

Human Abstract, The "Echelons To Molotovs"

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Standing strong and tall, outside hear their call:
Tear down the wall, upper echelon, blackest of them all
Sold us into sorrow, you love to watch the weaker ones
crawl
Dont pity our cause, for the laws youve disowned
Pagan prophesy has come to be
Thrown molotovs mark the fall of a throne
And dead philosophy, were not to be owned
Paid slaves heed to the masters voice
The scales offset without a choice: debts of the spirit
No chance of your own conscience turning the tide

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