

Crowds gather round kneeling at the feet of common thieves
Hungry for the word, but god would never speak through such as these,
Such as these
Who offer healing hands and balms, and redemption, a few would cross
Their palms
They'll tell your troubles to the lord for how ever much you can afford

Hands holding hands in the circle of the sinners and the saints
Memories that linger from the cradle, placing puzzles in the grave,
In the grave
No mortal skin and bone can live on bread and circuses alone
The spirit needs, must drive the mystery of why you're alive

Chorus:

They look and their book and they read
But their cold hearts say, "follow me"

Dance in the dust in the frenzy of the desperately in need
Led by the voices of the men who invoke ritual to hide their greed,
Hide their greed
Come every tongue, every eye across the crumbling earth and cracking skies
The gates of hell stand open wide, but the path of glory you walk single
File

(chorus)

These men make a cage for the very souls that came here to be free

They turn off their lights for their tents they're fixing to leave

(instrumental)

Follow me

(chorus 2x)

They'll close their book and leave, but you'll remain still in pain