

Crisis, Waking The Dead

Wake up from utopian artifice long way the glass
houses break Art of war Wields words as weapons long
may the glass houses break long may the glass houses
Break! We bear scars of the chaos of wealthy lies we
occupy A beggar's life in priveledged eyes Distastrous
vultures of gluttonous egos give deadly silence to the
Burning ghettos Wake up from utopian artifice Long
may the glass houses break Art Of war wields wards to
break break break! Wealthy, cultivated thieves breed
futures of uncertainty power lusts for empowered trysts
We're their sacrificial lambs The reap us to sow seeds of
Affluence We're their sacrificial scabs Watch Out! There's fire
in the Hearts of the unsung Long may the glass houses
Break! Long may the glass houses break! Angels Of the
bottomless pit nurture one downfall our downfall.