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i know

cut through the rows of corn

cut it clean for the unborn

look at the world it's alling apart

thriving of enemies you think your smart

listen to them don't listen to me

choose what to hear and force what to say

please make it loud please make it louder

i know you i know you i know you

i love you i love you i love you

Venetian pilgrims have raped every soul

and we feel touched by their lack of remorse

something is missing inside of our brains

something got lost along the way

tell me the truth it's easy to say

but truth is subjective and weird anyway

there's darkness

you will never know

there's darkness

you will never know

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