

## Method In Madness

### While She Sleeps

Our angels, just the devil's disguise  
Widowed of life, for lies but not to die  
They suffer watching believers cry  
Wishing they could tell you there's no afterlife

Not this time  
But theres no smoke without the fire  
No conviction, no land without divide  
No cure for the corrupted, no peaceful antidote  
No search for the stranded, we're not lost  
There's method in this madness

It's just another mass production  
Here to poison our outlook  
The front seats to the holocaust  
Don't look, don't look, don't look  
You listen to the priest with no proof  
You listen to the siren as it gives up on you  
You listen to the governing dead  
Why don't you listen to your heart instead?

You've heard it all before  
The crown you wear makes you numb to the thorns  
We live in these thorns  
Surrounded by a blood sport culture  
There's no where to run

The lies won't take away your pain  
There's a chain across the gates and the skies have turned to grey  
They're calling out your name  
Sign here to keep your faith  
March to the sound of the victims beat  
The unforgivable breed  
With the spikes dug in I clench my fist  
Decide what I believe  
The idols of our breed are lost in our deceit  
Our minds on what the hell we might have been  
Our angels boarded in  
We'll prolong acceptance with defeat  
No sleep for the wicked

You listen to the priest with no proof  
You listen to the siren as it gives up on you  
You listen to the governing dead  
Why don't you listen to your heart instead?  
The lies won't take away your pain  
There's a chain across the gates  
And the skies have turned to grey  
The masses are calling out your name  
Sign here to keep your faith  
Sign here to keep your faith