

Look Left

The Damned

Scary dead time stories
Old Glory's flying proud
Fists are raised in triumph
While heads are in the sand
Subterfuge and fantasy
Played only to ignite
While everybody's looking left
What the hell is happening right?
What the hell is happening right?

Somebody tell me the truth
Now youth never waits for anyone
So let's unmask the charade
Our time in the shade has overrun
Though the dying blooms evade the sun
I'll wait for you

Masterful illusions
Digital magicians
Guided by the hidden hand
Lies become the facts
Writers in a wrong world
By shackles they are bound
Censorship is slavery
History has found

Freedom of the mind
Is freedom of the soul
Fear is an impediment
A fear you shouldn't hold
The decks are duly loaded
But till we force their hands
It's a dark romance

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