

# March of the Unholy Truth

The Moog

Where do we go now  
When all our roads are taken  
Hear how the trees howl  
This city is forsaken  
I sit next to you  
Let's melt into the pavement  
I really thought you knew  
The stars take back what they lend  
I enter the house and jump to the ceiling  
Tear down the walls yeah I came for you  
Look how our souls are praying for feelings  
This is the march of the unholy truth  
Smell of a cold fear  
Slides out into the garden  
It seems the fall is near  
Your glance became so frozen  
The anger starts to rise  
But the sense of guilt holds it back  
With the same disguise  
Vanity paints us all black  
All souls black

Everything seems upside upside down  
Let us face the truth  
let us face the truth