

# Testing The Good Of Man

Kylesa

Puppet strings must be cut from below  
There is no manifest destiny  
Under the light begging for mercy

Poked and probed for the good of man  
There is no more truth today  
It washed away and no one noticed  
But I did

And now I surrender  
Under the laughing eye of someone long lost  
Under the cold glow of purification  
And now I surrender

Poked and probed for the good of man  
There is no more truth today  
It washed away and no one noticed  
But I did