

## 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

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