

# The Tea Party, Army Ants

Bring on the absolute  
A walk on the water  
Can lead you to slaughter

No one will feel you  
No one will hear you

Bring on the brave new world  
Tied to condition  
A slave to submission

All that I need  
Is a way to deceive  
The eyes of the end  
I could rise once again  
And still shine on

Crawl on your hands and knees  
Blind from the vision,  
The dawn of decision