

What Will You Find?

Zao

What will you find, when you stare through the mirror into the graveyards of your mind?

Where hatred is born from the ashes of lies, demons and angels blot out the sky, blot out the sky.

You conform your faith, making your opinion truth, lash out every time someone disagrees with you.

Obsessed with protecting some type of pride is the cause many a man with gun in hand has died.

And his ghost was thinking as they buried him that night, it was all in vain, cause everyone thinks they're the one who's right, the one who's right, the one who's right, the one who's right.

Your face is alabaster and forgotten.

Countless years of wearing masks.

You'll be rewarded with emptiness for staying faithful to the task.