

Machine Men, The Traitor

Your sky is crying for someone, clouds hanging low
And god plays sad and innocent for drowning men in tears of sorrow
I think he's enjoying the people's worry
And laughing for the whole tragic story
Pointing down like a king to slaves,
Ending lives, sending them to their graves

But when ashes are scattered and wind taken his own
- It took a little piece to the gates,
Into the timeless place, far away from there
Where some stranger has committed a sin
And stolen a breath in the night, it happens again.

And why do all the good ones meet their fate too soon?
If god's deciding who's breathing and who is not
Take them to your room -
All the dregs of society and end their days, send them to eternity
I hate to see the news everyday
How some child was born to die, in vain

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