

Bread from Heaven

Gene Loves Jezebel

Bread from Heaven
From the depths, mutants crawling
Sprawling from the caves
And from this land they call our fathers'
A chorus begs for bread
I heard it called a wilderness
This desert is man-made
And the creatures mill around, bemused
Asking who's to blame
If the powers that be
Truly believe in an eye for an eye
And if the punishment should fit the crime
Then the gallows await
Bread from Heaven
Powerless, we are powerless
The ants must climb this towering locust
Bringing it to its knees
And we should crush this swollen insect
And regain our dignity
Yes, yes, flesh is carved with wraps and chain
And on his flesh the calves of waste

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