

Elegant Weapons, Horns For A Halo

Walking a fine line
Faulted by design
Between the black white and grey
Suspicious motives
Moving unnoticed
Morality's masquerade

Can you confess your sins to your maker
Grease the palms of your best undertaker
And pray when the angels that come down to take ya
That they might mistake your horns for a halo

Save yourself alone
And cast the next stone
I see through your shattered walls
Do you hide from the mirror
Will you have no fear
When your last grain of sand falls

Can you confess your sins to your maker
Grease the palms of your best undertaker
And pray when the angels that come down to take ya
That they might mistake your horns for a halo

Horns for a halo
Horns for a halo
Horns for a halo
Horns for a halo
Horns for a halo
Horns for a halo
Horns for a halo
They've come to take ya
You cannot fake your horns for a halo

Can you confess your sins to your maker
Grease the palms of your best undertaker
And pray when the angels that come down to take ya
That they might mistake your horns for a halo