

All The World Is Mad

Thrice

We are saints made of plaster, our laughter is canned
We are demons that hide in the mirror
But the blood on our hands
Paints a picture exceedingly clear
We are brimming with cumbersome, murderous greed
And malevolence deep and profound
We do unspeakable deeds
Does our wickedness know any bounds
Something's gone terribly wrong with everyone
All the world is mad
Darkness brings terrible things the sun is gone
What vanity, our sad, wretched fires
We can't medicate man to perfection again
We can't legislate peace in our hearts
We can't educate sin from our souls
It's been there from the start
Blind lead the blind into bottomless pits
Still we smile and deny
That we're cursed but of all our iniquities
Ignorance may be the worst
Something's gone terribly wrong with everyone
All the world is mad
Darkness brings terrible things the sun is gone
What vanity, our sad, wretched fires
Oh, what little light we have
It only serves to show
The snares and seeds of wrath
We have already sewn on every path
Something's gone terribly wrong with everyone
All the world is mad
Darkness brings terrible things the sun is gone
What vanity, our sad, wretched fires

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