

Balance Of Power, Sins Of The World

Do you feel any fever any changes at all
In your truth a deceiver
Stranded and desperately cold

Branded the enemy, loosing the dignity
Bring on the effigy
Bring on the puppet to bear the load
Carry the load

If hope is your savior when destiny calls
Who will be braver you or the puppet
Saver of souls drowning in dangerous echo-less holes
If hope is your savior and faith is your friend
Then charity's hiding again

Bathing in sympathy praising the apathy
Bring on the effigy
Bring on the puppet to bear the load

Speak of the brave
Then they will come
Only to bathe in the warmth
Of the Sun
Speak of the just
Then it is done
Someone will pray for
The sins of the world