

Land of Treason

The Germs

Land of treason-waste no reason-
we are breathing fire
We're packs of dogs-
we're enemies of men-we are not desired
Our face show-
we've grown cold-but
have not conspired
Old hearts gone-
the future's on-mother nations mired
I like a receptacle for the chosen dead,
we find our bodies clawed
And with the scent of death,
we find that we are not so very awed

Loyalties burned-
the words our blurred-overturn your own
Walk like dogs and watch the doors-
have your other stone
Stop the toys that match disordered-
calculate the thrones
Feel the pulse descending-
decaying hallowed tomes
In the starving sense you worship-
the nations of debris
You wear a cost of sewage-
that you've never ever seen

The time is now-the vicious here-
a stolen dinner code
The license of the savage land-
that you've always sold
So bite the hand that needs you
and bless another coal
The virus never issues-
from a cotton so very old
As the lights come down
You wash your hands and start to climb
the ladder that you stole
Slip the hatch-and spin the sword-
the money lords are poor
Push the tan-that rolls downhill-
their sense of dream absorbed
Still the cat that breaks the night-
tie him to the core
Chase the viruses that believe-
that what's right is scored
It's a senseless cash in of right for right-
what's wrong is never gone
And left is just a bassion for the fools
golden dawn