

# Weavers of Woe

Sikth

This fear plants tears of misery  
The profiteers, the mercenaries  
Do you really know what you see, or is it all for show?  
Why are we living in despair?

Knives and guns and bombs  
Knives and guns and bombs  
Knives and guns and bombs  
It's the same old wrong

Like a monster as big as the moon  
A formula in which they all consume

I now see the twisted legions lost in greed  
And I see so many twisted demons on TV

Money makes their world go round  
They weave their webs without a sound  
Money makes their world go round  
They weave their webs without a sound

The spiral twists into a seed  
They shape the end for you and me  
Paranoia some may say  
But I know they are there, to my disdain

Humans of this earth  
Why focus on path?  
Have we not learnt a thing?  
Why let those demons win?

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And I see so many the twisted legions on the street

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I turned the news on, it was all bad.  
Always seems to be  
I ended up diving into a painting of a mushroom house with Technicolor water falls  
The flower beings then flapped their wings  
The clouds would glow and rained would sing  
Then I fall right back to Earth oh, no!

Yea the bright is so bright now, but the dark is an end to all  
You believe what you believe  
And continue battling on through

I seen us falling, right now, I seen us falling, climb back now!  
We need to climb back now! We need to climb back now!

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