

Blessed Are the Land Mines

Brave Saint Saturn

Blessed are the land-mines
Stretched across the desert floor
God, bless the hands that formed them
Filled their shrapnel hearts with war
May You bless the companies
The goose that laid the golden egg
May they make a million more
Blowing off a million legs
Blessed are the black-tongued ravens
Substituting fear for reason
To hate war is to hate us
If you love peace, then you must love treason
Beat your plowshares into swords
Beat your pulpits, turn your tables
Blessed are the hand-grenades
Bless the church who rattles sabers

This house, is burning
This poison still is worming
This temple, will cave in
There's nothing here worth saving

Nail the gold up to the altar
Like Ahab taunts his crew to war
Blessed are the shareholders
Lack of faith is for the poor
Hold your wallets to the sky
A temple built to sooth yourself
Blessed is the church who tries
To help you build blessed wealth