

Dark Ages

Scar the Martyr

In tow, they sink...to the lowest level
They lie, steal, cheat...they stand for nothing
The gods of greed...they feed on our failure
They plant their seeds, Don't buy what they're selling

It's a stab in the back, It's a slap in the face
Our culture, it preys upon weakness
The facts, they are false. Yet we must erase...
The ignorance, we are the witness

In the face of fear, we're living in the dark ages again
To define what's real, what's left of us will come to an end
What's left of us will come to an end

Rethink, rebuild, the falsehood of nations
Console, conceal, believe in nothing
The lords of war, they hide behind weapons
Destruct, deceive, decode all their secrets

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To define what's real, what's left of us will come to an end
What's left of us will come to an end.

We can't turn it off, We can't look away
We can't beg to differ, Know, I'm better than you

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