

# The Spy Hunter

Project 86

One last disguise

Pawns standing in awe of the game  
Of the stage  
You've worked so hard at building an empire  
Of secret rooms to display yourself  
And add to your wealth  
The sting of.  
Oh, it stings  
When I saw it all come crashing  
I witnessed the sound of a million voices  
Screaming for a public hanging

So hide yourself, hide, hide yourself for now.

We caught you plotting murder  
And now the Tide is Turning  
We'll light our souls, heal our bones  
Upon your empire burning

When the world is a target for humanity's market  
And all of it's sold for a dime  
I've seen the towers of gods  
And the power of men  
In disguises of the worst kind  
I am the words on the page  
I am the death among life today  
I am the voice of one among the silent  
Who's tired of burning among the flames

So hide yourself, hide, hide yourself for now.

We caught you plotting murder  
And now the Tide is Turning  
We'll light our souls, heal our bones  
Upon your empire burning

I do not need anymore truthless heroes  
We don't need no truthless heroes

So hide yourself, hide, hide yourself for now.

We caught you plotting murder  
And now the Tide is Turning  
We'll light our souls, heal our bones  
Upon your empire burning

I need truth