

The Rabbit, The Hat

Hand Of Mercy

The wool is falling so they can't see
All that's getting left is a false legacy
The ones that guided would be appalled
It's like you do not even care at all
They break their backs to earn their keep
With pride their hearts hang off their sleeves
Aren't these legions enough?
The ties that bind are slowly breaking
From the strain of greed fueled glory
If the tale was told from the other side
Would you buy in to a bullshit theory?
Make no mistake, we can't relate
Make no mistake, we can't relate
That vulgar taste won't dissipate
Is this really what it's become?
The ties that bind are slowly breaking
From the strain of greed fueled glory
If the tale was told from the other side
Would you buy in to a bullshit theory?
False legacies don't last
The wool is falling so they can't see
All that's getting left behind
Is a false legacy