

# Calibre, Home Of Titans

home of titans - where extension is the frame  
remission is the play - in this amaranthine game  
in our compulsory advance - the conquest belts the soil  
we build loggers of the wild land - that never will recoil  
the terms are definite - in this exhausted engine  
scarred in the heaven's blood - and seared into its skin  
in the contamination range - the ice turns out insane  
and a merciful tariff - does not make us humane

home of titans - where dominion stuns the will  
cannibals and ogres - they have a pouch to fill  
in our loathsome acumen - inheritance is tyranny  
our anima is overcome - and a womb is strategy  
a seduction essential - in a lunatic cadence  
a perfection of the style - but a murder of the sense  
the executive array - operates a mercy-cane  
but the occasional pardon - does not make us humane

home of titans - where we shadow our own sun  
rapists and assassins - we all become  
in our machinery of greed - a life is but a tool  
love is a residue - innocent blood is fuel  
yes we all partake - in this atrocity  
this is the land of the axe - and of the mercenary  
then we write out contracts - in order not to cut a vein  
but hiding slaughter in four walls - does not make us humane