

# Wasteland

## The Mission

I still believe in God  
But God no longer believes in me

There's a crystal view from my window  
That I can see years to come  
I live for the burn and the sting of pleasure  
I live for the sword, the steel and the gun

I can tear down the walls, storm them barricades  
Run to the place where the frightened crawl  
Desire lurks beyond good and evil  
So dance on the graves where the hammer falls

Over this land, all over this wasteland  
Over this land, all over this wasteland

You can touch but please keep your distance  
You're innocent and pure and with no shame  
The spirit is willing and the flesh is great  
You're teasing your torment with the pleasure of pain

Over this land, all over this wasteland  
Over this land, all over this wasteland

Heaven and Hell, I know them well  
But I haven't yet made my choice  
I'm feeling scared 'cause you're shouting loud  
And no one can hear my voice

Walking the tight wire, can't look down  
Strung out high, above you all  
Faithful wind blows through this land  
Howls my name, Hell is my fall

Over this land, all over this wasteland  
Over this land, all over this wasteland

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