Complete and Utter Confusion...

Fear Before The March Of Flames

There's a man from the afterlife at the door trying to sell us hope
Lock the doors and close the windowsWe hear it, we see it, you better believe it
We try it, then buy it, and some us breathe itThe slick dark men in their slick dark suits
Are gonna take your children away
(I bet you bought that)We ask for less, they give us more
Mr. and Miss, there is a cureIt's better now
Is it better now?
Kill the head before the body is infected
Better now
Is it better now?
Spare the body before the mind gets the best of..And now we God bless this nuclear family!
(A picture-perfect American standard)
And so it's "God bless this bouncing new baby!"
(Raised in a world that's all sugar, sex and money)
Can you sense the sarcasm in my tone?
(Just take it, adjust it)
Chances are it suits you well
Tell me what it is that you fear the most
(We'll take it and use it)
Put it on the radio

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