

# A Glorified Piece Of Blue Sky

The Atlas Moth

How far will we let them go without grievance  
How much will we let them take  
Before we've had enough hypocrisy

Superstitions become gold  
And freedom, a lost novella

The great is the nothing but dust

You said nothing outta fear  
Crucify them one by one  
Three nails for every son

We have come to point out the urgency of truth

We've fed our greed for too long  
We've been devoured whole  
They're wrapped up in hopeless efforts  
To try and save our soul

Without truth we exist no longer  
Sink into hell on earth  
Assemble now, they're getting stronger  
Prepare for your rebirth

It's all been their lies  
Truth be told  
Feed 'em to the lions  
Since day one, I haven't heard one goddamn truth  
Since day one, I've swallowed every fuckin' lie.