51 Days

Paper Moon

51 days without a trace or an indication
That his God would soon be here
To take them all away
Waiting for the final day and for the God
Who never came
They all ended up in flames
CHORUS
Moved by the power of a charming leader
With the love of God and the hatred of humanity
Led to a place where he could hide and lead
The blind, only to find tragedy
Having his way with all the women

'Cause his death would soon be here
Living his life in a dream
85 people, 23 children, and a lot of them were his
His to the end, never be free
CHORUS
He promised them eternal life
If they'd walk into a fire
Now we see the charged remains
Apocalyptic funeral pyre
I guess he got what he desired
All in 51 days

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