

# Silence, Dance Of The Dead

She separates  
heads from hearts  
Under her blade  
thoughts and feelings part  
Contempt is left intact  
Love becomes abstract  
Lies become a form of art

She is justice  
without the blindfold  
She is Virtue  
measured in gold  
She is the world  
Cold as ice  
Killing time  
Living of vice

She's courage  
needed to be vile  
A promise  
broken with style  
At her feet, heartless heads  
dance the dance of the dead  
with an unrelenting smile

She is Reason  
to deprave  
She is Freedom  
to enslave  
She is the world  
Cold as ice  
Killing time  
Living of vice