

Watching the decoys of all description
Sparkle of colour creating diversion
The liars are out - they have all the assets
Crawling for oil they were bleeding for gold
Fruit tasting bitter and lead in the air
Butcher the womb and expect her to bear

Forests are falling there's smoke in my throat
Machine over man and the mass over mind
Re-assurance from face on my screen
Appointment with destiny for those who will run
Out of the virus immunity comes
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