

# Nineteenhundred

Burst

A Goliath so spasmodic  
Turn of events,  
Ominous, historic  
Safeguard a creed demonic  
Love of war and war for love  
Through this age  
The ranks of this disaffected swelled

The spectacle of imperia  
Wheel of doctrine in motion

An industrialized anemia  
A wind of retaliation

I see your blood-red eye  
And you sore interpretation  
No comfort when you die  
Let's talk of origin, a common source

Indus festival of men  
You see, the way the river flows  
We are one, in grimy fever damned  
And I'm tired, sardonic

And I'm tired, sardonic  
Dancing  
To your dirge catatonic  
To hear these precious bells in harmony  
The dispossessed, and their manifest  
A token melody