

Bohemyth

Blood On The Dance Floor

They scream for change but they still segregate
Like the false separation of the church and the state
They divide us all like herds of mindfucked sheep
Killing off our elders; feeding on our weak

Pretending it's a democracy; get it straight this is tyranny
Living in fear of drowning in irony
The government is the mark of the beast
And the men who will follow will be chewed up & swallowed

Only too broke to pay attention
Will we be blind to this deception?
Will it be too late when you turn away?
Will it be too late? There's too much to be said

Corrupting your words; destroy the weak
Kill everyone who doesn't believe
One nation under one person's belief
Conform to the word or be fed to the beast

It doesn't take the fear of being eternally burned
To comprehend life; lesson's learned
Why our country lives and cries when you take their guns
They think they're being denied the right of their choice of love

Watch us as they fall and they break under pressure
We're praying like it can help our country get any better
Serve our lives, serve our lives on a silver platter
Sitting back, feed the beast; watch the beast get fatter

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Bow to the beast!
Bow to the beast!
We are fed to the beast!

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