The Fall Of Man

The Middle East

You pray for the sheep
I get closer to hell
I stand on the hill
Then I run downI look in your eyes
You look for your price
You beg me to stop
But I was never that niceNever did mind about
The little things
We'll stick to the plan
The fall of manYou pray for the sheep
Look forward to hell
Go live on the hill
No one comes downI look in your eyes
You look for some teeth
Like nickels at night
Left under the sheetsNever did mind about
The little things
We'll stick to the plan
The fall of manWhat you don't know won't kill you

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