

Pentagons and Pentagrams

Burnt By The Sun

A tide of blue blood
A tide of mystic light so consuming, shadows take a life of their own
But you won't see them walk around, CFR, TLC
(Council on Foreign Relations, Tri-Lateral Commission)A wave of order for the new world is in store
A new world order for humanity to deplore
Like those foretold centuries before
Like a capital city laid out in denominations of thirteenLike nominees for the presidency that belong to secret
societies
And those who win are held like puppets, outranked by banks
Founded on cosmic lore, so be our perceptions insecure
So sure of what we see and what we endure
We see no tie to the ancient world, noneYou think this happens by chance?
You really cannot afford to be this naive
You think life happens by chance?
You really cannot afford to be this naiveYou think war happens by chance
You really cannot afford to be this naive
You think this happens by chance?
You really cannot afford to be this naiveWhen life, when life is what, when life is what they dictate
You can run but you can't hide from the tide of illumination
So fuck off with your trivial talk radio shows
'Cause all your politics argue on the shadow and not on the substance

Songwriters

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