

# 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 made  
You 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 shame  
The 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 done  
Your history is dead, dead wrong  
Dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong

Your philosophy is dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong  
Your history is dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong

Your philosophy is dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong  
Within 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 inside  
I won't forget the twisted picture of the filth you were  
Or disregard 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 trace  
The 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 done  
Your history is dead, dead wrong  
Dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong

Your philosophy is dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong  
Your history is dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong

Your philosophy is dead, dead wrong

Dead, dead wrong  
The scars outlive the pain

Reflections will remain

The scars outlive the pain

Reflections will remain  
The scars outlive the pain

Reflections will remain

The scars outlive the pain

Your sickness will remain  
Dead, dead wrong, dead, dead wrong

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