

Clutch, Arcadia

Captain America, where are you now?
Minuteman, please show me how
To wash this blood from my hands, make it go away
The evils of my forefathers pale to those today

Sins of gods run through the head, a second genesis
Some have called it ignorance, others have called it bliss
I've done my time, liberate me
I have done my penance, inebriate me

The truth of it all
The truth of it all
Inebriate me
Inebriate me