

Crashdog "Millstone Co."

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word to the corporate bosses and the future elite
a simple message from us to you to bring before your
master's feet
written in the blood of the meek of this earth
the ones you'll climb upon to gain the rights of your
birth

(chorus)

there's millstones in your future
bleached bones and gnashing teeth
tombstones coming soon
you sold us out...you sold us out
sold us out, saw the future, turned your head, death's
distributor

the gifts that you bring us, they thrill and numb the
mind
our downfall awaits us at the end of your assembly line
your poisons and your brews, they rock us in our sleep
but one day you will find that the exploited aren't cheap
(chorus)

your lust you've named holy, you've sanctified you
greed
behold now your disciples, on you they wait to feed
survival of the fittest, to some it may appeal
'til the God of the weak and broken closes every deal

(chorus)

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