

Sinners on their chance to strike. willing to let die  
To reap the harvest of one's work, now it's time to crucify  
Crawling under lines of blama, in their hands they've got your fate  
Now we've lost the game of man, misjudged by laws we hate

Shout, let me hear you preaching - listen to your pathetic  
Shout, let us hear your story, now that we haven't got a choice  
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Shout, let us hear your story, now that we haven't got a choice

Lost Souls

Holding on to an illusion based upon a tale  
The ladder's leading down to Hell, our souls are now for sale  
Weak and helpless on our knees we're looking at the sky  
Time will run, the blood will flow as life is passing by

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Lost Souls

Truth won't be the same when one is born  
There's no reason in the world, but we are movin' on  
Cursed by the palm of God  
Bright - hope blinded eyes  
If everyone had a chose, religion would fade at dawn

Lost Souls

One day we will understand there are no winners in this race  
Caused by your religion thoughts, we'll vanish without a trace  
With one hand on the holy book, you're reaching for a gun  
Put your hands together, praise the lord for what he has done

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