

Euclid (Slave Song)

Hundredth

We are the parasite of earth
Liberty, our curse
At this rate we choose our fate
Self-freed slaves or wear these
Chains to our graves

Swing low
Will it swing low?
Keep your chariot
We're already home
Swing low

We percieve power to be above
But the only power is in love
When men are stripped from their thrones
And forced to bow to the earth

Disorder
Disorder
Disorder
Let us not fear disorder

Swing low

Swing low
Will it swing low?
Keep your chariot
We're already home
Swing low

The cup isn't far from empty
Our masters sip our dignity
Drunk off our identity
Savages never save
The cup isn't far from empty
Our masters sip our dignity
Drunk off our identity
And still they crave

Swing low

Swing low
Will it swing low?
Keep your chariot
We're already home
Swing low

Swing low
Will it swing low?
We're already home.