

Comecon, The House That Man Built

A palace of crystal on a postament of slime
Rule of refinement, rats in the cellar
Restless and climbing as slime and mud come
Flooding
Grace greased by ingratitude and greed
By a despicable debris of delinquency and
Debauchery
The palace is of crystal, but the postament is
Slime

House man built
House man built
This house was built, God is dead
Dead is gone, God is gone
No body's found, unstable ground
But the house was built

Throw out the ballast and the vessel will be
Faster
The called are over-crowding the market,
Let the chooser be the market,
And the losers - we'll wall out all the losers

And those among us who turned foul, they're growing more
For every hour
The rich are getting richer, the poor begin to steal
As multiplied police force feels more righteous than wealth
Program
Gaps widening 'till it bursts asunder
Threw out the ballast and the vessel went under

House man built
House man built
This house was built, God is dead
Dead is gone, God is gone
No body's found, unstable ground
But the house was built

The scene is set for a grand new war
This war is final - no new markets to explore
This war will transport us through door
When all is fire, God will set the score

House man built
House man built