

# The Dissonance Of Discontent

## Showbread

We've come so far, and here we are  
Amidst the endless hum  
No wind worth chasing, no revolution  
No blazing battle drum We laughed as we said, "The music is dead"  
We've plucked out its eyes, we've shattered its head  
My work is so weary so let it be said, "Father, Thy will be done" We laughed as we said, "The music is dead"  
We've plucked out its eyes, we've shattered its head  
My work is so weary so let it be said, "Father, Thy will be done" Instruments make the best sounds as they're  
breaking  
People make the best smiles when they're faking  
Notes are shattered, blood is spattered  
The night is ours for the taking

Songwriters

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