

Scorn

Machine Head

I'm putting you under my spell
'Cause I've got a Bible to sell
Let go your convictions, restrictions will cost you
Your fiction and all that is well
Distrust all the fable they sell
I look to the sky
As it won't be the first
And it won't be the worst
'Cause there's still yet to come
With a nation undone by their

Scorn
Paranoia seeps through every pore
Scorn
Envenomated eyes emit their scorn

The eye in the sky never rests
Watching to form our arrest
They're chasing us out of our nests
Keeping tabs as they play us like masters of chess
'Cause I'm falling apart on my own
I look to the sky
As they give us new rifles
To stifle our words
With a Bible and bulletproof vests
As we suffer their

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The wings of an angel, the heart of a king
The strength of a lion, the power I bring
I've lost faith in everyone, follow no more
My heroes have failed me, they look down on me with their

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These eyes emit their scorn

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