

## Crooks At Your Door

### War from a Harlots Mouth

there is no hope

you're living in a concrete cage  
under black concrete clouds  
the concrete paths you walk with pride  
you walk them gagged and folded blind

there is no hope - concrete fingers will squash your house  
there is no hope - concrete teeth will chew your kind  
there is no hope - your fat from wealth  
there is no hope - will be ripped out  
there is no hope - it will feed well  
there is no hope - the starving wretch

i don't want to be  
nailed to a concrete cross  
i don't want to obey  
a concrete god

there is a crook at your door  
with every second ring  
they want to sell you the world  
and though it's tempting to give in  
don't let them in

the concrete paths you walk with pride  
you walk them gagged and folded blind

there is no hope

your fat from wealth will be ripped out  
it will feed well the starving wretch

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