

Trot Out The Dead

Hammers of Misfortune

Fool, I am no hero
So leave my casket be
Furthermore I'd never give my life
for such as thee

If the people wonder at the suffering you've caused
And your massive avarice has left them at a loss
If by chance they notice your bloody snapping jaws
the blood upon your claws
your shifty eyes and laws
the nauseating flaws in all you've said
Trot out the dead
Trot out the dead

If by chance they give you the slightest bit of grief
Or perhaps they notice you're a liar and a thief
If they dare to question your lunatic beliefs
The wicked web you weave
The slimy trail you leave
Or maybe they perceive they've been misled
Trot out the dead
Trot out the dead

Trot out the dead, trot out the dead
Fire up the burning pole while you're ahead
Blot out the truth, trot out the lies
Myriad eyes
Silence the wise
Shackle the skies
Stifle the cries of the soon to be dead

If the people wonder why so many had to die
Or they test the wisdom in your prevailing lie
Or how you let it happen when you knew it all the time
and you just let them fly
it's in your evil eye
the way they were betrayed the day they died
Trot out the dead
Trot out the lies