

We Are the Truth

Mushroomhead

Hatred growing, breeding
As the armies mount dead and bleeding
Tens of thousands, no concealing
There's a hunger yet no one's eating
You can promise, but our dream's dead
And the rivers they're all but blood red
I can mimic all your speeches
No more lessons learned you can't reach us
Once upon a time or two
I think I lost my mind with you
Too many times to be precise
We take a toke and drink the wine
We got the users over there
We got the whores right here
Now
Listen to me no hard feelings
I can see your skull past the peeling skin
Passion all dead double talking
Yeah we hear your words
No one's walking

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