Backwards

Dismantled

Their heads on backwards
Decisions frozen in vain
The fate grows colder
Illusion of power prevails

No conscience left
They'll die to resurrect their fallen
As long as the faith holds
The outcome will never change

Cut them off from the tubes they feed you
In to keep the worms from crawling out
Faith on concrete

Their meltdown is as predictable
As all these strings they pull
To keep their faith in line

Face down
The mind rips open
Open core

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