

Home of titans - where extension is the frame
remission is the play - in this amaranthine game
in our compulsory advance - the conquest belts the soil
we build loggers of the wild land - that never will recoil
the terms are definite - in this exhausted engine
scarred in the heaven's blood - and seared into its skin
in the contamination range - the ice turns out insane
and a merciful tariff - does not make us humane

Home of titans - where dominion stuns the will
cannibals and ogres - they have a pouch to fill
in our loathsome acumen - inheritance is tyranny
our anima is overcome - and a womb is strategy
a seduction essential - in a lunatic cadence
a perfection of the style - but a murder of the sense
the executive array - operates a mercy-cane
but the occasional pardon - does not make us humane

Home of titans - where we shadow our own sun
rapists and assassins - we all become
in our machinery of greed - a life is but a tool
love is a residue - innocent blood is fuel
yes we all partake - in this atrocity
this is the land of the axe - and of the mercenary
then we write out contracts - in order not to cut a vein
but hiding slaughter in four walls - does not make us humane