

# Amebix, I.C.B.M.

Meatwagon come, borne on the rays of the morning sun  
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done

A silver express through the valley of death  
A cruise over land, to turn the fertile soil to sand

Ten million bodies, maybe more  
From every wound a stream of blood doth pour  
We must find a way to stop the flood  
Dam the river of blood!