

# 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