

Going on their lands for sale to stake my claim  
Burn my name in the soil  
Out past the borders beyond the hill  
Through seasons of nothing  
Safe for the self-destructive world  
Memories get altered  
No point of reference to hold  
And it feels like someone is watching  
As I tear into the skin of innocence  
And decadence for awhile

So we settled in and half the veins where blood runs pure  
Troubled the cure for a short while  
Out in the dust they suffocate the sprawl and greed  
Bent on breed and stare  
And children stare  
Stare through shiny little boxes  
Over landscape that is quickly foiled