

The Science of Lies

Demon Hunter

Bow down - before the god of cash
The philosophy of modern man is leaking fast
No foundation for the frame by which you set your mind
Just a legacy of fiction for the feeble to find
Desperation breeding faith unto a pitiful lie
"Give us your money and we'll open up our gullible eyes"
No redemption, not a reason, but a symbol of why
This digression of surrender is the science of lies

Believe the sacred blasphemy
They feed
That hollow voice inside of your head
Receive the fleeting fallacy
They breathe
Trace every step from where you were led
Look back and tell yourself what they said
(Now flee)

And now you feel it pulling down
How can you buy into a faith that hasn't permanent ground?
Give me blood-soaked, sacrificial worth
Not the artificial product of a fraudulent birth
Give me selfless, consecrated reprise
Not a worthless contribution to the science of lies

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Feel it pulling down

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