

Sand Kings

Metal Church

In a holy war far from these shores
Where lands are hot and dry
Nations forged by gods own hand
These kingdoms in the sand

A billion dollars everyday
The un-people pay
Political shemes and the war machines
Its a news media scene

Still Gods children die
Under blackend sky

Media man with his soul in his hand
He reasons this is wrong
With his Rolex watch and his white painted yacht
Does he even give a damn

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The un-people pay
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Under blackend sky

Those who do then make the rules
And say that we must change
We fight for oil the new age spoil
Making all these chains

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