

Crisis

"Walking The Dead"

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Wake up from utopian artifice
long may 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 priveleged eyes
Distasteful 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 words to break break break!

wealthy, cultivated thieves breed futures of uncertainty
power lusts for empowered trusts
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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