

Showbiz & A.G.

"The Dissonance Of Discontent"

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We've come so far, and here we are,
Amidst the endless hum,
No wind worth chasing, no revolution,
No blazing battle drum,
We laughed as we said, "the music is dead",
We've plucked out it's eyes, we've shattered it's head,
My work is so weary so let it be said "Father, thy will be done."

Instruments make the best sounds as they're breaking,
People make the best smiles when they're faking,
Notes are shattered, blood is spattered,
The night is ours for the taking,
And what shall we say now that it is gone?
In ours eyes are no tears, in our hearts are no songs,
And now we've gone pale, what was it we saw?
The beauty, the horror...
Of rock that is so raw

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