Army Ants

The Tea Party

Bring on the absolute
A walk on the water
Can lead you to slaughter

No one will feel you
No one will hear you

Bring on the brave new world
Tied to condition
A slave to submission

All that I need
Is a way to deceive
The eyes of the end
I will rise once again
And still shine on

Crawl on your hands and knees
Blind from the vision
The dawn of decision

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