

# Germs, Land Of Treason

Land of treason-waste no reason-  
we are breathing fire  
We're packs of dogs-  
we're enemies of men-we are not desired  
Our face show-  
we've grown cold-but  
have not conspired  
Old hearts gone-  
the future's on-mother nations mired  
I like a receptacle for the chosen dead,  
we find our bodies clawed  
And with the scent of death,  
we find that we are not so very awed

Loyalties burned-  
the words our blurred-overturn your own  
Walk like dogs and watch the doors-  
have your other stone  
Stop the toys that match disordered-  
calculate the thrones  
Feel the pulse descending-  
decaying hallowed tomes  
In the starving sense you worship-  
the nations of debris  
You wear a cost of sewage-  
that you've never ever seen

The time is now-the vicious here-  
a stolen dinner code  
The license of the savage land-  
that you've always sold  
So bite the hand that needs you  
and bless another coal  
The virus never issues-  
from a cotton so very old  
As the lights come down  
You wash your hands and start to climb  
the ladder that you stole  
Slip the hatch-and spin the sword-  
the money lords are poor  
Push the tan-that rolls downhill-  
their sense of dream absorbed  
Still the cat that breaks the night-  
tie him to the core  
Chase the viruses that believe-  
that what's right is scored  
It's a senseless cash in of right for right-  
what's wrong is never gone  
And left is just a bassion for the fools  
golden dawn