

All the World Is Mad

Thrice

We are saints made of plaster, our laughter is canned
We are demons that hide in the mirror
But the blood on our hands
Paints a picture exceedingly clear

We are brimming with cumbersome, murderous greed
And malevolence deep and profound.
We do unspeakable deeds
Does our wickedness know any bounds?

Something's gone terribly wrong
With everyone
All the world is mad
Darkness brings terrible things
The sun is gone
What vanity! Our sad, wretched fires

We can't medicate man to perfection again
We can't legislate peace in our hearts
We can't educate sin from our souls
It's been there from the start

But the blind lead the blind into bottomless pits
Still we smile and deny that we're cursed
But of all our iniquities
Ignorance may be the worst

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What vanity! Our sad, wretched fires

Oh little light we have!
It only serves to show
The snares and seeds of wrath
We have already sewn on every path

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