

Gods & Gold

Aesthetic Perfection

There is a darkness,
It breeds just hate and war,
Our inner conflict,
The seeds of vitriol,
We're clinging to castles that crumble and fall,
We die for a cause that means nothing at all,
Our soul is the whole of the law,
(Is there no hope?)
We wanna feel something,
We wanna be free,
We're hanging ourselves on our family tree,
Our blood it will run in the streets.

Is there no hope?
For all our woes?
Will we outgrow?
Our endless war?
Of gods and gold?

There is no justice,
There is just rage and greed,
To live with conscience,
Is to live on your knees,
They say that salvation's the price that you pay,
The blackness is spreading in light of the day,
We're heading to hell in a blaze,
(Is there no hope?)
We're digging our ditches and dragging 'em down,
Loyally,
Royally,
Pray for the crown,
Willfully,
Skillfully tdaow!