

Black Horns

Endwell

A bitter man's agenda/a nihilistic view
so afraid to feel inferior/just keep obscuring the truth
crowned king in your wasteland/no right to sing the blues
so dreadful and oppressive/yet still a SLAVE TO GLOOM
NO HALOS/your life condemned
and you know that the past will come back to haunt you
again
your path is damned
I hear you've been repenting/and the grief was too severe
that the stress is never ending/and the act was never
quite sincere
now your eyes have been pried wide open
and you can't quell those fears
SO YOU SUFFER/you suffer like all the rest
the path you tread
has never been more direct
has left you with no respect
has never taken you home
but now it's taking you down below
NO ANGELS HERE/No signs of the divine
no signs of the change you swore that you would make
no more blind hostility/no more nights of losing sleep
no more scorn or spite or hate/no more ruthless jealous
rage
no more harboring disdain/no more bitterness or enmity
no more gods/no more pleading
there are NO ANGELS HERE