

Rez Band, Death Machine

The natives dance to poison drums,
Gentle sway to funeral drugs,
Machines drone, the cannibal's feast,
The healers snap their oily teeth.

The vials reek with foundry waste,
Black blood bleeds corrupted grace,
The coward sleeps, the pagan sighs, and angels take the form of flies.

The coward sleeps, the pagan sighs,
Angels take the form of flies,
The morals washed, the conscience cleaned,
All praise to the death machine.

The gods create, the inventor's paid,
Hemlock surges through our veins,
Morals washed, conscience cleaned,
All praise to the death machine.

Death machine.