Nocturnal Rites, Our Wasted Days

Man is but a liar
A coward and a thief
The things that we aspire
And hide behind belief
We claim it's for the maker
And do his righteous deeds
It's time for all us fakers
To solely name it greed

We all know it's someone That pulls our weight One fate, the final hour

Brave new world, depraved new ways While the piper plays on through our wasted days Brave new world, still unheard Crying out for more, I am god

Welcome age of reason Teach us to conform Wise men call it treason Straying from the norm So buy that costly promise Shove it down your throat Choke up on their slander Buy that precious vote

As the clock keeps turning We know it's over now The walls are closing in