

Shamans Witches Magic

Hidden in Plain View

And there's villians in their closets
and theives beneath their beds
And business men in mirrors
with guns against their heads
Stepstools beneath their ankles
nooses tied around their throats
Sharpening their switchblades
and sighting in our scopes

Singing no one sleeps tonight
till everything is burned
and everyone is sacrificed
No one sleeps tonight
till everything is burned
and everyone is

Maxing out their credit cards on ammuntion
They're polishing their rifles and they're polishing their guns
cause the church is drenched in fire
Town hall's under attack
They put the hostages the mayor and councilmen
they got knives against their backs

No one sleeps tonight
till everything is burned
and everyone is sacrificed
No one sleeps tonight
till everything is burned
and everyone is sacrificed
And to saves our souls
or what's left of them

Who we are is all we are
Desperation shows our pain
And so they sing
And they sing it loud
and they sing it Clearly
For their faith

Whats left of the dreams we have?
Whats left of the hope we have?
Nothing, nothing at all

What's left of the dreams we had?
What's left?
There's nothing, nothing at all