

UK Subs

"To Fell Goliath"

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Lynch the god of disease
And sever his wings
Hang him upon the red beneath the green

But the tyrants and sinners are waiting in line
And the mob is thinning and there is no time
With the blind masturbating the blind
The prophets are left with no one to lead

To fall on your sword
Or charge from the trench
Fall in to the black
Or choke their fields with our dead

Within the agony of the conscience
To gorge at the trough or to starve to death
Aversion of truths or affirmation of life
History to live or history to end

With the pinnacle past and crevice below
To leave the concrete to crack and the steel to corrode
Turn your back on this den of murderous thieves
Or with stone in hand do we go for the head?
A chance to cripple, cut them off at the knee
A wrench in the works to fuck the machine

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