

There is gold in the temple
There's a fire that burns below
There are angels and devils
Hell and heaven live inside of us all

Can we carry the weight of our humanity
And find a remedy for our misguided misanthropy?
The color of chaos
The beauty in flames
Like a mosaic of judgement day
Of judgement day

There's a snake in the garden
There's a plague in the heart of man
Not a thing left to barter
Time slips through our hands

We return to the earth

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And find a remedy for our misguided misanthropy?
The color of chaos
The beauty in flames
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Can we carry the weight of our humanity
And find a remedy for our misguided misanthropy?
The color of chaos
The beauty in flames
Like a mosaic of judgement day

Our shattered hearts
Rearranged
Like a mosaic
Of judgement day