

Cocoon cradle throws out its butterfly
Leaves behind its old life struggling to fly
Crouching praying mantis a master of his art
Forked tongue and cunning straight through the heart

You're just a Mona Lisa staring at a screen
Knows nothing of the Nephilim and all that goes unseen
Another would be Socrates just melting in the crowd
Doesn't know who Lennon was the legend of The Shroud

Looking out in shades of grey looking on the inside out
Dreaming all your life away
Never realized that doubt

Looking out in shades of grey looking from the inside out
Dreaming all your life away
Never realized that doubt

Tongue of frog eats the fly
Sensational guru the spectrum is a lie
Love is the new hate hate is the new love
We've all been roundly deceived
And swallowed all the bait

You're just a Mona Lisa staring at a screen
Doesn't know who Jesus was or everything in between
Another would be Socrates head stuck in a hole
Doesn't know who Mao was
Knows nothing really at all...