

# 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