Follow the Blind

Tarot

Hear the mad dogs barking with the voice of men
Bodies thrown to the rocks, broken, then alive again
Hear the rats, are laughing with the voice of one
They're all in heaven, delivered by our gunsWith the multitudes we feed the grinder
The jaws are closing and the blades will find yaWe need no Gods of war, petty excuses, no more
Just what we always wanted
The blood of our kind
Blind follow the blindFollow the blindHear the possessed screaming with the voice of doom
The sun goes nova, the earth goes ka-boom
Take a flight from Trinity to Novaja Zemlya
The pyre is blazing and the flames will find yaWe need no Gods of war, petty excuses, no more
Just what we always wanted
The blood of our kind
Blind follow the blindHear the stones, they're sighing with the voice of the dead
Who lie below them with the worms they've fed
And when all that's living is shattered by thunder
We'll raise the dead, you, your soul will find yaThere ain't no noble cause, just mindless applause
The whetting stones whine on, stroking blades 'til dawnWe need no Gods of war, petty excuses, no more
Just what we always wanted
The blood of our kind
Blind follow the blindFollow the blind, follow the blind
Follow the blind, follow the blind

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