Providence

Poor Man's Poison

Candle lights and empty souls
Quietly behind the doors
A bleeding us just for fun
Men of power telling lies
Shifty hands and thirsty eyes
And they can smell your fear like blood

Oh my weary soul
Weâ€™ve met your kind before
Set fire to us all
And oh sweet providence
Come save us from ourselves
From hell and consequence

Feed the rich and kill the poor
Turn out the lights and just ignore
Whats going on outside
Beating hearts of the depraved
Weâ€™ve turned the people into slaves
And weâ€™ve given up before weâ€™ve even try

And oh my weary soul
Weâ€™ve met your kind before
Set fire to us all
And oh sweet providence
Come save us from ourselves
From hell and consequence

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Weâ€™ve met your kind before
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And oh my weary soul
(oh my weary soul)
X2

Oh sweet providence

come save us from ourselves
from hell and consequence

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