

Michael Kiske, Fed By Stones

<1. Fed By Stones

[Words & Music: M. Kiske]

God is dead
That's what they said
You got no soul, and good is bad
Don't waste your time
There's no sublime, no higher law
That you can find

There's a river of pain I'm taking all over again
Just as long I don't turn into their grey shadowy
Being

I don't know when it all began
I don't know why it had to die
Your stones won't feed, one truly need

The gullible mind
The daily grind
Takes its toll, and fools the blind
The bourgeois-creed:
Believe what you see, rules all heads
Takes casualties

In my life I was always a drifted fellow, undone
That was never enough to leave me stuck in there wrong

I don't know when it all began
I don't know why it had to die
Your stones won't feed, one truly need

Silent green works overtime to begin
Giving starting shots so that we won't give in
In the air's a hopeful sound waiting
Needing all we got, wishing we don't give in
It's an army of hypocrites strangling
Entities of freedom keenly building
All we are
If we are what we are meant to be
Have you got what we got?
Got some guts to break free?
Have you heard about the word that all living
Speak

I don't know when it all began
I don't know why it had to die
Your stones won't feed, one truly need ...

God is dead ...
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