

Queensryche, Sicdeth

What to believe, what is deceit, it's all around
Look at the zombies who'll cut off their heads, they're right beside you
Who's lost their way and who has to pay, the truth makes no difference
My rights, bright lights, in god's name they still pray, a season of sicdeth is calling their name

Take charge, hit hard, move on and don't look back
Take charge, hit hard, move on and make no excuses

There's nowhere, nowhere to run in this life
So confined, trapped in a cell left to die
But there's still one final freedom
A world where no one knows

Those eyes they cry such pain untold
They search, ask why, a void so cold

A fateful time now awaits her
Silence fills the air, the irony of life from death
Twelve of them said toss the key
A punishment to haunt her endlessly
Beauty always cut more than skin deep

A new day has come, prepare to commence a new kind of slaughter
Witness the violence, a social asylum, welcome you all digital noise alliance

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