

# Hoods On Peregrine

## Thrice

The blue light spills like oceans  
We smile and let it in  
It cures us of our questions  
Like hoods on peregrine Knowledge locked in a tower  
Barons will hold the key  
But if knowledge is power  
Know this is tyranny All we're asking for  
Is what's ours You think they're selling you truth  
Truth is, they're selling you out  
The truth, they're selling you out The black ink fuels our notions  
That all the facts are in  
It cures us of our questions  
Like hoods on peregrine Knowledge locked in a tower  
Barons will hold the key  
But if knowledge is power  
Know this is tyranny All we're asking for  
All we're asking for  
Is what's ours You think they're selling you truth  
But they're just selling you And if we keep buying in  
The line between lies and truth  
Will wear paper thin, paper thin You think they're selling you truth  
The truth is, they're selling you out

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