

Shadows And Dust

Sarah Fimm

And the ants go marching on
Through the hills they sing their song
For the good of the world they carry on

But when the winter comes my darlings where will you go?
I built a little shelter for your hearts in my backyard.

Man kills man
Man kills god
Man kills everything that he can get his hands on

Governments are planning their next bombing masquerade
Who will do it first and when they do who will get paid

Man kills man
Man kills god
Man kills everything that he can get his hands on

Perhaps a single word before the sun begins to rust