

Mott The Hoople

"Make 'Em Blind"

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Don't touch me now, I never said,
That you could see me when I'm dead,
Leave me now, admit your fear,
There are worse things than death in here,
The servant is the master now,
We dream of different things,
A place to take your dreams away,
The bell that never rings,
Don't ask me now, we're not alone,
And you know inside every bone,
The whipped dog comes to power now,
We speak in whispered dread,
The undeserved is paramount,
Unnumbered bones for us to count,
The Warlord is the honored guest,
Hands all dripping red.

Make them die, make them die,
Tooth for tooth, eye for eye, make them blind, make
them blind,
Tear their eyes out, I don't mind.

And so the path is made for us,
And so we bring the plague with us,
We are the ones you made of us,
You'll never understand,
We bear your names but not your guilt,
We do not like the world you built,
Poisoned, ruined to the hilt,
In a bastard land.

Make them die, make them die,
Tooth for tooth, eye for eye, make them blind, make
them blind,
tear their hearts out, I don't mind.

Ten thousand words await us, but we shall only wreck
them,
Ten thousand times ten thousand,
But we still infect them.

We come in blazing rockets,
We bring you greed and slavery,
No alien utopia,
Will long survive our bravery.

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