

The Art of Patrons

Fucked Up

Eurycles, I am broken
The disciple smiles in disgust
The Satyrs have awoken
And things aren't here to be discussed
We traded the privilege for scraps
Exchanged for the clothes on our backs
Lived life like there was no other way
What was sacrosanct
Now the sacred is profane
We yearn for the thanks
But deserve all the blame
A simple piece of stagecraft
A tawdry parlour trick
We traded our moral ground so they could sing along
But is it so bad
Is it as dark as it seems
To trade a little purity to prolong the dream
One by one we will find a way to let each and every one
Down
It's the privilege of mass delusion
Sit back and have a seat
Dazzled by the greed
It's his voice between my lips
It's the miracle of gastromancy
They are spinning in their graves
At the choices we have made
But in our shoes would they all have been so chaste
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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