

Rolled your eyes and somehow waxed poetic
About the stations of the cross
This is my blood and suffer little children
To be victims of your vice at any cost

Quiet now the news is always moving faster
And they're sure to live it down
While behind closed eyes the sheep are screaming so damn loud
But everybody's bored with the sound

As they prey on the meek who just pray to be free
As they prey on the meek who pray to be free, but never will be

Hollow lives shed burning tears from misread eyes
Passed down though out all these bitter years
Of silence that screams from tiny souls
That grow up into broken hearts afraid of letting go