

The Mission, Wasteland

I still believe in God, but God no longer believes in me

There's a crystal view from my window
And I can see years to come
I live for the burn and the sting of pleasure
I live for the sword, the steel, and the gun
I can tear down the walls, storm them barricades
Run to the place where the frightened crawl
Desire lurks beyond good and evil
So dance on the graves where the hammer falls

Over this land
All over this wasteland
Over this land
All over this wasteland

You can touch, but please keep your distance
You're innocent and pure and with no shame
The spirit is willing, and the flesh is graced
Your teasing your torment with the pleasure of pain

Over this land
All over this wasteland
Over this land
All over this wasteland

Heaven and Hell, I know them well
But I haven't yet made my choice
My feelings dead 'cause I'm shouting loud
And no one can hear my voice
Walking the tightwire, can't look down
Strung out high, above you all
Faithful wind blows through this land
Howls my name, Hell is my fall

Over this land
All over this wasteland
Over this land
All over this wasteland