

# The Noble Lie

## Heights

The boys, the girls,  
They're just playing in the playgrounds.  
Not a care in the world,  
There's blood on our hands.

What would you do?  
For the disappointed youth.  
What would you do?  
Tell them truth.

What would you say,  
When the children ask you,  
'Why do we pray,  
Is there nothing else we can do?'

Myth of a nation, illusion of relations.  
Every time a childhood dies,  
You tell The Noble Lie.

Stable societies,  
Have gone awry.  
An adult born every time,  
You tell The Noble Lie.

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Not a care in the world,  
There's blood on our hands.  
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They're just playing in the playgrounds.  
Not a care in the world,  
There's blood on our hands.

Sweet dreams darling, having fun.  
Just remember what we have done.  
The disappointment hangs in the air,  
The storm is coming, the storm is coming, dear.  
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