

Breaking The Fourth Wall "Murder Of Crows"

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And we're all in bliss
But we haven't touched the narcotics
And the ushers are showing us back to our seats

The verdict is in and it doesn't look good
Just set us free from their stares
We're the examples you need to see
And they're hanging us by the highest polls
As this pulpit has become a stage
They have bound me in chains and refuse to let me
speak
So I pray to the lord to set us free
Who's the hypocrite now?
Not me

The liar said die, we're not guilty
The congregation is our jury
We're being hung by the highest polls
Run don't look back
Nothing can stop this

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