

They Dwell Beneath the Temples

"Octopus Theory"

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Out from under the wings and onto a path to perfection
Only a projection To justify dirty deeds
on its way to inception
iniquities reveiled ever so cleverly
that the outcome still be enemy smite enemy
Fallen upon the unguided are set obstacles
the mechanics of free spirit but a lost soul
free from yourself
free from your goals
Shackled to the money hole
only stone cold eyes in a dead place
with walking dead everywhere
dim redemption peeks through the monitor
so at a blank screen I stare
through to people with weaponous words
peaceful and destructive as it occurs
weâ€™ve heard of this before
and the past proves its real
the stories remind us we are mortal
thatâ€™s why I wish you were here
to open your eyes if you wish to shine
to glow with me in the deadly cold
unto the fear weâ€™ll show no mercy
into the next thing weâ€™ll have no fear

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