

Endless Teeth

Genghis Tron

The future is gnashing its endless teeth
As it lumbers towards our drunk king
His god is reckless
His faith is bold
He spits his rabid grace on a
Panicked court
We're lost
Our place in time...
It breeds this maddening thought that
We won't be stopped
That this century bleeds like the last
That the future folds in our hands
Take we take we take
Each chance to run wild
As time fades, we don't change
Run straight into fire