

Masters Of It All

Orchid

People don't need the answers
To the questions in their minds
Sleeping in the darkness
Lays a world of mad design
Turning from the truth inside your mind
The deaf unto the call
Marching to the war drums of the dead
The masters of it all
Masters of it all
Kill the future
Masters of it all
Waiting in the shadows
Is the future of the blind
Mother is slowly dying
All that holds us shall soon unwind
Turning from the truth inside your mind

The deaf unto the call
Marching to the war drums of the dead
The masters of it all
Masters of it all
Kill the future
Masters of it all
Kill the future
Waiting for the warning
As we hide away from what we feel inside
Looking for the morning
From the end time we know we cannot hide
Killing all the dreams we hold inside
The masters of it all
Holding on the leper's hand
The devil's plan
The masters of it all