

Black as the Sky

Transatlantic

Like a fool with blinders on you
View this world as ruled by kings
But what if they're puppets like you and I
And the world belongs to a few?
As they soon hit the peak, the top of a pyramid
They find themselves embracing the darkness
Sworn to silence
And the world is "in order" anew

Defining their ways right into your homes
With the old wicked lies
A game for the few - They tell who will live
They tell who will die
At the heart of their home it's black as the sky

At the end of the day they say there is no way out
With the old wicked lies
A game for the few - They tell who will live
They tell who will die
You pray for some justice, but no one can hear
So you look to the skies
Are you one of the puppets?
Black as the sky

Looking up at the skyline
Towering blocks and shards of glass
Catch your eye
Bright as the stars on a dark moonless night
Black as the sky in the broad daylight
It's the end of the road
Here the darkness unfolds
Keep your eye on the light
And hold your head high
They're finding their way into your homes
But their face is unseen
Their heart is unknown

Defining their ways right into your homes
In the absence of light
A game for the few - They tell who will live
They tell who will die
You pray for some justice
But no one can hear
So you look to the skies
Are you one of the puppets?
Black as the sky