

# 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.