

Wound of the Warden

SubRosa

The wound of the warden
From cradle to the grave
The senseless apprehension
Of freedom's wily ways

I know one day they'll be grateful
I know one day they'll worship me

Choice is too precious
To be wasted on vermin
That's how we'll keep them
Sheltered, fetal, fed and gluttoned

The sweet drug of anesthesia
Hell is easy to find
And I know that in time they'll be glad I kept them blind

I will save you, I will absolve you
I will spare you, I will rob you
I'll take upon me the canker of knowledge
I'll take upon me the fetid price of glory

How great it is, the transcendent goodness
The self-assurance of the pure

Suffering eases at the gates
And laughter ceases at the gates
Someone above you always knows better than you
There's something comforting in the stranglehold of a shepherd's
crook

How great it is, the transcendent goodness
The self-assurance of the pure
Not one misstep, not one mistake
All calculated for our sake
Like children we'll step into the fire