

Burst, Nineteenhundred

A Goliath so spasmodic
Turn of events,
Ominous, historic
Safeguard a creed demonic
Love of war and war for love
Through this age
The ranks of this disaffected swelled
The spectacle of imperia
Wheel of doctrine in motion
An industrialized anemia
A wind of retaliation
I see your blood-red eye
And you sore interpretation
No comfort when you die
Let's talk of origin, a common source
Indus festival of men
You see, the way the river flows
We are one, in grimy fever damned
And I'm tired, sardonic
And I'm tired, sardonic
Dancing
To your dirge catatonic
To hear these precious bells in harmony
The dispossessed, and their manifest
A token melody