

# 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