

Metal Church, Beyond All Reason

Curse the man, curse the prophet, worse the man without any eyes
Play the madman, play the poet, some say he hides in a perfect disguise
Less the man that heeds no warning, and lets the sand run through his hands
His fingers stiff with anticipation, as he plots his next feeble plan

Beyond all reason, he holds the key to life
A change of season, all answers in due time
No rhyme or reason, a product of mankind
But he's not the only one, he's just the lonely one

Since ancient times we've bowed to leaders, leaders only by their command
Banned together a bond of freedom, from their rule and master plan
Take the greed, take the power, hold the ring within your hand
Seize the crown and wield the dagger, it's the path of every man

Slipping through the cracks of the system we have made, staring at life as we fall
Remembering places and pictures in time, surprised that we have made it at all
Looking for heroes and praying to gods, uttering secrets we keep
Hope for redemption and someone to blame, the price that we pay is too steep