

Metakix

"Cradle To Grave"

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[K. Vanderhoof / R. Munroe]

And when the strings are pulled again, the puppets
dance like mortal men
Who carved in stone our future and our past
Shall we read the blood stained pages and take
counsel with the sages
And hear the chanting of a mind's collapse
In my name, I will bring you from the cradle to the
grave
From points unknown in senseless daze, watching as
the fools parade
The tower bells are pounding like a drum
Glance back at a new world brave, the cradle has
become the grave
And people praise the God they've stolen from
In this world we have false leaders, wearing the mask
of the deceiver
They're seeking out the non-believers, and in these
masks you'll never see us
You kill the anger, kill the pain, only empty souls
remain
God forgive them, will they ever learn
Kings and pawns, emperors and fools, no man sleeps
on this night
Bend my words into a twisted truth, no one gets out
without a fight

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