

# Victims Family, As It Were

At the dawn of man they fell out of the trees. Down on the ground they crawled on their knees. Hair on their bodies, no clothes on their backs. Men stood up to begin the attack.

Progress was made and Rome was begun. Fed the Christians to the lions just for fun. It burned to the ground while they fiddled around and down toppled towers that towered downtown.

Now there's skyscrapers three mile high. Skyscrapers to the sky and people ask why? And you toot toots in three piece suits. And booming bombs to blow our bleeding brains to bits to boot.

Wake up and face the facts. There is no turning back. The sands of time just grind along. They slip through our fingers like ideas for songs.