

Fallow Season

Madder Mortem

Bad blood wells from the troubled ground
where prophets breed and faith comes cheap
like fast words spilled from a careless mouth
They're hollow leeches, preying on our minds

Small men kneel at the riverside
This will be a fallow season

Twelve dogs leashed in a salesman's yard
Their bellies full, their fangs are greasy
No fire, no dreams, no chase at heart
The wild hunt has been tamed
These are the signs

Small men buy what they can't deny
This will be a fallow season

And the darkness will surround us
Shadows grow like walls around us
Rats and preachers hide in the corners
Draw your knives
It ain't over

Let the greedy strangle the blind

Small men fall and their cities die
Let this be a fallow season