

# The Resurrectionists

## The Defiled

'Cause we'll defy the maker  
To make our own survive  
'Cause we're the tainted ones  
But we are the saviours of you all  
Dig up the corpses  
Let the blood run free  
We need to see things die  
To bring the dead to life  
Humanity rests on plagues of locusts  
Clip their wings to teach the world to fly  
Because your feet are at rest  
When the bombs start falling down  
And the spooks in your closet  
Are the smiles of discontent  
Let the gallows fall  
I will be the knife  
Reach for our voices when  
End of day has been and gone  
Humanity rests on plagues of locusts  
Clip their will to teach the world to fly  
'Cause we're the poison in your blood  
And we're the noose around your neck  
The resurrectionists feeding from the cradle to the grave  
'Cause we'll defy the maker  
To make our own survive  
'Cause we're the tainted ones  
But we are the saviours of you all  
Dig up the corpses  
Let the blood run free  
We need to see things to die  
To bring the dead to life  
Humanity rests on plagues of locusts  
Clip their wings to teach the world to fly  
'Cause we're the poison in your blood  
And we're the noose around your neck  
The resurrectionists feeding from the cradle to the grave  
'Cause we're the poison in your blood  
And we're the noose around your neck  
The resurrectionists feeding from the cradle to the grave  
To the grave  
As we pray for floods, as the seasons change  
The resurrectionists feeding the lives  
The resurrectionists feeding the lives

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