

Victims Family "As It Were"

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At the dawn of man they fell out of the trees. Down on
the ground they
crawled on their knees. Hair on their bodies, no clothes
on their backs.
Men stood up to begin the attack.
Progress was made and Rome was begun. Fed the
Christians to the
lions just for fun. It burned to the ground while they
fiddled around and
down toppled towers that towered downtown.
Now there's skyscrapers three mile high. Skyscrapers
to the sky and
people ask why? And you toot toots in three piece suits.
And booming
bombs to blow our bleeding brains to bits to boot.
Wake up and face the facts. There is no turning back.
The sands of time
just grind along. They slip through our fingers like
ideas for songs.

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