Mob Rules, Pilot Of Earth

In the back of his head You discover his visions of home In the dark of his mind You can see that his dreamscape has grown

So better take care of his fate Don't let him go and welcome his show You better believe in his thinking of hope and search And call him.. The pilot of earth!

Hunger grows stronger And harvest is down on the ground Your heart freezes over The pilot lets nobody down

It's better you follow his voice... "Don't let me go and welcome my show!" Declare that his outlooks on mankind will come to birth Just praise him... The pilot of earth!

You better take care of his fate Don't let him go and welcome his show So better believe in his thinking of hope and search

It's better to trust in his voice: "Don't let me go and welcome my show!" Be sure that his visions of mankind Are more than the judgement of earth Just praise him... The pilot of earth and air