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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