

Method In Madness

While She Sleeps

Our angels, just the devil's disguise
Widowed of life, for lies but not to die
They suffer watching believers cry
Wishing they could tell you there's no afterlife

Not this time
But theres no smoke without the fire
No conviction, no land without divide
No cure for the corrupted, no peaceful antidote
No search for the stranded, we're not lost
There's method in this madness

It's just another mass production
Here to poison our outlook
The front seats to the holocaust
Don't look, don't look, don't look
You listen to the priest with no proof
You listen to the siren as it gives up on you
You listen to the governing dead
Why don't you listen to your heart instead?

You've heard it all before
The crown you wear makes you numb to the thorns
We live in these thorns
Surrounded by a blood sport culture
There's no where to run

The lies won't take away your pain
There's a chain across the gates and the skies have turned to grey
They're calling out your name
Sign here to keep your faith
March to the sound of the victims beat
The unforgivable breed
With the spikes dug in I clench my fist
Decide what I believe
The idols of our breed are lost in our deceit
Our minds on what the hell we might have been
Our angels boarded in
We'll prolong acceptance with defeat
No sleep for the wicked

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