Old Black Sunday

[The Vladimirs](#)

It's so painful to see with brand new eyes
When all that is known reveals it's lies
And the guard at the door is some prophet with frozen tears
Always following fear not the truth
Wearing a mask or twoPromising another old black sunday
There's creatures outside closing in
And they're wondering when
All the captives inside will dream of the light
And if and how it can dim
For they took the savior of the one's in this forlorn place
And they've stolen his face for their own
And hid theirs in shadows
Sworn to bring another old black Sunday to you
The living dead gather in stained glass tomb
Penance for impending doom
And they go on living their lives depraved
Because once a week they are saved
And the man in the river
Screaming on about gods plans
Well they chopped off his head just to prove
If not to poison the root that
Only they could bring an old black Sunday to you
And I feel undone
And I feel unlovedAnd I know no one
And I feel enslaved
And I fell unsaved
And I see the change
Because I can see these chains
And they're on
Still
Closed
And with the passing of time
They seem to grow invisible to
Everyone else alive
And I won't crawl
And if that is the cause
Than everything is worse than death
I'd rather be left lost
And they're on

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And I feel undone
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And I fell unsaved
And I can see the change
Because I can feel these chains
It's so painful to feel with a brand new mind
When something innocent inside has died
And all that was cherished
The things that matter most
Are now withering ghosts that they slew
The raped remaining few
Never to spend another old black Sunday with you

Lyrics provided by