

## **Paint It Black**

# **"So Much For Honour Among Thieves"**

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There's a price on our heads.  
Remember when we couldn't give it away?  
They want to see us dead, but they'll be happy  
Just to watch the decay.

And I've been reading about our demise.  
Trying to see myself through your eyes.  
Well, it's an open casket wake.  
Enjoy the show.

I heard the herd is nervous, that the murdered  
Verb disturbed it. Anabolic egos can't consider  
How their words hit.

Translation: no action, just consumer  
Satisfaction. light a match & watch the rats  
Dividing into factions.

There will be no more heroes; there will be no  
More "death or glory," Just second story men,  
Selling second-hand stories.

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