

Peccatum, Murder

Hear me speak!
As I am the master of one tongue
The thorn in your eye
The mirror of your soul
Unmerciful be the truth

Change is near
Change is here
I must fly
I must drown

There is no once upon a time
It is THE time
To rip apart the blindfold
And view the circle of shame

Bizarre, grotesque
Yet embraced
By those inside
Stones thrown
Fallen ones kicked
Searchers pulled down
A circle fed on lies

Change is near
Change is here
I must fly
I must drown

Insiders in; Outsiders out
Strait-jacket given birth
Dreams killed
First degree murder
And so Thou shalt be condemned