

# Nural, The Root Of All Evil

From the heavens I can see the world  
Hardly moving  
What could make it turn?

Maybe life itself  
Or could it be love  
Or God with a gentle shove?

I fear what I know, not what I wonder  
All the weight of the world on my back finally kills me  
But I know that it won't ever take me

So take your money  
Right back to the hell it came  
Don't wait and don't worry  
I won't be standing in your way  
So to hell with your money  
Before you suffer the same fate

From the heavens it would seem the world  
Hasn't got a care  
Perfect from afar

Though it's shape may be  
It's visitors are flawed  
They take and still want more

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Right back to the hell it came  
Don't wait and don't worry  
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So to hell with your money  
Before you suffer the same fate  
Fate  
(2x)

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Hardly moving  
What could make it turn?