

River Of Pain

Mob Rules

Dead in the streams as a victim of dreams
Hear the whisper of unspoken promises
Moving around with your feet on the ground
It's getting dangerous to fall - will it burn a hole?

Why don't you ease my pain
High hopes will be in vain
With all my tears dried out

It's you and me - the river of pain

Print on the wall with some blood from us all
And the shadows of uncertain darkness
After the war in a world without law
And no place to land - can you understand?

We'll try to ease your pain
High hopes won't be in vain
With all your tears dried out