

## Hoods on Peregrine

Thrice

The blue light spills like oceans  
We smile and let it in  
It cures us of our questions  
Like hoods on peregrine

Knowledge locked in a tower  
Barons will hold the key  
But if knowledge is power,  
Know this is tyranny  
All we're asking for is what's ours

You think they're selling you truth,  
Truth is, they're selling you out  
The truth, they're selling you out

The black ink fuels our notions  
That all the facts are in  
It cures us of our questions  
Like hoods on peregrine

Knowledge locked in a tower  
Barons will hold the key  
But if knowledge is power,  
Know this is tyranny

All we're asking for is what's ours

You think they're selling you truth  
But they're just selling you  
And if we keep buying in  
The line between lies and truth  
Will wear paper thin,  
Paper thin

You think they're selling you truth,  
The truth is, they're selling you out