

where rape is called 'freelance gynecology'
portraits of heathens hang, while heroes die on our t.v. screen
not a soul in sight
just a coroner who can't sleep,
because of what he sees when he dreams at night
the corpses stare at him with open arms and wide open eyes
this is not a dream
just wake up and see what i mean
(chorus)
what a tale
we have failed
paradise lost in the midst of this freedumb
(you let me down!)
where world religion has had a suicidal theme
you'll find more demons in gods than you'll find on these corrupted streets

'bold statements from a liar'
your beliefs are broken so, danger, danger, hide or retreat
in god we will contradict
now let the truth be released
of untold tales and mistruths
bring forth the whole world to see
that your manmade faith and your contagious 'steepled casino' cult
is just a lie
keep your security
i don't need you
keep your stability
i don't need you
you keep your guarantee
i don't need you
keep your book of faith
can't see through false freedom's eyes
(chorus)
they told their tales
now shotgun shells
will send their souls
back to hell
all has failed
nothing's well
your secret lies
in this well...
too close to bottom...
impulse suffer, reflex beating from your mind
chosen
freedom, the word that means blind
hatred, swells up inside from this freedom
well
oh well
you suffer
no one lives to tell
well
oh well
it's over
no one lives to tell
too close
this well
too close...