

Bread From Heaven

Gene Loves Jezebel

From the depths the mutants crawling,
Sprawling from the caves
And from this land they call our father's
A chorus begs for bread

I heard it called a wilderness,
This desert is man-made
And the creatures mill around, bemused,
Asking who's to blame

If the powers that be
Truly believe in an eye for an eye
And if the punishment should fit the crime
Then the gallows await

Bread from Heaven

Powerless, we are powerless

The ants must climb this towering locust
Bringing it to it's knees
And we should crush this swollen insect
And regain our dignity

Yes, yes - flesh is carved with wraps and chain
and on his flesh the calves of waste