

Fury In The Slaughterhouse, When God Goes Home

THERE ARE MOMENTS IN OUR LIVES
WHEN EVERY WORD IS MEANINGLESS
What has to happen happens
And someones directing this I guess
There are moments in our dreams
Where fantasy goes to extremes
We close our eyes and drift away
Nothings left to say

There are mad dogs in our governments
With dollar bills and guns in hands
Building walls then knock'em down
First destroy the buy the town
The write the book of history
With lots of blood and misery
Evers page is drowned in red
Sleep well in your bed

There are moments in our nights
When we forget the world outside
You'll take my hand and I'll take yours
And then we shut the doors

When you feel alone at night
There's no - one there to hold you tight
Call me up switch of the light
And I'll help you through the night
I'll give you everything I've got
It's not much believe me but
I'm just a little wheel
In this machinery of steel

oohh when god goes home
The world sleeps alone