

Thrice, The Abolition Of Man

Wake up everyone! It's not too late
To save the remnants of our hearts,
So stop giving up our last shot at love,
Our only chance to find the meaning of
The beat beneath the blood

We laugh at honor and are shocked when
We find knives in our backs
We follow those who cheat and steal
Look in my eyes, you won't find your way back
Our only compass smashed under our own heels
Reason abandoned to appetites and addicts arms
Shotguns and silence have always been the best of charms

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We laugh at honor and are shocked when
We find knives in our backs
We follow those who cheat and steal
Look in my eyes, you won't find your way back
Our only compass smashed under our own heels, under our iron will

The abolition of man is within the reach of science
But are we so far gone that we'll try it?