

The Root Of All Evil

Nural

From the heavens I can see the world
Hardly moving
What could make it turn?

Maybe life itself
Or could it be love
Or God with a gentle shove?

I fear what I know, not what I wonder
All the weight of the world on my back finally kills me
But I know that it won't ever take me

So take your money
Right back to the hell it came
Don't wait and don't worry
I won't be standing in your way
So to hell with your money
Before you suffer the same fate

From the heavens it would seem the world
Hasn't got a care
Perfect from afar

Though it's shape may be
It's visitors are flawed
They take and still want more

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Fate
(2x)

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Hardly moving
What could make it turn?