

A Glorified Piece Of Blue Sky

The Atlas Moth

How far will we let them go without grievance
How much will we let them take
Before we've had enough hypocrisy

Superstitions become gold
And freedom, a lost novella

The great is the nothing but dust

You said nothing outta fear
Crucify them one by one
Three nails for every son

We have come to point out the urgency of truth

We've fed our greed for too long
We've been devoured whole
They're wrapped up in hopeless efforts
To try and save our soul

Without truth we exist no longer
Sink into hell on earth
Assemble now, they're getting stronger
Prepare for your rebirth

It's all been their lies
Truth be told
Feed 'em to the lions
Since day one, I haven't heard one goddamn truth
Since day one, I've swallowed every fuckin' lie.