

Willful State Of Denial

Cobra Skulls

Don't make a commotion
Don't you make a sound
But how does it all fall
Neatly to the ground?

I say
It is conspiracy
Can't you see what I see?
Fabricated answers
Evidence ignored
Maybe just an evil way
To call us all to war

They say
You're un-American
If you keep questioning

But I cannot stand by
In a willful state of denial

I really hope that I'm the one
Who's been deceived
But sometimes the awful truth
Is harder to believe

It's still a mystery
With inconsistencies
And I cannot stand by
In a willful state of denial

I can see the wedge
I can see the pinch
It's right in front of me
It is conspiracy