

# All the World Is Mad

Thrice

We are saints made of plaster, our laughter is canned  
We are demons that hide in the mirror  
But the blood on our hands  
Paints a picture exceedingly clear

We are brimming with cumbersome, murderous greed  
And malevolence deep and profound.  
We do unspeakable deeds  
Does our wickedness know any bounds?

Something's gone terribly wrong  
With everyone  
All the world is mad  
Darkness brings terrible things  
The sun is gone  
What vanity! Our sad, wretched fires

We can't medicate man to perfection again  
We can't legislate peace in our hearts  
We can't educate sin from our souls  
It's been there from the start

But the blind lead the blind into bottomless pits  
Still we smile and deny that we're cursed  
But of all our iniquities  
Ignorance may be the worst

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What vanity! Our sad, wretched fires

Oh little light we have!  
It only serves to show  
The snares and seeds of wrath  
We have already sewn on every path

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