

Stamp Of Credence

Fear My Thoughts

Here we sit in our descent dress
We destine this fate of countless masses
Our pens rule the mightiest swords to lead we're told
Our task is done
The endless hallways take all courage away
The stamp of credence is given from our hands
Shivering men bow before our desks
Paperweight breaks every back

A signature - Our task is done
A signature - This case is closed

(No matter how hard you try these dark corridors will suck your energy

We were there long before you and we will see you pass away.
We hold the power in our hands and we will never lose control)

We guard our heart so thoroughly