

# The Ataris, Secret Handshakes

Marble stairs in this cathedral  
Built by these hands five hundred years before  
We will make good men better  
We will make good men better

Draw the right hand across the neck  
Drop the arm down to your side.  
I hear the voices calling in the night.

Thirty-three degrees  
Accepted right of hypocrisy  
From this bitter cup we all shall drink  
Here I am awake, it's 2AM; it's getting late  
All I know is something isn't right.

We will make good men better  
How can you make good men better?

Draw the right hand across the neck  
Drop the arm down to your side.  
I hear the shadows calling in the night.

Get up, get up, get out  
The fire's burning now  
Our bodies burned to ashes  
They'll be scattered to the forests.

Does it ever even faze you  
That your father's involvement with a cult  
Nearly killed your first born child?