

51 Days

No Use for a Name

51 days without a trace or an indication

That his God would soon be here

To take them all away

Waiting for the final day and for the God

Who never came

They all ended up in flames

CHORUS

Moved by the power of a charming leader

With the love of God and the hatred of humanity

Led to a place where he could hide and lead

The blind, only to find tragedy

Having his way with all the women

'Cause his death would soon be here

Living his life in a dream

85 people, 23 children, and a lot of them were his

His to the end, never be free

CHORUS

He promised them eternal life

If they'd walk into a fire

Now we see the charged remains

Apocalyptic funeral pyre

I guess he got what he desired

All in 51 days

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