

Tarot, Messenger Of Gods

Behind all the empty glitter
The city's a painted whore
A mother with a concrete womb
For the zombie horde
Juices from the flesh of the living are bled to sewers
If we have thoughts, they are harnessed to feed the hive

Messenger of gods
Where's the lightning, where's the thunder?
Messenger of gods
Where's the word and where's the fire?
Whoa, whoa-oh-oh! Where is the messenger of gods?
We need a messenger from gods

In here just one equals absolutely nothing
The machines know you, your face and your life
Death, escape, that's why boneyards have fences
Go read your e-mails
Junk comes to junkies

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Messenger of gods (x4)

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