

# Misfortune Teller

Down

The will was lost  
In cities of the dead  
The land around them mourned  
Too lax to comprehend

The rife of wards  
The armies in the skies  
The muddled occupied feed  
On pseudo-catholic rites

Rise, of the dead  
The word upon our heads is "forlorn"  
The size, of the dread  
Within our padlocked haunts we erode

A grave mistake  
We're right back where we started from  
No brave escape  
It's right back here we come  
Resent yourself

Misfortune's law  
Is sketched within our chests  
The ram's head has decided  
The sheep among us sleep

The layman's worth  
The hole above his head  
The tyranny is clear  
The floor beneath is gone

Rise, of the dead  
The words upon our heads is "forlorn"  
The size, of the dread  
Within our padlocked haunts we erode

A grave mistake  
(We're) right back where we started from  
It's devastating  
It's right back here we come  
Resent yourself

A grave mistake  
We're right back where we started from  
It's devastating  
It's right back here we come  
Resent yourself