

Corrosion Of Conformity, Prayer

Pray for power
Your main weapon is mistrust
Pray for power
It's for power you lust
Molten minds poured into the mold
Filthy hands burning sin to be sold
The bible says, so we demand to uphold
God's word enforced and controlled
Weathered symbols slowly turn to dust
The harsh reality soon catches us
Death and got at the same place
It doesn't matter to me
I'll lose that race
I don't want to die but I don't care
It's nice to think we'll go somewhere
Pray for power