

Wrapped In Barbwire

Amoral

King of the hill that once has been
Now just a ghost in the machine
In a game where the end keeps justifying the means
The backs are stabbed, the throats are cut
All the rules have been wiped clean

Like a re-run of a show seen way too many times before
You forget some of the twists, but the end you know for sure
It's painted up so bright and big
Like something that's worth dying for
Don't it hurt when those who hailed start to ignore

Your empty words don't mean a thing to me
I take my finger off the pulse leading the blind
Barbwire promises, I'm leaving you behind
Barbwire promises

My song is wrapped in barbwire,
And the wrapping's done by you
I watch you choke all that inspire, you're narrowing my view
Hands tied behind my back
I sit and take these soothing sounds
Not able to relax until the red-eye's off the ground

Your empty words don't mean a thing to me
I take my finger off the pulse leading the blind
Barbwire promises, I'm leaving you behind
Barbwire promises