

My Planet Is Dead

Beware of Darkness

Hang them from the trees now, that they tried to kill,
Make them swallow oil now, until their bodies turn still,
Radiate their children, so they might understand,
This type of economics runs deeper than the bank.

Oh, well, well, well, my planet's dead...

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I taste the radiation on the tip of my tongue,
See it in my children who are feral animals
Deformed like little monsters.
They cannot walk or talk at all.
If I tried to call them human,
You would tell me I was wrong.

Oh, well, well, well, my planet's dead...

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Dead like my great grandmother,
Dead like the middle class,
Dead like the American Dream,
Dead like Whitman's grass,
So baby sleep while you can, cos soon you're gonna
Sleep in hell.

This man, he thinks he's god now,
That life is his to take.
Let him fall to the lions and let Mother Nature show her place
Or Karma better act now, and humble this poor man,
Cos if not I'm get to him and kill the –
With my bare hands.

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