

End Zone, Last Hope Of Suffered Soul

By the paths of the human race leaving bright trace,
We're walking not by our will, not by our will.
Someone always pulls our strings but we worship still
Those who stand upon us high - they won't die
Men who wants to smash the doubts and find the truth
Wants to sure himself that's he's right his clothes're white
Just invents an attitude && reason to bend
Never thinks of fruits, he will reap, never goes deep
Each one wants to be ruled wants to be fooled
Don't lament for dead
Devastated are your souls, mist's in your minds.
Ruler's unseen, his way is free
So better choose
Whom to serve and to trust
Though you will loose.