

# Fear Before The March Of Flames, High As A Ho

If we give the horses blinders  
They won't see the approaching ledge  
Too much time and effort spent on just another bridge

We trust the local doctor  
We trust the medicine  
Our child gets a scratch  
We give our child a brand new head  
We eat what's on our plate  
We drink what's in our cup  
We like the shiny tv screen  
It spits we lap it up

And so they push this product  
And they know we'll buy it  
They sing a song  
We hum along  
We sing  
But we don't understand the words to the song

And they fill our heads  
With sugar coated shit  
Cause there's no need to talk  
When we have medicine

There's a pill for every fucked up thought  
And a cure for every fucked up child

When the mind starts running  
Be sure it won't cross the finish line  
And if it wanders  
Bring it back and cage it for some time  
And if it stretches  
It will only one day rip  
To prevent excessive thought  
Just keep it up on the shelf

And when the shelves are full  
And supplies are short  
And quickly running out  
You've got a thousand mindless zombies  
And terrified horses on your hands

It was a damn good plan  
It was a damn good plan