

Testing The Good Of Man

Kylesa

Puppet strings must be cut from below
There is no manifest destiny
Under the light begging for mercy

Poked and probed for the good of man
There is no more truth today
It washed away and no one noticed
But I did

And now I surrender
Under the laughing eye of someone long lost
Under the cold glow of purification
And now I surrender

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It washed away and no one noticed
But I did