And when the strings are pulled again, the puppets dance like ${\tt m}$ ortal men

Who carved in stone our future and our past

Shall we read the blood stained pages and take counsel with the sages

And hear the chanting of a mind's collapse

In my name, I will bring you from the cradle to the grave From points unknown in senseless daze, watching as the fools parade

The tower bells are pounding like a drum

Glance back at a new world brave, the cradle has become the grave

And people praise the God they've stolen from

In this world we have false leaders, wearing the mask of the de ceiver

They're seeking out the nonbelievers, and in these masks you'll never see us You kill the anger, kill the pain, only empty souls remain God forgive them, will they ever learn

Kings and pawns, emperors and fools, no man sleeps on this night

Bend my words into a twisted truth, no one gets out without a fight