

## 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