

Ghosts of the Primitives

Orange Goblin

We are men of science, architects of dreams
Turn your hand to what you can
'Cos nothing's what it seems
Feeding Christians to the lions was a thrill
Then you blame the Lord and claim your reward
In your mansion on the hill

Dumbing of the ages
Numbing of the senses
Challenging existence
Softening defenses
Child of the future
Corporation vampire
Lacking education
Spreading like a wildfire

Waiting for machines of war to have their day
Embrace your new technology
While it still does what you say
Centuries of holy persecution doesn't lie
One minute God forgives, the next we must repent or die

Contention
Violation
Invention
Revolution
The end of days is on its way

Dumbing of the ages
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These are the darkest days we have known
Prophets of war are your skin and bone
Skulls piled high, the planets decay
Ghosts of the primitives fade away
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We were the future, end of the line
Sciences is greed, religious decline
Wait for the bomb and silently pray
Ghosts of the primitives fade away
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