

Burl Ives

"The Deceiver"

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Burl Ives - The Deceiver

You are the power and the glory
You are the weakness in defeat
Like the rise and the fall of the British Empire
You make me sick with your conceit
You are the weakness
You are the sickness that's in my soul
You are you are you are the maker
You are called greed and you're cheat
You are you are you are the deceiver
You are not welcome in my life
You are the maker of illusions
You break up every dream we've ever made
And as I rise up from the ashes
You raise your ugly head you have no shame
Too long you have lain there
Too far too long too strong I will break you hold
You are you are you are the maker
You are called greed and you're a cheat
You are you are you are the deceiver
You are not welcome in my life
You sow the seeds of our destruction
You break up everything we've done
You hold you hands out for forgiveness
You bite the hands the hands that feed
You are the weakness
You are the sickness that's in my soul
You are you are you are the maker
You are called greed and you're a cheat
You are you are you are the deceiver
You are not welcome in my life

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