

## 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 you  
r 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