

Fucked Up "Crusades"

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Give dust to life, give life to dust,
Crusades
Alloyed in a void, I am torn, I am born,
Crusades
Ruderal roots tulleric shoots in cahoots
Making life out of death chthonic breath meristem,
Jubilee, I am free, so I rise from debris,
Other seeds who are weak need a spur so I speak,
Every word like a burr, so hoist my voice and rejoice,
Just a spark from the dark ignites a thousand to march
So we embark on a drive to split from the stem,
Divide out of the clade, a parade to invade,
Crusades

Glory to grow as part of a whole,
Crusades
We are roots, we are soil, we are leaves, we are souls
Crusades
Broad canopy from the tree, a decree,
Blazon to the world we were born to press on,
Blank the sky with our kind, make the branches align,
Sing the spores to the throng, fill the fields with our
song,
We are bright in our blight, full of poison and pomp,
Molded as one, we will outshine the sun,
Spread like vines as we climb, knots that can't be
undone,
The crusade has begun, turn the many to one,

Crusades
Let the blind be led by the dumb
Crusades
The Philistines arrive at the gates
Crusades
Let the brave lie down on their swords
Crusades
The devoted unleash their wrath

One ant is no ant, no branch is a tree,
Crusades
Just a part of a plant I gave up to be free,
Crusades

Rejoice in the life that I gave to a wave,
Of likes that will die and behave all the same,
To populate the terrain until all that remains,
Is our kind of one mind, evolved and refined,
Fall from the crown, I will rot on the ground,
Left by the march that moves on as the sound,
From their step fades, alone, for a purpose I'm placed
Born again in new roots that will rise from my waste

Not proud of it
Not proud of it
I've wasted a lifetime
Not proud of it

We died, then we're born again.

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