

Cipher

Paint It Black

Hands on our hearts but no patriot hymn.
We pray for better days but don't believe in sin.
We are the pride and the disgrace.
We sing of world's end with a smile on our face.

Fraudulent allegiances, cheap facades,
our father's flags, our mother's gods.

We will celebrate your decay.
We stumble faithless, blind,
spineless, the American way.
This could be the dawn of a brand new day,
so get out of our way.