

# Nightingale, Belief

Now I know nothing's what it seems  
Money talks  
Now I see religion screams  
I believe in what I hear and what I see  
and in myself, the king of my own destiny

The angles of heaven, the demons of hell  
are creatures we had to create  
Why are you scared to see who you are  
and be in control of your life, and fate

I can't see why you choose to dedicate  
all your life to assure you enter heavens gates

I can't say that I am right and you are wrong  
but common sense can tell a truth or two  
All those lives lost in battle of belief  
It's all because you were born to believe in  
different lies

The angles of heaven, the demons of hell  
are creatures we had to create  
Why are you scared to see who you are  
and be in control of your life, and fate  
If god is above us and Satan beneath  
we all belong here on earth  
Cause no one is good or evil to the core  
We all have our halos and horns to bear