

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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