

The Doom

Corrosion of Conformity

With fear they bend your ear, words darken the season.
With pride their shallow ride, vanity's believing.
Riding high but my soul is all tore down.
Gathering momentum, into the ground.
These words are tainted, dis-info-tainment.
What I see is acid to all logic, but it's alright.
This light is darkness but it's alright.
Overlord needs no sword.
The brow that beats, the sheep don't speak.
But it's alright.
The wool is on the whites of their eyes.
The viral clone of virtue.
Twisted words cast shadow across the bald faced truth.
The shadow caste is getting longer.