

Harper Roy "Band Of The Dead"

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Lonely faces
Empty spaces
Hiding places
Nowhere to be
Growing skylines
Spreading street signs.....Jesus freakers
All in straight lines.....Strange believers
More every days.....Too many speakers
All in the way
But it's all the same the world over
Twentieth century
Stuck in the red
In the bank of the dead
Holy Society
Insanity cities etc
Maybe you'll catch us

But you won't reach us
Trying to teach us
How to be good
With civilisation
By population
With moral castration
Taming the flood
Making sure of survivors
To keep money spiders
And moon rocket riders
Rolling in blood
And it's all the same the world over etc

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