

Circle Of Dead Children, Mother Pig

If I knew for sure that I had a soul
I'd sell it right now
for the chance to experience
Mother Earth's last gasp before she sinks
into a perpetual episode of life support
Clung to hope as the bastards of complacency
and decent stand over us
Carved from human bone by human bone
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The magic wand of oppression waves above
and occasionally bounces from skull to skull
She's become the pig on the spit
Salvation stuffed into her mouth
like a rotted green apple
We, the eager ants,
wait below her and bask in her dripping fat
No more audience
No more audience
Warm breath rises
Boiled fat falls