

## **Dead Soul Tribe**

### **"Feed, Part II: The Awakening"**

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The lawyer and the banker  
And soldiers one by one  
Calculate exchanges  
And loading up their guns

The politicians bleating  
In endless serenade  
Conduct their plans  
And wash their hands  
Of all this mess they've made

I hope you don't believe them  
When you hear them say  
That everything your seeking  
Hides so many worlds away

This is the hand that we have played  
This is the track that we have laid  
This is of what we are afraid  
It a mistake what we have made

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