

Suspicion

Liege Lord

Do you suspect your brother, was something done to you?
We all trust one another, we know this isn't true
For the people's minds are cluttered
With the word we call dislike
When our backs are turned in friendship
Our brothers they will strike

Across the seas in another land
Fists are clenched in every hand
Step across the boundary line
My choice to live is no longer mine
Suspicion drill inside their heads
And the will to live is what we dread
Man's trust has surely died
On the sword's point suspicion glides

Can you control the feeling that you hold
The others you neglect, feel your own suspect

Between two fires we collect our thoughts
Are we all just liars? And our truth is only bought
For it's suspicion that turns it's back on you
Suspicion in the masses down to the very few
You cannot trust your brother
For the fear he's after you

Between two fires we collect our thoughts
Are we all just liars? And our truth is only bought
For it's suspicion that turns it's back on you
They close their eyes to their own demise
And pray that it's not true