

# Tragedy

## "To The Dogs"

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As we find ourselves barely conscious, we struggle to  
our knees  
Looking for a sign that says this is life, and not a  
dream  
There is a sign and it read: "hope is the leash of  
submission"  
Moral bondage forges it's cage, once again filling us  
with guilt and shame  
Moral bondage tightens it's grip, once again crushing  
us with fault and blame  
For how long will we carry these crippling loads?  
And when will we unlearn the lies, refuse the cost and  
throw it all to the dogs?  
Throw it all, throw it all, throw it all, throw it all to the  
dogs!  
Signs statements of release Relinquishing all duties  
Offer a refusal with no regrets  
Sever the religious romantic ties  
Throw off the guilt and the faithfulness  
For how long will we carry these crippling loads?  
And when will we unlearn the lies, refuse the cost and  
throw it all to the dogs?

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