

Lost Souls

Manticora

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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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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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

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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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