Waking the Dead

Crisis

Wake up from utopian artifice long way the glass houses break Art of war Wields words as weapons long may the glass houses break long may the glass houses Break! We bear scars of the chaos of wealthy lies we occupy A beggar's life in priveledged eyes Distastrous vultures of gluttonous egos give deadly silence to the Burning ghettos Wake up from utopian artifice Long may the glass houses break Art Of war wields wards to break break break! Wealthy, cultivated thieves breed futures of uncertainty power lusts for empowered trysts We're their sacrificial lambs The reap us to sow seeds of Affluence We're their sacrificial scabs Watch Out! There's fire in the Hearts of the unsung Long may the glass houses Break! Long may the glass houses break! Angels Of the bottomless pit nurture one downfall our downfall.

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