

# Godless

## Balzac

There's a sickness that keeps reaching out  
Grabbing a hold of the world no control  
Reputation, reputation, mortality of the man  
Cowards, they always leave filth in their tracks  
That won't wash, wash away  
Fear is the motive in the things that they do  
That they do  
Their world seems so godless  
Their world seems so godless  
All out to war

The way to be stronger  
All out to war  
By force we will conquer  
The fraud, the elections  
Denying the freedom of choice  
From the people  
Repeating the errors, inventing excuses  
To profit from conflicts  
Reputation, reputation, mortality of the men  
A world so godless  
A world so godless

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