

Midnight Regulations

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I find myself concerned
For the coming men, these days
Evil are the minds
That push the divide
Forced to live a life
In fear that his future is on the wane
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Burns his candle down
Working to make ends meet
But what can be done
About the way things have become?
Fingers to the bone
Ready to admit defeat
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Brother!
There is no charity
For the coming man
When he is in need of relief

And now he's hanging on
To his final stitch of faith
So, here's to all the years
Of deaf ear fallen prayers
Rich men behind closed doors
Are trying to keep him in his place
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Oh, all you coming men
You need to fight for a new way
Old hearts, we need to mend
It's time to start again
The palace walls dismantled
Brick by brick, you will have your day
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Midnight

Brother!
There is no charity
For the coming man
When he is in need of relief

They say just hold onto your hope
But you know if you swallow your pride
You will choke

Brother!
There is no charity
For the coming man
When he is in need of relief
Brother!