

## **Place Of Skulls "The Monster"**

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Their fires are burning  
Our ships come ashore  
To discover what's already known  
And our greed will cost them more  
We take what's not our own  
Once denied, blood flows  
And let the monster grow  
Their homes we took as our own  
And fly our flag in their place  
The riches of the land we acquired  
Are rivers flowing with disgrace  
White man, shameful woes  
Our independence won  
The monster took their soul  
We wallow in desire  
Like pigs in a mire  
No rest for the wicked  
Like sons of Bitches  
Well I'm not too proud  
To talk down  
To what's done and said  
By the monster we bred  
Taken what's not our own  
And deny blood had flown  
Still the monster grows.

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