

Filth And Squalor

The Dear Hunter

Somewhere there's a choice being made,
for the mass by the will of a broke few.
Guided by the hand of the guilty.
Praised as a cure for a curse.
When really this is all catastrophic,
and we're tethered to the hull of a sinking ship,
scratching for a breath at the surface,
praying for the ropes to slip.

I always knew that the damned would inherit the earth.
As soon as the learned to speak
we would be suffering.
Sucking on the scraps of the wicked wealth,
we were bound by need
to vicious villainy.

Tear it down
Start again
erasing every trace so stale scare can mend.
Then we will sing,
"The way things used to be."

I always knew that the damned would inherit the earth.
As soon as they learned to breed
we would be suffering.
Sucking on the scraps of the wicked wealth.
We were bound by need
to vicious villainy.