

# Entombed, Ensemble Of The Restless

Uncivilize,  
destroy our youth.  
There's no end of  
this shocking truth.  
Reinforcements  
of postponed sell outs.  
We're all starving  
and full of doubts.

No, no ground of truth.  
No, no foundations.  
What's this coming to?  
Hail, hail the devastation.

Is it the truth or your image  
that makes your life worth living?  
You're in love with a dream  
of an image not given.

Take out their palace  
and burn their flags.  
You're all dying  
in your dress rehearsal rags.  
Reinforcements,  
we're more than less.  
An auto-pilot.  
Ensemble of the restless!

No, no ground of truth.  
No, no foundations.  
What's this coming to?  
Hail, hail the devastation.

Is it the truth or your image  
that makes your life worth living?  
You're in love with a dream  
of an image not given.  
They don't like us around here.  
They hate us everywhere.  
We'll deny nothing.  
We hate each other  
Openly!