

Reveille, Perfect World

Your money isn't power so forget the green
Its just feeding the fuel
What makes the world go round?
The same thing that lights the flame to burn it down
Its a capitol branwash you must have avouch
Call it your purse, more like suicide pouch
Paper ain't a mean to pacify
When your wisdom is in your wallet you can kiss your ass good-bye
Rectify, this living policy is shit
And all its lies got you choking on your own spit
The seam has split, so spit or swallow
But your lead i'll never follow
So you can wallow in your own chaotic world
A puzzle pieced by our imperfections
Close your eyes, seal your lips, walk in fear
Now do you see what i can see?
Can you hear what I hear?
Your fucking trophies, your sexual treasures
Just hide the pain beneath your simple pleasures
Desperate measures for desperate times
Searching for answers it won't let you find
It seeks to bind and then steal tommorrow
Your heart is hallow, your mind is fried
Soul is void, flat-lines will never lie
(chorus)
Despite your actions i will persevere
Now do you see what I see?
Can you hear what I hear?
Hate, rage, greed, sin
Ripples in the water, wrinkles in the skin
Our own little perfect world
A puzzle pieced by our imperfections
We see no evil, we hear no evil
We're all just victims of a perfect world