

Passion of the Christ

Tricky

(There's) too many people, too many dying
Too many lying, too many crying
(There's) too many voices, so little choices
At night I lie awake, feels like heartache
Feels like heartache, how long will the night take
How long will the night take, it feels like heartache
The night has come, they say I rise crime rate
[?] can't wait
I rise my fist the thunder break through
Make a wish who will you run to
(There's) too many prisons taking away from family
Too many reasons to lose your sanity
I lie awake and let the visions take me
Think of life and how it tried to break me
Had no choice, had to settle
Hear a voice now they burn from metal
There's too many shouts and they call it treason
Can't relate and hate without reason
(There's) too many guns, pray for God to come quick
He doesn't come, my God is real sick