GaudÃ¬

Mokadelic

God's dead, this state is torture.
Find me shade and bring me water.
Holding on.
I'm thirsty for your sage.
Back at the ranch I just got slaughtered.
Too many shoulds, too many orders.
Better come out, holding onto faith.
Let the sun begin to shine through your night
Let the light reveal disguise in your life.
Work kills! it's killing me slowly

And what is the point in being so lonely?
Who do you love?
Who do you love above all?
If you want to live some life gets slaughtered
But they'd sell their sons and daughters
Who do you love?
Who do you love above all?
How can we fail less we really want to
Under the drum of some local voodoo curse
We can change our fate
Let the sun begin to shine through you night
Let the light reveal disguise in your life

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