

Salad

"Downfall Of Paris"

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It will succeed
Let's lynch the rich
This is the downfall of your kind
Sodom, Gomorrah
Idol worship in Babylon
Eve, Pandora
This battle will be won
Shortage, plethora
Our hatred rages on
And so we march

A Morning's stride to the gallows
Tends to sharpen the mind
Knowing there will be no tomorrow
Makes you enjoy today's ride

Day is done. Gone the Sun.
From the lake, From the sky.
Fading light. Dims the sight.
Drawing nigh, Falls the night

Do you believe that what you see
Through the dust and the debris
Must be in truth the only key
To make us all completely free

History is heresy
The story and the prophecy
Are simply what you make them be
A lie transformed into a decree

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