

# Once Nothing, Put Some Stank On It

Wake the sleeping, wake the sleeping.

The town is on its knees, the town is on its knees.

The city is surrounded by a nation that's holding guns.

Torches can light the path from the fields to the rivers.

Take the children to the sand; they don't need to see this.

Cast your spells swear by the stars.

Some cry for miracles.

Nightmares have been traded for dreams and you have buried all your angels.

No hands are free from blood, no hands.

All their stomachs are full.

They sold their souls for gold.

You've buried all your angels.