

# Crashdog, Millstone Co.

word to the corporate bosses and the future elite  
a simple message from us to you to bring before your master's feet  
written in the blood of the meek of this earth  
the ones you'll climb upon to gain the rights of your birth

(chorus)

there's millstones in your future  
bleached bones and gnashing teeth  
tombstones coming soon  
you sold us out...you sold us out  
sold us out, saw the future, turned your head, death's distributor

the gifts that you bring us, they thrill and numb the mind  
our downfall awaits us at the end of your assembly line  
your poisons and your brews, they rock us in our sleep  
but one day you will find that the exploited aren't cheap

(chorus)

your lust you've named holy, you've sanctified your greed  
behold now your disciples, on you they wait to feed  
survival of the fittest, to some it may appeal  
'til the God of the weak and broken closes every deal

(chorus)