

# The Plague

## Head Cleaner

Just like the spread of disease  
Debt and guilt or guilt and decree  
The masters that we please  
Yet if we seek for infirmities  
We are made twice the sons of hell as before  
Reach out your hand  
Reach out your hand only to be plagued by disease  
While religion tries to blame what we cannot see  
I accept the part of the problem is me  
It was never a scared mandate to accept conformity  
Through select revelations that we chose to believe  
Another blind guide replacing divine eyes  
Familiarity is the great deception  
Disguised by authority, sealing out subversion  
Whitewashed tombs have hidden the truth  
  
for we unknowingly worship icons of ordinary life  
Reach out your hand to find forgiveness  
Only to be plagued by disease  
The horrors of beliefs and customs  
Camouflaged by commonality  
Reach out your hand  
Reach out your hand  
I still believe that there is hope for us  
But I believe we must look outside  
The sanctuaries of oppression  
That have brought our world so much pain  
Another blind guide replacing divine eyes  
Whitewashed tombs have hidden the truth  
Reach out your hand to find forgiveness  
Only to be plagued by disease

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