

Fear Before The March Of Flames, High As A Ho

If we give the horses blinders
They won't see the approaching ledge
Too much time and effort spent on just another bridge

We trust the local doctor
We trust the medicine
Our child gets a scratch
We give our child a brand new head
We eat what's on our plate
We drink what's in our cup
We like the shiny tv screen
It spits we lap it up

And so they push this product
And they know we'll buy it
They sing a song
We hum along
We sing
But we don't understand the words to the song

And they fill our heads
With sugar coated shit
Cause there's no need to talk
When we have medicine

There's a pill for every fucked up thought
And a cure for every fucked up child

When the mind starts running
Be sure it won't cross the finish line
And if it wanders
Bring it back and cage it for some time
And if it stretches
It will only one day rip
To prevent excessive thought
Just keep it up on the shelf

And when the shelves are full
And supplies are short
And quickly running out
You've got a thousand mindless zombies
And terrified horses on your hands

It was a damn good plan
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