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Shoot out the Great White Crescent/ /De'us ex Ma'china

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Shoot out the Great White Crescent/
/De'us ex Ma'china

sware I heard drum machines
beyond the esoteric gate
typing out bizarre rhythms
synthesized for our new potentate

this new despot came rollin' in;
technology his malignant shadow
the pied piper with his mountain of sound
dragged acoustic timbres to the gallows

Long ago the Great White Crescent
was shot out; and it falls forever...
blame was placed on natural music;
but as for a trial there was never

he took office and my guitar was taken
"Burn all the wood and melt all the brass!"
a new night has settled on Earth Town
and all these things I thought quite crass

creativity died wailing in the fires...
the New Age dawned: strobelites and wires...
Woody Guthrie's biography was burned
and his son called villain spawned liar...
while video game music became a source
to inspire?

the leader's speeches were many and strong
never occurring to the people that what he preached
was wrong

looking out windows long into the night
their faces conflagrant with flashing false lights
giving him their money, giving him respect
for assurance that all music would be perfect

silently
Natural Sound and Time wept...

and
the people left in marching droves
but as the colorful mountain closed
I heard him promise them many things
before the baneful screams arose
this computerized music, it pounds within my brain
and one of these days it's bound to drive me insane

Marcus Eads

Σηοοτ ουτ την Γρεατ Ωνιτε Χρεσχεντ