Messenger Of Gods

Tarot

Behind all the empty glitter the city's a painted whore.
A mother with a concrete womb for the zombie horde.
Juices from the flesh of the living are bled to sewers.
If we gave thoughts, they are harnessed to feed the hive.Messenger of gods
Where's the lightning, where's the thunder?
Messenger of gods
Where's the word and where's the fire?
Ooh! Where is the messenger of gods?
We need a messenger of gods.In here just 1. equals absolutely nothing.
The machines know you, your face and your life.
Death, escape, that's why boneyards have fences.
Go read your e-mails. Junk comes to junkies.Messenger of gods.

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