

# The Tightrope

Hackneyed

They want to keep us down  
Frown from high above  
They gloat to watch us drown  
Our pain is not enough

Cut the tightrope, pull them downward,  
This show will bring us equity.  
In the circus of the righteous they're all longing to behold:  
Pain is timeless, pain is gold, every ticket will be sold

Come to the front row, come and take a seat  
This time we promise you - guarantee you heat

While our corpses piling up  
They're shaking in delight  
Climb to the mountain's top  
Make them pay for our plight

Cut the tightrope, pull them downward,  
This show will bring us equity.  
In the circus of the righteous they're all longing to behold:  
Pain is timeless, pain is gold, every ticket will be sold

Grab the bastards, flay their bodies, cut right to the chase:  
Let them suffer, let them beg, we will set them all ablaze.  
Drench the curtain, torch the circus, raze it to the ground  
Everybody will be burning, we will leave a mark profound