

Gunshot Wound "Publisher, Perish"

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Heil, myth and spite; read left to right
I'm just a number but that's what you think.
But numbers don't lie, so true and for years
Now we think that's it's time.
Conquer and divide
Seize the machines and get ready to die.
Words on the page; fanning the flames
Their engines combust and our history's made
Packaged and praised, sent to the children with no
questions raised
This general malaise.
It's sneaking in our hearts this time we won't have
strength to fight it out
And let's simply erase our days.
The truth that died in olden times, the privileged all
agreed upon a lie.
Betrayed our trust, turned their backs on us.
They don't want you to read and understand
The composition of their slight of hand.
Because if we educate and infiltrate into
Their groups, and what will they be left to do.
Sit back and stare and realize
The commoners; it's vile how they multiply.
What new device can we utilize?
Analyze, to catalyze.
To win their hearts and fake the facts
The less they know, the less they're likely to react.
We've got them by the throats now, and they know it.
The truth will be perceived by the way that we show it
And now, our future's facing allocation.
No gods in modern education.

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