

The truth is like a dancer with shattered limbs
What once stood proud and graceful is languishing
And the midday sun beats down from above like a giant fist
That evaporates the veracity from within our midst

Don't speak of truth in times like these
The concept's riddled with disease
Deny the sights your eyes have seen
This is the new reality

The truth is like a painting that time defaced
A monument to beauty left in disgrace
And the faded flower that our eyes yet devoured is in decline
What once was as pure as an infant's embrace has become malignant

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Deny the sights your eyes have seen
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The truth is like a lantern in heavy winds
What once shone like a beacon is growing dim
And the flickering flame dies out in the rain of perfect lies
Silver threads of smoke float upward into the sky

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Deny the sights your eyes have seen
This is the new reality