

# 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

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

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

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

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

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

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