

Breath Of The Pit

Tank

700 bodies, down there in the hole,
And the dictator denies that they're there at all,
Buried alive, hands behind their backs,
And what's left, from the machete attacks.
The global faction's reactions are slow,
Unless extracting oil from below,
Yes, they're starving, but they don't know,
And does the world care?
No use appealing for help from the West,
The banks are dealing the cards they love best,
Fiscal bleeding, with massive interest.
Breath of the Pit.
Multi-nationals steal diamonds and gold,
The slaves of corruption have souls to be sold.
As the dictator loses control,
He leads a freighter with army pay-roll,
Where can he hide the billions he stole?
Saudi Arabis out of Africa, take what you can,
And let China infest all the land,
With bags of Yuan that burns in their hands.
Breath of the Pit.