sun,  
Spread like vines as we climb, knots that can't be undone,  
The crusade has begun, turn the many to one,Crusades  
Let the blind be led by the dumb  
Crusades  
The Philistines arrive at the gates  
Crusades  
Let the brave lie down on their swords  
Crusades  
The devoted unleash their wrathOne ant is no ant, no branch is a tree,  
Crusades  
Just a part of a plant I gave up to be free,  
Crusades  
Rejoice in the life that I gave to a wave,  
Of likes that will die and behave all the same,  
To populate the terrain until all that remains,  
Is our kind of one mind, evolved and refined,  
Fall from the crown, I will rot on the ground,

Left by the march that moves on as the sound,  
From their step fades, alone, for a purpose I'm placed  
Born again in new roots that will rise from my waste  
Not proud of it  
I've wasted a lifetime  
Not proud of it  
We died, then we're born again.

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