

Thrice, Hoods On Peregrine

The blue light spills like oceans
We smile and let it in
It cures us of our questions
Like hoods on peregrine

Knowledge locked in a tower
Barons will hold the key
But if knowledge is power,
Know this is tyranny
All we're asking for is what's ours

You think they're selling you truth,
Truth is, they're selling you out
The truth, they're selling you out

The black ink fuels our notions
That all the facts are in
It cures us of our questions
Like hoods on peregrine

Knowledge locked in a tower
Barons will hold the key
But if knowledge is power,
Know this is tyranny

All we're asking for is what's ours

You think they're selling you truth
But they're just selling you
And if we keep buying in
The line between lies and truth
Will wear paper thin,
Paper thin

You think they're selling you truth,
The truth is, they're selling you out