

## No Truth (Acoustic)

Art of Dying

You wrote the book  
You changed the words to serve you out  
Force ventured/forced the truth  
To keep our mouths filled

Honesty, lies in the truth  
A comfy bed  
We'd all like to climb into

There's no truth in the world you made  
There's no one else on the quicksand base  
I'll never be the same again

Go to wire  
Beyond the den  
If you don't see it I assume come again  
A willing horse  
Proves to be the safest van  
On his back  
He carries no regrets

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All this history  
All these pages  
Propaganda  
Through the ages  
Who's the enemy  
Who's the sinners  
Every one of them  
By the wailings  
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