

Live, Mother Earth Is A Vicious Crowd

Pollution, Cain, and misery
Oceans of golden mystery
Armies boisterous and armies loud
Portraits of a vicious crowd

Talk to me, talk to me now
Hey man, you're all that I have

Me, myself, myself and I
Were born to work and born the die
I have chosen my anthems
Of these I am proud
Portraits of a divided crowd

Talk to me, talk to me now