

Hymns and Crippled Anthems

The Red Chord

They'll lie and wait for when it goes down the drain.
Kill off the elders.
We are building superstars.
Dead to your rights looking in.
All of those throats liberally slit.
Can't get that hymn from your head.
So do you believe this?
They'll be nowhere to run but into...
The ground will meet us with crushing the passion.
Provokes the action to put things back together.
So do you believe this?
There's nothing to trust but your own opinions.
Gives inspiration and waits for no man.
Destroys all reason and waits for no man.
Provokes the action.
The cost of dedication and the blood and sweat you'll
give.
Just be forever thankful to the family that you live.
Treating the lives of people like trials.
When you're the eyes of conservative minds life gets real
disappointing,
There is no discretion.
All these hymns and crippled anthems offer little
consolation.
We'll do it live.
Hymns and crippled anthems on the lips of every town.
Learn to make an entrance and burn it to the ground.
Hymns and crippled anthems in the hearts of every town.
Learn to make an entrance and burn it to the ground.