

Killer Pigs

(Arm. Meneses & Greb)

We spend the day digging the dirt from our graves
A penny spent is money we should have saved
We rule like kings but in truth are mere knaves
A crystalline line is the road we have paved

Time makes fools of us all as we sleep
Silently stealing into our lives like a thief
It mocks from afar and causes nothing but grief
A destructive force of power beyond all belief

The universe speaks in words yet unheard
It talks to us in the simple flight of a bird
It wavers not: it is matter of fact
It crushes all into bits of fundament black

We carry on as if above all the fray
Wave our arms with things important to say
Inventing gods for our fears to allay
Hide at night and beat our chest in the day

Life, death, love, hate
Laugh, cry, live, die

Mountains erode, continents drift and divide
Rivers run, oceans controlled by the tide
If we never lost we probably never have tried
Dig our holes 'til it's time to crawl on inside

Killer pigs fly at night for our souls
Staring down with eyes deeper than coal
They cannot stop: they are beyond all control
They will not rest until they've exacted their toll

Life, death, love, hate
Laugh, cry, live, die