

## The Cure

Dead Letter Circus

This feels insane  
The less you know  
Now is worth more than anything  
You will engage and breathe it  
Toxic  
The burn

Show me where the progress exists  
Without the protest  
Hide behind the faint lines  
Built beside the same lines

Even though it's not in your view  
You're a part of a bigger chain  
Gaping holes worn through weeping walls  
It's right in front of you  
We're holding the blade

This feels insane  
Wealth before our own worth  
Programmed to obey  
We are the slaves who object in silence  
The herd

You're a part of a bigger chain  
Gaping holes worn through weeping walls  
It's right in front of you  
We're holding the blade

Feed me now the cure

Even though it's not in your view  
You're a part of a bigger chain  
Gaping holes worn through weeping walls  
It's right in front of you  
Even though it's not in your view  
You're a link in a bigger chain  
Gaping holes through weeping walls

It's right in front of you

The path they gave you is worn  
By the countless enslaved  
Confused alone  
Hopelessly gazing through that hole  
They're fed their only light