

Take a look inside
Tell me what you see
When every hand that reaches out
Holds hostility

One step from an open window
One stitch from a closing wound
In a world of smoke and mirrors
Shattered glass can cut you too

Wear your scars for all to see

I know you can hear me
From your hallowed throne
No choir here or below
Can heal the hate in your soul
Tighten the hand on your throat
Tighten the hand on your throat

No fuel for the hunted
As they dress the table now
The feast of fools
Only scraps for the hounds

Bonfire of the beggars
Wretched filth within the roots
Scorched earth for the harvest
Rotting limbs yield poison fruit

Generational torment
Suffering you crave
Empathy is but a sickness
Buried in an unmarked grave

You fear what you own
A tyrant without a throne
A coward that dies alone
Tighten the hand on your throat
Tighten the hand on your throat

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Tighten the hand on your throat
Tighten the hand around your throat
Tighten the hand around your throat
Tighten the hand on your throat