

Headnoise, Lying Durge

In the middle of the masses
An island on the sea
Unyielding are the people
They cannot hear, the cannot see
They're marching to the beat of a hopeless drum

Repetitious clogging leading towards death
It's numbing like a heartbeat lulling you to bed
Obedient to whispers, ultimate devoid
Is it grand to march towards hell?

Where are you going
What's your purpose
Listen and hear
Your band leader is a liar!

Destination pointing in one direction
No consolation for misspent feeling
The misery of marching without any peace
Weighted by the people who sweat against me

Can you hear the voice of freedom?
Can you hear the voice of love?

It's not too late to turn around
Time's not lent to doom
A voice still calls your name right now
99 left for the one still wanting

Can you hear them marching, marching along
Marching along to the same old song
Circling the world, marching to their grave
Ignoring, wanting arms of the one who saves