

## Crisis "Waking The Dead"

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Wake up from utopian artifice long way the glass  
houses break Art of war Wields words as weapons long  
may the glass houses break long may the glass houses  
Break! We bear scars of the chaos of wealthy lies we  
occupy A beggar's life in priveledged eyes Distastrous  
vultures of gluttonous egos give deadly silence to the  
Burning ghettos Wake up from utopian artifice Long  
may the glass houses break Art Of war wields wards to  
break break break! Wealthy, cultivated thieves breed  
futures of uncertainty power lusts for empowered  
trysts  
We're their sacrificial lambs The reap us to sow seeds  
of  
Affluence We're their sacrificial scabs Watch Out!  
There's fire  
in the Hearts of the unsung Long may the glass houses  
Break! Long may the glass houses break! Angels Of  
the  
bottomless pit nurture one downfall our downfall.

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