

## Bank Of The Dead

Roy Harper

Lonely faces  
Empty spaces  
Hiding places  
Nowhere to be  
Growing skylines  
Spreading street signs.....Jesus freakers  
All in straight lines.....Strange believers  
More every days.....Too many speakers  
All in the way  
But it's all the same the world over  
Twentieth century  
Stuck in the red  
In the bank of the dead  
Holy Society  
Insanity cities etc  
Maybe you'll catch us  
But you won't reach us  
Trying to teach us  
How to be good  
With civilisation  
By population  
With moral castration  
Taming the flood  
Making sure of survivors  
To keep money spiders  
And moon rocket riders  
Rolling in blood  
And it's all the same the world over etc