

The Cure

Dead Letter Circus

This feels insane
The less you know
Now is worth more than anything
You will engage and breathe it
Toxic
The burn

Show me where the progress exists
Without the protest
Hide behind the faint lines
Built beside the same lines

Even though it's not in your view
You're a part of a bigger chain
Gaping holes worn through weeping walls
It's right in front of you
We're holding the blade

This feels insane
Wealth before our own worth
Programmed to obey
We are the slaves who object in silence
The herd

You're a part of a bigger chain
Gaping holes worn through weeping walls
It's right in front of you
We're holding the blade

Feed me now the cure

Even though it's not in your view
You're a part of a bigger chain
Gaping holes worn through weeping walls
It's right in front of you
Even though it's not in your view
You're a link in a bigger chain
Gaping holes through weeping walls

It's right in front of you

The path they gave you is worn
By the countless enslaved
Confused alone
Hopelessly gazing through that hole
They're fed their only light