

Face Down, Cleansweep

God of make-believe
In your world
Nothing's what it seems
Master Of pre-judgement
What do you really know
about the things we do

We know who you are
This time you've gone too far
The scar runs too deep

Thanks for the inspiration
To rise above you all
Second coming
Back with a vengeance
Judgement day
Cleansweep

Dreams spoiled by your greed
When honey turns to mud
you can't succeed
You're laughing now
But not for long
Operation cleansweep
has just begun

We know who you are
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The scar runs too deep

Thanks for the inspiration
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Try me, try me...!