

Once there was a time when we could learn
all the simple pleasantries a follower should yearn
now all that I can do is watch them burn
and wish that I could save them all, or just one

See the Fake, everyday shaking hands of men, promising the end.

Hear Him Speak of all the things that we need to hear, to adhere

Justify, your secrecies that surmise your cries
I see the way you look around the bend
is it going to end, when?

The visions that I've seen have left me torn
between the resurrection and the prophecy unborn
I think that I will document the fall
and say I hate to say it, but I told you all

See the Fake, everyday shaking hands of men, promising the end
Hear Him Speak of all the things that we need to hear, to adhere

Justify, your secrecies that surmise your cries,
I see the way you look around the bend
is it going to end, when?
Justify, your secrecies that surmise your cries,
I see the way you look around the bend
is it going to end, to end?

Your side, choose wise
Your side, choose wise
Your side, choose while you can...

Justify, your secrecies that surmise your cries
I see the way you look around the bend
is it going to end, when?
Justify, your secrecies that surmise your cries
I see the way you look around the bend
is it going to end, to end?

When you change your mind is it going to end?