

Rez Band, Souls For Hire

Yeah, well, well.

You toy with the truth, dilute it with water,
You hate your wife, but you say you love your daughter,
Envision, if you will, a world on fire 'cause of flaming sin,
We're souls for hire.

You get what you pay for, a jack of all trades,
Fist full of small change, a host of charades,
Philosophies drifting to please every whim,
It only depends on the mood you're in.

You learn toward religion, you secularise,
Don't feed me excuses; they're nothing but lies,
The time that you're wasting is precious to him.

Like a magician with rabbit in hand,
A wand of ideas at your command,
Some will be fooled and believe what you say,
But God will be the last to speak on that day.

You learn toward religion, you secularise,
Don't feed me excuses; they're nothing but lies,
The time that you're wasting is precious to him,
Truth is: you don't confront sin.

"Leave or be left," that's what it says,
Be loved if you want, or lost if you don't,
Don't blame the preacher, don't blame the school,
Don't blame conditions, don't be a fool.

If you live in the darkness, it's you that decides,
And it won't freeze over, no matter the time,
If you live in the darkness, it's you that decides,
And it won't freeze over, no matter the time.

Like a magician with rabbit in hand,
Got a wand of ideas at your command,
Some will be fooled and believe what you say,
But God will be the last to speak on that day.

Alright.