

We all bow .. hail to the wicked times  
All bow down..... hail to the wicked times

I've seen the mess of man...  
Flesh, metal, and contrivance....

I've seen the mess of man....  
Our lies, adored, conflict to understand

I've seen the mess of man....  
sacrifice, our fears our ruin

Color over all the virtue, No religions gonna save you

Born into, burn through, heaven, that didn't only suit you

Born into we now conclude...

We all bow .. hail to the wicked times  
All bow down..... hail to the wicked times

I've seen the mess of a man.

Hear the rushing coming

Wade into the sea below  
Son well be alright  
They say the waters fine

Wade into the sea below  
Daughter well be alright  
They say the waters fine

Down...

We bowed down

Wrong divine

