

Pray For Death

Heathen

Conquering the ages with their endless plan
Threatening the future of the new world man
Ultra technology in our wake
Who will make the last mistake
Billions are spent for our defence
To protect our freedom at our expense
For us to exist we must live as one
Divide the wealth to feed everyone

The future is blind in the political eye
Bringing us down with their nuclear guides
It'll be too late when they finally see the light
Filling our heads with economical lies
Refusing to hear the people cry
Leaving no choice but to pray for death

The government builds machines that kill
And they use out money against our will
When will they build a means of peace
And maybe the future can live with ease
And what about the churches and all their wealth
There's an unseen fortune under their belts
Are golden temples a symbol of God's way
This horde of wealth is a sickening display

Organized religion is deaf, dumb and blind
They think they see through God's eyes
It'll be too late when they finally see the light
If the pope would sell his robes of silk
He could provide the hungry milk
Leaving no reason to pray for death

They feed us the future through subliminal blinds
But we know the stories and we know the rhymes
So look in the mirror and see the lines
For it's just a picture seen through their eyes, eyes, eyes