

Blood and Grain

Ashers

When the wreckage starts to rust
And our structures turn to dust
And blow away
The hungry will feast on the wall fed one day
It all Unravels at the pull of a string
You'll find your money don't mean a fucking thing
As gallows creak and rope gently sways

Spare parts to feed the strays

All the wretchedness that you've caused
And the hatred coursing through our veins
Will only serve to weaken these chains

Displaced, resentful, heart full of hate

We can burn your manors down
Level your palaces to the fucking ground
Relocate the owners to a shallow grave
Beauty pageants as executions
your possessions as retribution
Always remember the boot that rested your face

With blessed severed fingers and hollow eyes