

## Artillery

### "Shoulder to the Plow"

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Progress is a myth  
If not for he who suffered and gave himself away  
At the hands of fools and lesser men  
False idols and kings  
Who came to rule through circumstance  
Work him like a dog  
With a ball and chain and thanklessness

The dice have been cast  
No turning back  
Eyes on the ground  
Where he will die  
Feet nailed to the floor  
Reason to be  
Shoulder to the Plow

Facing down the wind  
He'll see the way they'll never change  
Watch his slow decay  
As bottles drain and days go by  
Forging his demise  
Through poison vice to sap the mind  
Iron was a will  
Now passions wane and spirits die

The weight on his chest  
Aches in his flesh  
Dreams of a day that never comes  
Ax pressed to the wheel  
Bones ground to dust  
Shoulder to the Plow

Ground down into dust for a taste of their good life  
Left their screams, left their souls behind

Work him dead  
Let him rot

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