The Final Act

Mushroomhead

Wide eyed sleepers death in motion daylight creepers wearing all night
pain bleeding moments spilling over non-existing as they crawl out
into a world that calls them real sign the contract it's the final act matter
of fact better take a step back relax the show must go on no one
so on and so on as if under mass hypnosis the wide eyed sleepers
fall into mass graves they'll feel safer in the dirt their own opinions
won't be heard if asked could you decide what any man is worth

could you decide?
The steal it with a handshake seal it with a smile it feels
like an earthquake treats you like a child defeats you
with your mistakes leaves you in denial deceives you
in the first place lied to all the while they can't see anymore
how their wide eyes have made them blind in spite of themselves

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