

N.W.O.

Ministry

All the locals hide their tears of regret
Open fire cos I love you to death
Sky high, with a heartache of stone
You'll never see me cos I'm always alone

How to love without a trace of dissent
I'll buy the torture cos you pay for the rent
Tied high with a broken command
You're all alone to the promised land

I'm in love with this malicious intent
You've been taken but you don't know it yet
What you will know must never live to be found
Cos it's the subject of the eyes of the clown