

Lash Out "Undertake"

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One thousand ploughs my heart
Grind on my spine
Fields of flowers sun embraced
Broken by the driven mass

Smiling faces, laughing child
No suffering from your infection
Fir eyour arms from point blank range
The circle is now complete

The things done with eyes of one
Speak of those with forked tongue
Catch the words with molten ears

Let them flee rearranged

Swallow your seeds in trust of you
Ripped by the thorns of the growing flower
You build your throne on tiny straws
Straws you took from other nests

The god inside sees no wrong
The geo is satisfied

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