

# The Present Imperfect

## Skyclad

Unto those who have enough you give more free of charge  
What becomes of those with nothing? You stand back and let them starve  
Well is your conscience clear safe in your 'Land of Plenty'?  
We wait outside your walls, our pockets and our bellies empty"Panis angelicus fit panis hominum  
Dat panis Caelicus figuris terminum  
O res mirabilis man ducat dominum  
Dat panis caelicus figuris terminum"A systemized autocracy of authorized bureaucracy  
Seems to have our people by the throats  
It's time to make your choices, stand up and use your voices  
While you've still legal rights and votesLet the wishes of the few outweigh the needs of many  
In this land where money talks we have little chance if any  
Bring the nation back to basics, Lionize Dickensian dreams  
Hide a heart that's gray and cold behind an image squeaky cleanWe're fighting to be free, driven by necessity  
She is the mother of invention  
God bless the working men, slaves three score year and ten  
Who never beg for divine intervention"Panis angelicus fit panis hominum  
Dat panis Caelicus figuris terminum  
O res mirabilis man ducat dominum  
Dat panis caelicus figuris terminum"

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