

Church And Law

When Saints Go Machine

In some gone story of old
My pulse is racing
On boarders towers in flames
My pulse is racing while
New winds blow taste like the cold
Blinded by the sun
Facing the wall

Look at the skies up above
Through her eyes
Can't tell what he's thinking of

And put a pause to her smile
Hand on flower dropped at
Buriel grounds

Hardened by church and law
The spell that bind us all
She's full of it all
Somewhere, somewhere
Out of reach of consolation

Heard the echo of
Never ending war
Won't cut the weekend short
Freedom won't answer call

Hardened by church and law
The spell the bind us all
For the dumb and the tall
Somewhere, somewhere
out of reach of consolation

Heard the echo of
Never ending war
Won't cut the weekend short
Freedom won't answer your call

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