

Acumen Nation, Polhemic

we feed on vibrations
the beating of locust wings
ours is a template left unset.. supposedly
away from the things of modern man.. someday
but first the tidal crash -- the fallout crush

so we confront.. the gestation
of ignorance.. and all blind faith
a mind in flux.. our nation state
truth is the only holy water
baptized by force
truth is the only holy water

in-fec-tion trans-mits at eye con-tact
first born ed-u-ca-tion be-comes a drug
to kill for while au-to asphyx-i-a-ting
inside your cocoon

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prophet loses way, stumbles angers easily
trading his ideas for easy tickets and plasma screens
a thousand lost voices, once destined for uprising
are now reclining blissfully
in their waste...
in their waste...
in their waste!...

how can those with so much, piss on mill-ions
born with noth-ing, how can col-or or lo-ca-tion
seal your fate from in-ter-ven-tion
enough is enough
for glo-bal rapists, but your
con-su-ming hard pulls them deep
and be-fore you know it
se-cur-i-ty be-comes your to-o-o-o-ommb...

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BAAAAPTIZED BY FOOORRCE!
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now years of people are all slaves
show the heathens to their graves
now years of people are all slaves
show the preachers to their graves
let's show the heathens to their graves!
show the preachers to their graves!

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