

Ataris, Secret Handshakes

Ataris

Welcome the Night

Secret Handshakes

Marble stairs in this cathedral

Built by these hands five hundred years before

We will make good men better

We will make good men better

Draw the right hand across the neck

Drop the arm down to your side.

I hear the voices calling in the night.

Thirty-three degrees

Accepted right of hypocrisy

From this bitter cup we all shall drink

Here I am awake, it's 2AM; it's getting late

All I know is something isn't right.

We will make good men better

How can you make good men better?

Draw the right hand across the neck

Drop the arm down to your side.

I hear the shadows calling in the night.

Get up, get up, get out

The fire's burning now

Our bodies burned to ashes

They'll be scattered to the forests.

Does it ever even faze you

That your father's involvement with a cult

Nearly killed your first born child?