

Faith And The Muse, The Hand Of Man

Come the tides
We hear tell of a mortal season
Fed rife with rhyme and reason
Tained with despair
Kill-darkened skies
Painted black, so black with misery
Raining down with the impunity
Oh, the cross we've brought to bear
In the treason fields
Where man again destroys what man built
Man wears the weighted cloak of man's guilt
For the blind we must remind
Raise your eyes
Behind a martyr's mask of supplication
I find you guilty by association
Mute, somehow divine
I sing true
I can see right through you
I sing true
I can see right through you
Thirst for truth
Spit out the lies inside and search for meaning
The child in your hanging head is bleeding
Another dream to drown
Ignorance
Seek your knowledge in the volumes of dust
Render all to ashes and rust
And child, bring that hammer down
I sing true
I can see right through you
I sing true
I can see right through you
Oh, these latter days
They bear eternal winter's coming frost
And the death of innocence
In this dying age we wander lost
DENY THE HAND OF MAN
Celebrate
Where mercy falls drunk you'll find me
In the gutter, ever in the company
Of angels and of kings
Millenium
All the memories will fade like twilight
Take your place on either side of midnight
And sing, dear brother, sing
I sing true
I can see right through you
Right on cue
That face you wear betrays you