

Iron Lung "Sunblock"

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I worship sand and stone
The mother earth and I alone
The mountains are flesh and bone
Environment to call my own

I see you technogreed
And hear a voice of vicious creed
Volcanoes start to bleed
And the species sway with need

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Foreseeing ruined fate
Against the trees that you hate
Too soon it's far too late
To end the death you satiate

Every day thousands of acres of rain forest are torn
down in the name of technology, destroying
endangered species and plants like the periwinkle
flower, which holds the cure for some kinds of
children's leukaemia. Who gave us the right to destroy
this planet?

The trees are sick and tired
Their patience has expired
Sickened by this mess
Homes made from their own flesh
They de-bone us alive
So the saplings can survive
Stitching skin to skin
A final unity of men
They make us a bleeding dome
To protect their only home

To save the mother earth
To pave way for the rebirth

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