

Dip a Sail

Jinjer

Your boat is called "Apocalypse"
Dip a sail
Those who regulate the head
Bite their tail, bite their tail
Maps are lost in hurricane of regress
Your clothes are frazzled, still you navigate
With having your crew oppressed

Pour some wine into your throat
Stuff your guts a little more
While your avarice accumulates
The poor multiply hundredfold

Your ship is called "Capitalism"
Anchor down
It runs for dear life on the wind of corruption
Defective compass serves to your purpose
But soon as sweat of sailors dries
You'll hit the bottom and go ashore

Pour some wine into your throat
Stuff your guts a little more
While your avarice accumulates
The poor multiply hundredfold

Make these oars never row
Dip a sail
Strike the masts, end the boat
To the sand
Make these oars never row
Dip a sail
Strike the masts, end the boat
To the sand