

Land of Treason

Germs

Land of treason, waste no reason
We are breathing fire
We're packs of dogs, we're enemies of men
We are not desiredOur faces show, we've grown cold
But have not conspired
Old hearts gone, the future's on
Mother nations miredI 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 awedLoyalties burned, the words our blurred
Overturn your own
Walk like dogs and watch the doors
Have your other stoneStop the toys that match disordered
Calculate the thrones
Feel the pulse descending
Decaying hallowed tomesIn the starving sense you worship
The nations of debris
You wear a cost of sewage
That you've never even seenThe time is now, the vicious here
A stolen dinner code
The license of the savage land
That you've always soldSo bite the hand that needs you
And bless another coal
The virus never issues
From a cotton so very oldAs the lights come down
[Incomprehensible]
You wash your hands and start to climb
The ladder that you stoleSlip the hatch and spin the sword
The money lords are poor
Push the tan that rolls downhill
Their sense of dream absorbedStill the cat that breaks the night
Tie him to the core
Chase the viruses that believe
That what's right is scoredIt'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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>