

## **Sakes Alive**

### **"Image Of A Modern Man"**

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At the center of a holy mess  
We encase the realm with pavement  
Scheme, breed and shit  
And then feed off the dead  
Then, we're to be delivered  
To a promise land  
That holy tomes had said we're owed  
To just do it again

So whistle while you work  
And then shuffle home to bed  
Pry open god's empty stomach  
Lay down your tired head  
It's in your destiny  
To shit out two or three kids  
Remove yourself from the world around  
With a car and mini-mansion

This is your empire!  
This is your carved slice of the earth!  
This is what you're owed!  
So stand tall and reach  
From sea to shining sea  
And envelop everything

So whistle while you work  
And then shuffle home to bed  
Pry open god's empty stomach  
Dreaming of the life you live...

(With your feet  
You walk on the backs  
Of an entire world of indigenous meek  
Your legs tremble  
Standing always attentive  
To a system perpetuated  
By greed  
This chest and arms of ours  
Is the blood and brawn  
Of a continuing slaves world  
And this head  
Is what convinces us

To never give a damn...)

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