All Saints Day

The Silent Comedy

I ain't no demon, Lord, look to me please
Good men are sufferin' with the evil at ease
Millions of innocents, are born to disease
Where is our solace, Lord?
Oh Lord answer me

I look to your people, Lord, but they're being cruel
They sleep with the criminals they aim to recruit
They raise, in their stadiums, a poisonous brood
I think they would crucify someone like you

4x: One day,
will this be over
will this be over
will this be over

I ain't no demon, Lord
But neither are you

Lyrics submitted by Scott.

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