The Master Butcher's Apron

Carcass

The sun never sets
The blood never dries
The selfless sacrifice
Of the butchers maligned
The sun never sets
The blood never dries
Lest we forgetThe sun never sets
Teardrops never dry
This deathless bloodshed
Of the whetted knives
For your sons you never wept
The fruitless sacrifice
Of the master butchersNever trusted in the dark
Pecuniary villeinage
A decaying realm to rapine and plunderLike maggots colonizing
Contagious disease contaminating
Expansionist plague to pillage & conquerThe union of cruciate & saltire
The callous cruciate & saltire
To beneficiate the graveyard of empireIn the name of his tyrannical majesty
To serve the imperialist tragedy
A cruel serving sovereignty
A subjugating murderous monarchyRecollections of the past, revised, laundered, tainted & poisoned
But I'll raise a toast to the memory of those who served in the
West African squadron
Merciful overlordsIn the name of diabolical oligarchy
In the kingdom of demise rules supremacy
Solipsistic crowned nobility
Stern reigning gunboat diplomacyRecollections of the past, revised, condemn, taint & poison
But I'll raise my glass to the memory of the wretches who
Served in the preventative squadronI salute
Those who tugged at the master butcher's apron stringsThe sun never sets
The blood never dried
The fruitless sacrifice
Of the butchers benign
The sun it never sets
The blood never dries
Lest we forget
That the master butchers still whet their knives

Songwriters
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