Infinite Wisdom

The Flatliners

Longing for every answer, I'll break down this door that
Stands adorned with secondhand insignias whose meaning were
Lost along the way. Dumbed down, so tired and torn

So let it rain infinite wisdom down on me
Wash your hands clean of our tangled history

To the core, I'm left shaken, shattered when I hear your
Damning voice. To the reigning champ of boiling blood!
He reaches high atop his own for the ladder's rung

So let it rain infinite wisdom down on me
Wash your hands clean of our tangled history
So let it rain infinite wisdom down on me
Wash me away from this tangled history

And in your infinite wisdom
Can you scar from skepticism?
Can you blur the lines between
A nightmare and the perfect dream?
Get your god damn hands off of me

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