

No Use For A Name, 51 Days

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

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

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 make, and believe

He promised them eternal life
If they'd walk into a fire
Now we see the charred remains
Apocalyptic funeral pyre
I guess he got what he desired
All in 51 days