Beheaded

Conan

In the never ending circle where the powerless meet
Grows a struggle from the burden of sustaining defeat
In the face of every coward lies the blindest of hate
In the eyes a sharpened image of the damage they madeYou look at me to bear the burden of the suffering past
Wasn't me behind the veil of a heartless mask
Where were you the day that everybody cursed your name?
You were the distant voice of pride that never stood the shameThe weak of the mind will use fist
And the fist of the frail will bring gun
The loudest of guns provoke bombs
And in the wrath he will chase until it's doneYour history is dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrong
Your philosophy is dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrongYour history is dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrong
Your philosophy is dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrongWithin the mind of modern culture there's an idle cog
It's the section of humanity that never forgot
And in the midst of moving forward we have given the right
The wolves attack the sheep and bury the guilt insideI won't forget the twisted picture of the filth you were
Or disregard the the faded voices of the people we hurt
But I never was pulling triggers or disregarding your face
Look at me to give the reason for the pain you traceThe weak of the mind will use fist
And the fist of the frail will bring gun
The loudest of guns provoke bombs
And in the wrath he will chase until it's doneYour history is dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrong
Your philosophy is dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrongYour history is dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrong
Your philosophy is dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrongThe scars outlive the pain
Reflections will remain
The scars outlive the pain
Reflections will remainThe scars outlive the pain
Reflections will remain
The scars outlive the pain
Your sickness will remainDead, dead wrong, dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrong, dead, dead wrong
Dead, dead wrong, dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong, dead, dead wrong

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