The Dissonance Of Discontent

Showbread

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