

The Scythe

Throwdown

Pray for rain
To wash over the fires you made
Harvesting of the sustenance coursing my veins
New American Christ for the weak
Selling utopia
Doom is the price we pay

You're looking away
Ignoring the flames but you know
It's an altar of lies
It's an abomination of truth
The end of all hope
Before you're reborn you must die

Reap what you've sown
And come back to life
Reap what you've sown
Give blood to the scythe
Reap what you've sown
Opiate of the masses infesting the land
Salvation, that sweet taste of rapture, a mouthful of sand
Behold the new fascism, fall into line
Your covering eyes couldn't see all the fucking signs
You're looking away, you keep looking away but you know...
It's an altar of lies

It's an abomination of truth
The illusion of hope
Before you're reborn you must die

Reap what you've sown
And come back to life
Reap what you've sown
Give blood to the scythe
Reap what you've sown

Call my name
And tell me when it's all over
Pray for rain
It's all you can hope for