

## **Secret Lives Of The Freemasons "The Death Of..."**

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You blacken me, and then you walk away.  
In a pool of blood.  
You attack me like lions would.  
Sinking in this water, the dirt in mouth makes mud.  
I have no strength left to undo what they have done.  
We bet on nothing, a losing horses head.  
We kept on cutting till you ripped me to shreds.  
With friends like these, I don't need friends at all.  
With friends like these, you vultures, you cowards.  
Oh my, my, how you have grown into a bunch of  
backstabbing murderers.  
Well first you caught me out and then you took me  
down.  
We know all about you.  
You are our friends now.  
Monumental people living monumental lives.  
We are monumental people living in monumental  
times.  
Oh, you were so devilish.  
Devilish you were, Oh No.

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