

(X) Amount of Truth

Envy On the Coast

Wake all the children from their slumber,
Before they wonder why their dreams have gone to hell.
Wake all the children from their sleep.
Down the staircase we shall creep,
To the basement of this white picket home.
Let's show them where the bad ones go.
For all they know, for all they know,
Their heroes are still untouchable.
What they don't know, what they don't know.
All the preachers and the ministers
Administer those sinister looks.
They teach from a liar's chair.
A pulpit mounted on a child's prayer.

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