

1. **Signs of the times, you can see them most everywhere.
You'd have to be blind not to behold them here and there.
Fraying , decaying, their glorious empire of doom.
"Out of the way!" — better do as they say!
Regime-changing, rearranging games that they play . . .
With real people dying, limbs torn from children crying —
out their last scenes . . .
Is your heart already too hard to feel what they felt ?
well, a train wreck's a-comin' and there's no safety belt.
Your own turn is comin' too, to learn too late what it means.**

2. **Homeless, impoverished, perverted and poor.
Nameless and shameless, deserted by the score.
They got the empire, you got no liberty — only war !
You didn't even see it coming, but it came.
New face, the old erased, gone, in all but name.
It was all but planned while your head was in the sand
in a comatose state . . .
You can carry your own prison cell in your pocket,
all your freedom on a note bound round your neck in a locket,
trade your brains for your chains, they decided your fate — you're too late.**

3. **Pigs in the pen and the sheep in the fold —
won't turn you in if you do as you're told;
lockstep marching in their socialistic dream to the moon.
But step out of line, pose a question, ask *what for* ?
and all of a sudden you're not seen anymore.
You're just a *pesty* bug on the windshield of their empire's ruin.
Are you sedated, one of the walking brain-dead ?
Or infuriated, no longer caring what they've said ?
Or inoculated with all that rubbish they stuffed in your head —
stripped and bled . . .**

4. **On more go-round, will you people never learn ?
Crushed to the ground nothing's left but crash and burn.
Same game, new name, as the cycle takes another turn.
Follow the leader into another ditch,
no right-from-wrong compass till you don't know which is which.
You can't see reality, it's a giant com.puter glitch . . .
But it will all fail, this empire too will die,
kings and queens will crawl to their own pigsty,
standing tall their highest wall will fall from the sky
— as Babylon's merchant-soldiers cry.**

[INSTRUMENTAL, FADE OUT]

[END]

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