

The Resurrectionists

The Defiled

'Cause we'll defy the maker
To make our own survive
'Cause we're the tainted ones
But we are the saviours of you all
Dig up the corpses
Let the blood run free
We need to see things die
To bring the dead to life

Humanity rests on plagues of locusts
Clip their wings to teach the world to fly
Because your feet are at rest
When the bombs start falling down

And the spooks in your closet
Are the smiles of discontent
Let the gallows fall
I will be the knife
Reach for our voices when
End of day has been and gone
Humanity rests on plagues of locusts
Clip their will to teach the world to fly

'Cause we're the poison in your blood
And we're the noose around your neck
The resurrectionists feeding from the cradle to the grave

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The resurrectionists feeding from the cradle to the grave
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And we're the noose around your neck
The resurrectionists feeding from the cradle to the grave
To the grave
As we pray for floods, as the seasons change
The resurrectionists feeding the lives
The resurrectionists feeding the lives