

## 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