Secret Handshakes

Ataris

Marble stairs in this cathedral
Built by these hands five hundred years before
We will make good men better
We will make good men better
Draw the right hand across the neck
Drop the arm down to your side.
I hear the voices calling in the night.
Thirty-three degrees
Accepted right of hypocrisy
From this bitter cup we all shall drink
Here I am awake, it's 2AM; it's getting late
All I know is something isn't right.
We will make good men better

How can you make good men better?
Draw the right hand across the neck
Drop the arm down to your side.
I hear the shadows calling in the night.
Get up, get up, get out
The fire's burning now
Our bodies burned to ashes
They'll be scattered to the forests.
Does it ever even faze you
That your father's involvement with a cult
Nearly killed your first born child?

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