

Lalah Hathaway

"In The Wake Of Perfection"

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You give us visions of paradise
You tell your truths based on lies
We sell our souls to turn lead into gold
While you suck the marrow from our bones

The marrow from bones

Is this freedom that we've been told
To perish in your world centered around your cities of
gold?
Your master plan now slowly unfolds
To molest and steal this fair country's soul

[Solo: Micke]

You promise pleasure, deliver pain
You turn our woods into barren plains
Controlled by greed, without a doubt
Your system will rot from the inside out

Would I sell my mother? Would I sell my land?
My children's future in your command
Have you no shame, betraying the hand that fed you
But now you'll go where the devil has led you

What can't be bought, you sell without a doubt
It's not yours to spend, but how could you understand?

How could you understand?

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