

Massacre

The Saints

Can that be all there is, nothing more, No sign of life on this
empty stage... Is this all that's left The ruins of a passing
parade With nothing left inside Not even a memory This must be
a crime A massacre of the heart and mind..... When the game of
life is played You should have known That the rule book was kep
t in a closet Did you have to look And did you think that a dru
g could unlock it Now what's left inside Not even a memory This
must be a crime A massacre of the heart and mind