

Weavers of Woe

Sikth

This fear plants tears of misery
The profiteers, the mercenaries
Do you really know what you see, or is it all for show?
Why are we living in despair?

Knives and guns and bombs
Knives and guns and bombs
Knives and guns and bombs
It's the same old wrong

Like a monster as big as the moon
A formula in which they all consume

I now see the twisted legions lost in greed
And I see so many twisted demons on TV

Money makes their world go round
They weave their webs without a sound
Money makes their world go round
They weave their webs without a sound

The spiral twists into a seed
They shape the end for you and me
Paranoia some may say
But I know they are there, to my disdain

Humans of this earth
Why focus on path?
Have we not learnt a thing?
Why let those demons win?

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A formula in which they all consume

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And I see so many the twisted legions on the street

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I turned the news on, it was all bad.
Always seems to be
I ended up diving into a painting of a mushroom house with Technicolor water
falls
The flower beings then flapped their wings
The clouds would glow and rained would sing
Then I fall right back to Earth oh, no!

Yea the bright is so bright now, but the dark is an end to all
You believe what you believe
And continue battling on through

I seen us falling, right now, I seen us falling, climb back now!
We need to climb back now! We need to climb back now!

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