

# Ghosts of a Dead Empire

SubRosa

One score for stepparents and the Seven Dwarves  
Falling all over yourselves  
To be the fairest in the land

Slavery to a cruel idol  
Slavery to a hollow fable

Don't forget that your Aryan lust has led  
To one hundred men hanging from trees amid the circling crows  
And as only the obscure know, the tainted fruit never ends

They opened your mouth and they poured in the good of the land  
Then they claimed and leashed you to their heavenly plan  
Now the ghosts of a dead empire are written all over your face  
Along with the failed ruins of their version of eternal grace