

The Human Abstract, Echelons To Molotovs

Standing strong and tall, outside hear their call:
"Tear down the wall, upper echelon, blackest of them all"
Sold us into sorrow, you love to watch the weaker ones crawl
Don't pity our cause for the laws you've disowned
Pagan prophecy has come to be
Thrown molotovs mark the fall of a throne
And dead philosophy, we're not to be owned

Paid slaves heed to the master's voice "Get back to work"
The scales offset without a choice: debts of the spirit

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No chance of your own conscience turning the tide