

Burning Satellites

We As Human

Look at you standing there so selfishly
Dressed to the nine's, you look devine
You plead with people through their television screens
And laugh as bankrupt tears fall from their eyes

How do you sleep at night

You filthy dogs, you sons of men
You will not stand there in the end
And rape the Word of God
To feed your selfish sins
But you can change
There is still time
God help the scales fall from their eyes
And haste the day when we see burning satellites

Your words are death inside a darkened box
But we're poking holes one at a time
And though you tried to fight
Soon everyone will see
When all your wicked games are brought to light
Then all those tears they cried
Will then fall from your eyes

You filthy dogs, you sons of men
You will not stand there in the end
And rape the Word of God
To feed your selfish sins
But you can change
There is still time
God help the scales fall from their eyes
And haste the day when we see burning satellites

I can see them falling, falling down
I can see them falling, burning