

Disciples

Altaria

Disciples are ready to sacrifice,
Human life before the Gods,
While virgins wait in paradise,
Some find the truth in stars[?].

Another claims we are born again,
Beyond the misty final dawn,
But how do we know right from wrong?
There's no writing on the walls.

Who pulls the strings?
You! Me! They! We!
Committing sin after sin.

The preacher on the sidewalk says:
"It's time that we repent (Our sins)"
So listen hard, and listen well,
'Coz he's from Heaven sent.

Who pulls the strings?
You! Me! They! We!
Committing sin after sin.

Read between the lines,
Make up your mind,
But what are we supposed to do,
If the reason to live is to die?

Look straight into the eyes,
Choose from the lies,
But how are we supposed to live,
If the reason to love is to cry?

To live is to die slowly,
Disciples of the lost and lonely.

I don't know where to turn,
Or who to believe,
With prowlers of the night,
I'm whole, I'm free.

What if our time in this crazy world,
Simply is the final round,
And we're just here to raise some hell,
And then go six feet underground?

Disciples, using the sin[?].

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Make up your mind,
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If the reason to live is to die?

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If the reason to love is to cry?

To live is to die slowly,
Disciples of the unholy.