

Embrace The End "Trainwreck On The John Galt Line"

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Business is business
And who stands to gain?
Just follow the winding paper trail to the top
I can get away with anything
And let the blame fall where it may... upon the heads of
my enemies
It does not affect me, it's not reality until there's
bloodshed on our own soil
This is a new age
These are the last days
Put a soft light before our eyes
And a caked on pretty face spewing vomit,
manipulations, and lies
Witness the triumph of freedom delivered
When objective news media is a notion just as absurd
as towers to the heavens brought to the earth (sent to
the ground) by two birds
Off with their heads and out with their secrets
May the private interest revealed provoke public digest
Snap a frame of groveling, faltering empire. On he
last leg
With a crumbling foot made of clay
Oh, gratuitous honesty
Lay your burden on me
Suffer us this appalling blessing
Let the truth be set free
Fear is the catalyst
Wrap us up in blankets of misplaced trust, fear in itself
is the catalyst
Unified by tragedy and acts of aggression on our
homes, on our families
The land of the heathens is ours for the taking

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