

## **Comecon**

# **"The House That Man Built"**

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A palace of crystal on a postament of slime  
Rule of refinement, rats in the cellar  
Restless and climbing as slime and mud come  
Flooding  
Grace greased by ingratitude and greed  
By a despicable debris of delinquency and  
Debauchery  
The palace is of crystal, but the postament is  
Slime

House man built  
House man built  
This house was built, God is dead  
Dead is gone, God is gone  
No body's found, unstable ground  
But the house was built

Throw out the ballast and the vessel will be  
Faster  
The called are over-crowding the market,  
Let the chooser be the market,  
And the losers - we'll wall out all the losers

And those among us who turned foul, they're growing  
more  
For every hour  
The rich are getting richer, the poor begin to steal  
As multiplied police force feels more righteous than  
wealth  
Program  
Gaps widening 'till it bursts asunder  
Threw out the ballast and the vessel went under

House man built  
House man built  
This house was built, God is dead  
Dead is gone, God is gone  
No body's found, unstable ground  
But the house was built

The scene is set for a grand new war  
This war is final - no new markets to explore

This war will transport us through door  
When all is fire, God will set the score

House man built  
House man built

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