

Theatre of Hate, Eastworld

I am the seed planted by the river
I am the straw who broke the camels back
Eastworld, Eastworld, no world
I am the soldier who cleared the wall
I am the pole who will sing and be heard
Eastworld, Eastworld, no world
I am the whisper of the wind that will destroy
Eastworld, Eastworld, no world
Who will be rid of troublesome comrades