## Lost Souls

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 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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