

Blind Kings

Chelsea Grin

History's written with ink that is blood
There are eyes below and in the heavens above
Dictating the game, setting the stage
Complacent, inept, docile slaves

The pressure of sedition hooks in the heels
Talons clench deep manipulating the body of a seer
They offer us guidance, divide us with hate
Blind kings guiding their nations in rage

Divided by hate
So we must be the light

But I believe we are more than we seem
They fear our awakening, they've stifled our reach
If you could see this is only a dream
You'd release your anguish and set yourself free
I scream to the world what I want to see
I call forth to wisdom, I know who to be
Denounce the darkness, unite and believe

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Counting bones
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