

The Mission, Divided We Fall

I'm the father of a bastard child and I'm not talking about my daughter
I feel that my head's on the chopping block, like a lamb being led
Being led to slaughter

I close my eyes but sleep won't come and now I've got the devil to pay
I'm so sick and tired of this masquerade
How many loaves?? do you think I can bleed?

Do you feel? Do you feel it at all?
'Cause together we stand but divided we fall

I lower my guns to play Russian roulette
But I'm too damn scared to pull the trigger
'Cause a bullet in the head would leave me dead
And it's better to live as a rock and roll nigger

Do you feel? Do you feel it at all?
'Cause together we stand but divided we fall

The monkey fights a mother(?) like a man fights himself
And it's always a fight without a winner
Those endless lines on the way to hell
'Cause heaven never welcomes a sinner

Do you feel? Do you feel it at all?
'Cause together we stand but divided we fall
Do you feel? Do you feel it at all?
'Cause together we stand but divided we fall