

Slayer

The Mob

The desert stretches across the endless piles of sand
And the compass spins round, lodged somewhere in my hand
And while I'm searching through my soul
I found at last a waterhole

While I'm wading through bureaucratic piles of waste
Your putrid smell leaves a sweet distaste
And while I'm searching through my soul
I found at last a waterhole

The concrete towers erect jungle
Smashed up old park bench
The monuments of sweeter days
Upon them where your children play

Your children move, they're puppets now
Destroying all your sacred cows
And while I'm searching through my soul
I found at last a waterhole