

Apostisy

"Det Kvarglomd"

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Still believing, for safe keeping
I am leaving everything behind
She's deceiving, he is weeping
Everyone feeding this white lie
Sanctioned by design,
As critical as the next
You seem so passionate in every breath
Articulate to the question,
Humbled by time
Where saints become sinners
At the drop of a dime
I act out not for attention
Distraction plays the martyrs crime

We are the silent ones
Obnoxious trample down
The innocent son

Still dreaming, about the bleeding
Grieving every loss of life
I'm leading, you're needing
Some one to hold the light
Ammunition, gentrification
Can you handle all the slack
Infatuation, Gratification
You know I'm coming back
Infatuation, gratification
Are you coming back

We are the silent ones
Obnoxious trample down
The innocent son

Serpents and angels
Connect in affection
Trying to hard
To find direction
An evil plague of wisdom
Destroys what I create
It seems only fair to hinder
What many fail to celebrate

We are the silent ones
Obnoxious trample down
The innocent son.

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