

Plus 44**"Home Of Titans"**

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Home of titans - where extension is the frame
Remission is the play - in this amaranthine game
In our compulsory advance - the conquest belts the soil
We build loggers of the wild land - that never will recoil
The terms are definite - in this exhausted engine
Scarred in the heaven's blood - and seared into it's skin
In the contamination range - the ice turns out insane
And a merciful tariff - does not make us humane

Home of titans - where dominion stuns the will
Cannibals and ogres - they have a pouch to fill
In our loathsome acumen - inheritance is tyranny
Our anima is overcome - and a womb is strategy
A seduction essential - in a lunatic cadence
A perfection of the style - but a murder of the sense
The executive array - operates a mercy-cane
But the occasional pardon - does not make us humane

Home of titans - where we shadow our own sun
Rapists and assassins - we all become
In our machinery of greed - a life is but a tool
Love is a residue - innocent blood is fuel
Yes we all partake - in this atrocity
This is the land of the axe - and of the mercenary
Then we write out contracts - in order not to cut a vein
But hiding slaughter in four walls - does not make us humane

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