

# The Science of Lies

Demon Hunter

Bow down - before the god of cash  
The philosophy of modern man is leaking fast  
No foundation for the frame by which you set your mind  
Just a legacy of fiction for the feeble to find  
Desperation breeding faith unto a pitiful lie  
"Give us your money and we'll open up our gullible eyes"  
No redemption, not a reason, but a symbol of why  
This digression of surrender is the science of lies

Believe the sacred blasphemy  
They feed  
That hollow voice inside of your head  
Receive the fleeting fallacy  
They breathe  
Trace every step from where you were led  
Look back and tell yourself what they said  
(Now flee)

And now you feel it pulling down  
How can you buy into a faith that hasn't permanent ground?  
Give me blood-soaked, sacrificial worth  
Not the artificial product of a fraudulent birth  
Give me selfless, consecrated reprise  
Not a worthless contribution to the science of lies

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Feel it pulling down

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