

Stabilizers, Tyranny

I can see you've got things well in hand
You seem to think this is your promised land
No parade without a tip of your hat
If the people cry - you give them what they ask
Both good and bad - and as the sky turns black

What's a little tyranny to you?
When all you need to do - is come to me
So what - what's a little tyranny

Now the plan begins to take some form
I could swear you had a soul before
You're in command - holding tight to your course
You close your hand and promise them much more
From behind your door - they've heard it all before

Now it seems your luck is running down
A masquerade in pieces on the ground
The fear you've lost has suddenly been found
They've come for you - go to your angry crowd
Hear them calling out loud
You're wearing a smile through the frown