

I.C.B.M.

Amebix

Meatwagon come, borne on the rays of the morning sun
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
A silver express through the valley of death
A cruise over land, to turn the fertile soil to sand
Ten million bodies, maybe more
From every wound a stream of blood doth pour
We must find a way to stop the flood
Dam the river of blood!

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