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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