

Belie My Burial, Paper Idol

I feel my body haunted by this failure,
I feel my heart haunted by this heavy tomb.
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I feel my heart haunted by this heavy tomb.
For all eternity, embraced by misery.
For all eternity, embraced by misery.
All innocence has been lost,
We die under this cross,
But will they learn to feel created?
But will they learn to feel created? outside; no angels, I see the way out,
So I carry this broken airbrush that stains the tortured skies,
I'll paint them black forever through their ignorant eyes, nothing,
Leaving us dead and drifting, they are leaving a torn wake.
But will we learn to meet our makers,
But will we learn to meet our final days,
You are not to be,
How secure is this?
Our constitution's crypt,
Justice is dead, this is the end.
Justice is dead, this is the end.