

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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