

Snog, Naive Giant

In the United States of Unreality
The people come second to the property
The king won't move 'til the order is given
And your life is spend, well, how you're livin'

And we live in fear of this naive giant
And we drown in the ocean of blood
he's spilt
And we cry for the crimes of the naive giant
But we know that he never, ever will

I will give my soul eve so gladly
To my luscious king and his country
I will donate my mind for the greater good
To sink the debt, well, if I could

And the earth is filled
With the people you've killed
Yeah, this earth is filled
With the bodies you've killed