

# 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

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