

In the yard of the old man  
The ruin's shimmering  
The world's painted pale  
The conditions are at stale  
Flocks gathered from far away  
Hiding, still overly aggressive  
Generations they will slay  
Not really regressive  
A dead end cave  
Home of the brave  
The world fools no one  
Grace me with hammering rest  
Keep an eye on the sea  
Imagine what we would be  
Rushing to the shores  
God of all damn wars  
Wrenched beyond recognition  
No such thing as human intuition  
Feel free to turn the supreme ignition