

Assemblage 23, Blindhammer

All our father's backs are broken
And our prophets are insane
There is no one left to guide us
No catalyst for change

We are too young to know better
But frailty comes with age
So we run towards Armageddon
While our legs still have the strength

And like a blind hammer
That destroys what it can't see
Tear down the walls of progress
And spit on our ancestry
Indiscriminate
And full of empty rage
Gunning down the fields of fear
We're unable to assuage

All our best days are behind us
And the path's strewn with debris
That we'll sweep beneath the carpet
Where no one else will see

We live beneath the specter
Of an omnipresent doom
We know for sure it's coming
It's just a question of how soon

And like a blind hammer
That destroys what it can't see
Tear down the walls of progress
And spit on our ancestry
Indiscriminate
And full of empty rage
Gunning down the fields of fear
We're unable to assuage

The world has changed around us
And our vision's grown opaque
We believe we have the answers
But never learn from our mistakes

There's a gift that sits before us
But it's barely out of reach
So we turn our backs and walk away
And sing our souls to sleep

And like a blind hammer
That destroys what it can't see
Tear down the walls of progress
And spit on our ancestry
Indiscriminate
And full of empty rage
Gunning down the fields of fear
We're unable to assuage

(Spoken)
This is time to be born,
and a time to die.
A time to embrace,
and time to refrain from embracing.
This is a time to build up,
and a time to tear down.

A time to love, and a time to hate.
A time to kill, burn, bludgeon, and mutilate.