

House on a Hill

The Pretty Reckless

(Our impulses are being redirected
We are living in an artificially induced state of consciousness that
resembles sleep
The poor and the underclass are growing
Racial justice and human rights are non-existent
They have created a repressive society
And we are their unwilling accomplishments
Their intention to rule rests with their annihilation of consciousness)

Somewhere in the end of all this hate
There's a light ahead
That shines into this grave that's in the end of all this pain
In the night ahead there's a light upon this

House on a hill
The Living, living still
Their intention is to kill and they will, they will
But the children are doing fine
I think about them all the time
Until they'll drink the wine and they will, they will, they will

Somewhere in the end we're all insane
To think that light ahead can save us from this
Grave that's in the end of all this pain
In the night ahead there's a light upon this

House on a hill
The Living, living still
Their intention is to kill and they will, they will
But the children are doing fine
I think about them all the time
Until they'll drink the wine and they will, they will, they will

Oh, oh, oh...

I am not afraid
I won't burn out in this place
My intention is to fade and I will, I will

And this house on a hill
The dead are living still
And their intention is to kill and they will, they will
Keep your children safe inside
Out of pocket, out of mind
Until they'll drink the wine and they will, they will, they will

Oh, oh, oh...