

Kingdom of Thieves

Zao

From the day they washed ashore
The first brick in the foundation
In the kingdom of thieves
Befriend and destroy
Built upon stolen land
Painted with innocent blood
Give thanks and betray them
Shove them into dark corners
Feed them the leftovers of dogs
Dig up their graves and laugh
Pick your teeth with their bones
The fruit of the holy voyage is sour and cursed
Forced by our heroes
To walk a trail of tears
Forced by our forefathers
To watch their wives and children die
In this great, honorable, holy American land
In the kingdom of thieves