

Yeah...

Before the slaughter time stood still.

A man looked down from the top of a hill... from the top of a hill.

He said: I hold two sticks, one is much shorter, which one belongs to me?

Facing the world when you're down and out.

And you've lost your will to seek understanding.

And your family has disappeared.

And what you see is what you know.

There was a day when the sun cut through the clouds.

No voices were raised and no hands were bound... no hands were bound.

He said: I hold two sticks, one is much shorter, which one belongs to me?

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And you've lost your will to seek understanding.

And your family has disappeared.

And what you see is what you know.

If this feels real then think again.

This could be fact, it could be fiction.

If this feels real then think again.

This could be fact, this could be fiction.

He said: I hold two sticks, one is much shorter, which one belongs to me?

Facing the world when you're down and out.

And you've lost your will to seek understanding.

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