

Hoods On Peregrine

Thrice

The blue light spills like oceans
We smile and let it in
It cures us of our questions
Like hoods on peregrine Knowledge locked in a tower
Barons will hold the key
But if knowledge is power
Know this is tyranny All we're asking for
Is what's ours You think they're selling you truth
Truth is, they're selling you out
The truth, they're selling you out The black ink fuels our notions
That all the facts are in
It cures us of our questions
Like hoods on peregrine Knowledge locked in a tower
Barons will hold the key
But if knowledge is power
Know this is tyranny All we're asking for
All we're asking for
Is what's ours You think they're selling you truth
But they're just selling you And if we keep buying in
The line between lies and truth
Will wear paper thin, paper thin You think they're selling you truth
The truth is, they're selling you out

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