

Crooks At Your Door

War from a Harlots Mouth

there is no hope

you're living in a concrete cage
under black concrete clouds
the concrete paths you walk with pride
you walk them gagged and folded blind

there is no hope - concrete fingers will squash your house
there is no hope - concrete teeth will chew your kind
there is no hope - your fat from wealth
there is no hope - will be ripped out
there is no hope - it will feed well
there is no hope - the starving wretch

i don't want to be
nailed to a concrete cross
i don't want to obey
a concrete god

there is a crook at your door
with every second ring
they want to sell you the world
and though it's tempting to give in
don't let them in

the concrete paths you walk with pride
you walk them gagged and folded blind

there is no hope

your fat from wealth will be ripped out
it will feed well the starving wretch

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