Cradle to Grave

Metal Church

And when the strings are pulled again, the puppets dance like mortal men
Who carved in stone our future and our past
Shall we read the blood stained pages and take counsel with the sages
And hear the chanting of a mind's collapseIn my name, I will bring you from the cradle to the grave
From points unknown in senseless daze, watching as the fools parade
The tower bells are pounding like a drum
Glance back at a new world brave, the cradle has become the grave
And people praise the God they've stolen fromIn this world we have false leaders, wearing the mask of the deceiver
They're seeking out the non-believers, and in these masks you'll never see us
You kill the anger, kill the pain, only empty souls remain
God forgive them, will they ever learnKings and pawns, emperors and fools, no man sleeps on this night
Bend my words into a twisted truth, no one gets out without a fight

Songwriters
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