

The New Gods

Stray from the Path

How can you Justify
All the lives you fucked up?
Show me the "truth"
and I'll show you the cover up
Sick to my stomach
Sick of the lies
'Cause everything you touch
curls up and dies

Strong arming weak minds
Tell me how can you sleep at night, alright?
Pretty well I'm sure, trust me you'll get your turn
before you watch the world burn

Your profit My coffin
What's left for the rest of us?
Your profit My coffin
sick dead and dumb but it's okay 'cause
Your profit My coffin
What's left for the rest of us?
Your profit My coffin
A sacrifice for the new gods

Planting caskets, like seeds
laid to waste with the worms, the weeds
white lies on the labels we read
fine print felons, down with the dying breed

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Helpless - Crucified
Tell me, How can you Justify?

A sacrifice for the new gods
What's left for the rest of us?

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