

Lowest Of The Low

"Sincero"

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This is the year zero
This is the Monday of your life
And you're a superhero
If only for a while

You take to the sky
Your x-ray eyes
discern the lies
we utilize
to justify our thin disguises

If this is ground zero
Then your stoic fortress of the strong
There's nothing to fear
Oh no, you're right where you belong

Combating vile destructive, cowardly vibrations
the spite and pettiness and cheap recriminations
Battling Cynico, The Undertow, The Instigator
Busting Kid Ennui, The Third Degree, Ego Deflator

Taunts and hurdles
Haunted, burdened
Rain soaked, bone deep
Cold and lonely

Where are you Sincero?
We need you more than ever now
Your waving Bandero
Your boots and cape and furrowed brow
Are symbols of the light above
Your siren calls us
To steel yourselves
Against the monolithic smallness

Where are you
Where are you
Where are you
Where are you Sincero?

