

# Throwdown "The Scythe"

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Pray for rain  
To wash over the fires you made  
Harvesting of the sustenance coursing my veins  
New American Christ for the weak  
Selling utopia  
Doom is the price we pay

You're looking away  
Ignoring the flames but you know  
It's an altar of lies  
It's an abomination of truth  
The end of all hope  
Before you're reborn you must die

Reap what you've sown  
And come back to life  
Reap what you've sown  
Give blood to the scythe  
Reap what you've sown  
Opiate of the masses infesting the land  
Salvation, that sweet taste of rapture, a mouthful of  
sand  
Behold the new fascism, fall into line  
Your covering eyes couldn't see all the fucking signs  
You're looking away, you keep looking away but you  
know...  
It's an altar of lies

It's an abomination of truth  
The illusion of hope  
Before you're reborn you must die

Reap what you've sown  
And come back to life  
Reap what you've sown  
Give blood to the scythe  
Reap what you've sown

Call my name  
And tell me when it's all over  
Pray for rain  
It's all you can hope for

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