

In The Light

House of Lords

You better keep on running from the mess you made
You can't lie it away, it's your way or no way, baby
Go on and pull that trigger, it's judgment day, you're gonna pay
There's no time to pray, 'cause your way is his way

Monday to Sunday, Tuesday to doomsday

In the light, he'll never follow you
In the light, there's no control of you
But he's the choir you've been preaching to
As he takes you and breaks you down
Yeah, you're going down

And did I mention that it's never gonna be the same, it's not a game
Yeah, it's much too late, 'cause your way is his way, baby
There's no time, space, or motion when there's hell to pay
You're just a name, yeah, baby, your way is his way

Monday to Sunday, Tuesday to doomsday

In the light, he won't remember you
In the light, he'll never fight for you
But he's the choir you've been preaching to
As he takes you and breaks you
From the blood inside the darkest veins
He praises misery and raises Cain
You feed the fire when you feed the beast
While he cheats you and beats you down
Yeah, you're going down

Monday to Sunday, Tuesday to doomsday

In the light, he won't remember you
In the light, he'll never fight for you
But he's the choir you've been preaching to
As he takes you and breaks you
From the blood inside the darkest veins
He praises misery and raises Cain
You feed the fire when you feed the beast
While he cheats you and beats you down
Yeah, you're going down
You're going down, baby!

Oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, whoa
There's hell to pay, it's judgment day
Oh, whoa, oh, whoa, oh, whoa
It's not a game, he's just raising Cain