

# Android Lust, Wicked Days

Hey come away  
What see my eyes  
Ill thoughts on my mind  
These bitter days

We move undercover  
As crowds deliver  
The crown to the foul and the dumb

Day come again  
Pray save my son  
From the trench and the gun  
These wicked days

The masses are cradled and fed  
They've long lost the use of their heads  
We are fading fast  
Our numbers are failing at last  
So let's kill the king once again

Speak not again  
Know you my heart  
As we stand worlds apart  
These troubled days