

HOUSE OF LIES

in the pristine countryside (Em)
sits the house of lies (D)
a castle with a cajun face (Em)
she's donning a disguise (C, B7)

those who dwell inside her walls
forever painting roses
impossible to really tell
how quickly grow their noses

trust be lies with malice not
avoiding what is real
can't believe a thing you hear
for what untruths reveal

on a winding river road
sits the house of lies
whence cross the thresh just nod your head
for here verity dies