

Schaeffer, The Truth

I cant echo the same sentiment when Im surrounded by hypocrites
And I march right along with them. While tattooed at the back of my head, of my head
Is Leader
All my fears have such strength that Sampson and Hercules could not conquer them
Why should I show my scars to them, when they havent even healed?
And I know that these whispers will turn into screams
But are we getting any better?
Are we swimming in the shallow end?
Are we searching for that garden lost?
When the truth has been right under our nose the whole time.
Am I singing to myself? I dont know know
Do you even have ears to hear? I dont know know
Are we getting any better?
While the truth has been right under our nose the whole time.