

# Burning Satellites

## We As Human

Look at you standing there so selfishly.  
Dressed to the nines, you look divine.  
You plead with people through their television screens,  
And laugh as bankrupted tears fall from their eyes.

How do you sleep at night?  
How do you sleep at night?

You filthy dogs!  
You sons of man!  
You will not stand there in the end  
And break 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.  
And we're poking holes one at a time.  
And though you try 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 man!  
You will not stand there in the end,  
And break 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. x2

I can see them falling,  
Falling down.. x3

I can see them falling,  
Burning...

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