

# Our Own Messiah

## Orphaned Land

The cycle that never ends  
It begins and starts again  
Trapped like mice inside a maze  
And bereft of our own grace

We pray and bend our feet  
We will not admit defeat  
To a god we put our fate  
And to the ones that sell deceit

We never doubt their words  
Forever gripping our swords  
We conform and we bend down  
Nail the thorns into the crown

We believed in your glory and might  
That you shall take us to your side  
We reached out to heaven  
The three sons of seven  
But we found no messiah or guide

Why do we hold on to these prayers?  
All these years and nothing has been changed

And i am just another tool in this game  
And i have never put any doubt in your name  
Not even when they took it all  
Left me here alone to fall  
I kept screaming, "Oh, where have You gone?"

Our father who art in heaven  
Redeem us, impart upon us for we hath no deeds

Perhaps you left us to live without you  
To learn to fly on our own

Why do we hold to these beliefs?  
That our god is here for all our needs

Can't we see that all we are is one?  
We are the messiah, we need my son