

Pull Back the Wizards' Curtain (And Throw Off the Chains From Your Brain)

Martha Rose Crow

In the Auschwitz of the Universe

We're livin' under an ancient curse

But if we choose, we can reverse

The looming darkness through real search

The puppet masters care only to win

So they poison us with hidden sin

It's evil to do their puppet dance

You become their dark path associate

You become demons just like them

It's time to pull back the wizards' curtain

And throw off the chains from our brain

-chorus-

Pull back the wizards' curtain

And throw off the chains from your brain

'Cause if you don't do it

The world will surely go down the drain

If you want to live again

You have to face the Truth and its pain

Knowing the Truth will set you free

So you can change the reality

Pull back the wizards' curtain

And throw off the chains from your brain

'Cause if you don't do it

Your life will drown goin' down the drain

(end of chorus)

The sleeping Villagers need to wake up

To the demonic plans of the high corrupt

The hurting Collective has had enough

It's time to claim what we really want

It's time to break the lookin' glass

You don't need saviors to save your ass

Your Conscience is the real Compass

Otherwise the darkness will last-

Grow 'til the whole world is encompassed

It's time to pull back the wizards' curtain

And throw off the chains from our brain

-chorus-

The Last Mass Martha Rose Crow

(Sound of Church Bells Ringing Furiously)

(First Singer:)

The darkness thickens like Zyklon B

The church bells toll relentlessly

Too many dead to proclaim-aim (proclaim)

Too many vanished in god's name

(Second Singer:)

While everyone watched silently

(First Singer:)

Planes fly by dropping mind control

To kill your bodies and your souls

They hide their hearts, those faceless trolls

To steal your Prana in en masse

You didn't learn from the pah-ast (past)

Welcome to the very last mass...

-chorus-

(Sound of Church Bells Ringing Furiously)

(First Singer:)

You didn't learn from the pah-ast (past)

So this is your last mah-ah-ass (mass)

Take your final gah-ah-ah-asp (gasp)

Welcome to the lah-ah-ast (last) mass

(Second Singer:)

Welcome sheeple to the temple

You're just meat for the hungry wolves

Welcome zombies to your doo-oo-oom (doom)

For you, they've got a special room

You could have worked to-ge-gether (together)

To make this world so-oh much better

But you chose sel-hell-fishly (selfishly)

Danced with the devil carelessly

(First Singer:)

You didn't learn from the pah-ast (past)

This is your lah-ah-ast (last) mass

Take your lah-ah-ah-ah-ast (last) gasp

Welcome to the lah-ah-ast (last) mass

(end of chorus)

(Sound of Church Bells Ringing Furiously)

(First Singer:)

Priests hide behind their master, Set
The reptile god of dar-ark (dark) ness
They set their table carefully
Humans sacrificed endlessly

(Second Singer:)

The bile you taste is your regret

(First Singer:)

Hungover from the or-or-gy (orgy),
Squir-er-er-ming (squirming) in your church seat
Sweatin' and startin' to blee-eed (bleed)
The vampires take all they nee-eed (need)
The last mass, you can't blame no one
You can't blame anyone-uh-one

-chorus + below-

(First Singer:)

You didn't learn from the pah-ast (past)
This is your lah-ah-ast (last) mass
Take your lah-ah-ah-ah-ast (last) gasp
Welcome to the lah-ah-ast (last) mass

Hungover from the or-or-gy (orgy),

Squir-er-er-ming (squirming) in your church seat

Sweatin' and startin' to blee-eed (bleed)

The vampires take all they nee-eed (need)

The last mass, you can't blame no one

You can't blame anyone-uh-one

You can't blame anyone...

(Second Singer:)

But yourself...But yourself...

(Sound of Church Bells Ringing Furiously)

(First Singer Slower:)

You didn't learn from the pah-ast (past)

You didn't ler-er-ern (learn) from the past

It's the lah-ah-ast (last) mass

It's the last mass-ah-ah-ass (mass)

(Second Singer Quietly:)

The last.

(The Sound of Monks Beginning to Chant.)

**(Sound of Church Bells Ringing Furiously and Monks' Chants in the Background;
fade)**

(Second Singer Whispering:)

The lah-ah-ast (last) mass.

(Silence.)

You Had to Lick Their Boots

Martha Rose Crow

You knew they were evil

But you kept your mouth shut

You were comfortable

You thought that was enough

You gladly sold your Soul

For a small bowl of rice

When the roundup began

You simply closed your eyes

Now reality's here

And they're coming for you

But you loved your masters

And had to lick their boots

-chorus-

As long as you were doing well

You let them make a living hell

You only thought about yourself

Didn't care 'bout anyone else

You laid in bed with the elite

So your life could be safe and sweet

When the time came for you to choose

You were licking their filthy boots

You had to love your slave masters

So much you had to lick their boots

Now there's a looming disaster

Because they're coming after you

You had to lick their boots

(end of chorus)

You went to Sunday church

To wash away your sins

You turned your back on us

Let evil forces win

Lazy, you believed their lies

That we were human lice

You had your bowl of rice

You chose to close your eyes

Orwell's nightmare is true

Now they're coming for you

But you loved your masters

And had to lick their boots

-chorus-