

Land of Treason

Germes

Land of treason, waste no reason
We are breathing fire
We're packs of dogs, we're enemies of men
We are not desired Our faces show, we've grown cold
But have not conspired
Old hearts gone, the future's on
Mother nations mired I like a receptacle for the chosen dead
We find our bodies clawed
With the scent of death
We find that we are not so very awed Loyalties burned, the words our blurred
Overturn your own
Walk like dogs and watch the doors
Have your other stone Stop the toys that match disordered
Calculate the thrones
Feel the pulse descending
Decaying hallowed tomes In the starving sense you worship
The nations of debris
You wear a cost of sewage
That you've never even seen The time is now, the vicious here
A stolen dinner code
The license of the savage land
That you've always sold So bite the hand that needs you
And bless another coal
The virus never issues
From a cotton so very old As the lights come down
[Incomprehensible]
You wash your hands and start to climb
The ladder that you stole Slip the hatch and spin the sword
The money lords are poor
Push the tan that rolls downhill
Their sense of dream absorbed Still the cat that breaks the night
Tie him to the core
Chase the viruses that believe
That what's right is scored It's a senseless cash in right for right
What's wrong is never gone
And left is just a passion
For the fools golden dawn

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