

Sleepwalking through our spoon-fed lives...

As evidence of times before
In chapters long forgotten
The rotting tombs of history are written by the victors
Empty words are staring back as paragraphs of power leave
No traces of the toiler's fate (just one massacre to many-
and none too late)

All glory comes from death
Desensitized in unreal fiction forms
Our leaders never die- it's the working poor that fight their wars

It is written? It is rotten - their truth is dead and rotting

With decades passing and nothing changing
The hourglass grows empty again
Tunnel visions and career clowns
Send ivory towers crumbling down
The pulse is fading
The axe is falling
Another tragedy unfolds
The moral standard
The status quote
The carcasses of millions left in their wake

The paper bound in books that glorify the acts of murderers will
burn just like all empires that have come before

500 years dead...cold and efficient they carry out their plan-
indoctrinate
The youth to the textbook wasteland
As patriots empowered
They coronate themselves
Breed us on their lies
And they feed us to the wolves