

411

"Feed, Part II: The Awakening"

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The lawyer and the banker
And soldiers one by one
Calculate exchanges
And loading up their guns

The politicians bleating
In endless serenade
Conduct their plans
And wash their hands
Of all this mess they've made

I hope you don't believe them
When you hear them say
That everything your seeking
Hides so many worlds away

This is the hand that we have played
This is the track that we have laid
This is of what we are afraid
It a mistake what we have made

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