

## Pale Skin

I Declare War

Five years, four years too long  
Living her life room to room  
Bed to bed

She still prays  
Her family still prays  
Room to room, bed to bed

She still prays  
Sickness still sweeps her  
Coughing and pale skin  
Is what you see

Cables wrap around her sick body  
She hopes it ends  
She still prays  
Her family still prays

Every tunnel she drives through  
She still wishes she will make it out alive

Questioning why people worship a man  
That suffered three short days on a cross  
While she lay for five long years

Where is her book?  
Where are her followers?  
Dead and pale on the floor

You ask yourself  
If there is a God  
Do you think he gives a shit?