

Deeds Of A Dead Soul

Metal Church

A mystery of the universe a tale of the dead
Far into the psyche and far until the end
The mind it often wonders about the few and far between
But in these lines I think you'll find that you will
believe

Oh far beyond the violent skies you can see a watchful
eye
His presence always shifting like the empty hands of time
On broken wings he tries to sing his hateful lullaby
Nobody is listening to this dull pathetic cry

His death is mourned by no one, he is the shadowed one
Now he plots from below these deeds of a dead soul

Whispers in a wind storm carry through the night
Helpless victims everywhere, all have felt his plight
The scars he's left are memorable, he waits until they
heal
Then he comes back again, to seal the final deal
Oh far beyond the violent skies you can see a watchful
eye
His presence always shifting like the empty hands of time
On broken wings he tries to sing his hateful lullaby
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