

Good Riddance "After The Nightmare"

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like rats from the wreckage
we patrol the decay
through the ash and the darkness
the scavengers pillage what's wasted away

and power corrodes and compromises
the hands once held so high
the lies the vain plead for their very lives

no sunlight or shadow
just the rotting remains
of the clergy pariah

and the millions of sinners shackled in chains

drowning in blood and holy water
the bombs turned the battlefield to dust

so what's left of the world
to divide and to dominate
and rape and defile
or oppress and discriminate
it's all over did anyone get their way

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