

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