

Amboog-A-Lard, Art Of Sin

Too much time, too many eyes.
Too many promises, too many cries.
Too much fear and aggravation.
Art of sin at their dictation.
Souls in pain own eyes in lust.
Rotting minds die without trust.
They try to take the freedom away,
Then try to make it all go away!!

Put death to rest, put life to shame.
Red hands, murder, who's to blame?
What are we? Why do we care?
Colorful eyes in a dead blank stare.
Blind are we running scared.
My mind, my soul what is fair.
What we need to stay in line.
Mass control of fragile mind.

Look into the machine,
Tell me what you want to be.
Look into the machine,
Tell me what you want to be!!!

Enter the hell of a mind gone mad,
Into a world of the faceless void,
Gears turn to the infallible pulse,
Enter control, to the divine.

To be creator, add color to eyes.
To watch the growth, triple the size.
To light the dark, and seize the night.
To end the pain, to end the fright.
Innocence lost and wisdom gained.
Freedom of soul that we proclaim.
Don't promise the war.
Can't promise creation.
Art of sin now our dictation.

Look into the machine, Tell me what you want to be.
Look into the machine, Tell me what you want to be!!!