

The Present Imperfect

Skyclad

Unto those who have enough you give more free of charge,
What becomes of those with nothing?
You stand back and let them starve.
Well is your conscience clear safe in your Land of Plenty?
We wait outside your walls - our pockets and our bellies empty.

"Panis angelicus - fit panis hominum,
Dat panis Caelicus - figuris terminum.
O res mirabilis - man ducat dominum,
Dat panis caelicus - figuris terminum."

A systemized autocracy of authorized burocracy
Seems to have our people by the throats,
It's time to make your choices -
Stand up and use your voices,
While you've still legal rights and votes.

Let the wishes of the few outweigh the needs of many -
In this land where money talks we have little chance if any.
Bring the nation back to basics -
Lionize Dickensian dreams,
Hide a heart that's grey and cold behind an image squeaky-clean.

We're fighting to be free - driven by necessity,
She is the mother of invention.
God bless the working men -
Slaves three score years and ten,
Who never beg for divine intervention.

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