

# Michael Kiske, Fed By Stones

&lt;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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