

A Toast To Mankind

Power of Omens

Release the hand on all man my holy father.
So the world shall know.
That you are here to strike the hour.

Did you call?
I thought I heard you calling.
In rhythm with my pulse, a frantic pulse.
A pulse of fear, a pulse that lives inside each.
Oh yes indeed, these shallow walls.
Can never hide you, from the deepest part of your soul.

So now, I'm some sort of criminal,
The one created in your mind.
So now I'm labeled a pessimist
But if the truth hurts, then you're blind.

Bring me the finest wine we have
And let's give a toast to all mankind.

Some may fall, then others rise.
Each with an answer.
Bureaucracy at its best, the final answer
Yeah...now.

Beset with words, incredulous stares.
A man of honor I defend.

Some may fall, then others rise.
Each with an answer.
Bureaucracy at its best, the final answer

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You have the answers,
I have the questions.
Please tell me all I need to know.
I only want the truth.

You are the one who denies and the one who will take my share.
You inflict crippling thoughts,
To be shrew the life that I have.

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But if the truth hurts, then you're blind.

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