

# Metal Church, Gods Of Second Chance

In an act of desperation, he put a gun to his head  
In his mind confusion, nothing but delusion,  
thinking he was better off dead  
No one to be his savior, from the vices he made  
Voices callin' to him, left his life in ruins,  
drugs have led his mind astray

God, don't you hear me? God, don't you care?  
Cause if you did, my friend,  
you wouldn't leave me hangin' on this way  
Somebody turn on the lights, somebody give me some air  
I'm in the middle of a nasty situation  
that is leading me on nowhere  
I gotta hear you tonight, I gotta know that you care  
You got me down on my knees  
and I'm praying and I gotta know you're really out there

The second hand is ticking, time moves ahead  
Feel the shadows breathing,  
whispering and seething, dealing inside my head  
A Candle flame before me, flickers in dance  
As I sit here praying,  
hoping that I'm swaying the Gods of second chance  
All cry to heaven, all cry for truth  
And while we wait for lights and thunder,  
the devil is on the loose

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