

Warrel Dane, When We Pray

Is it insane to think the world could change?
Just look at how far that we have fallen
I am a slave, I feed the fire, I am a pawn within this world gone so wrong
If your enemy looked you in the eyes would you pull the switch?
Would you suffer for your chosen victim?
Or justify your will to feed the rich?

The world is ruled by fools and thieves
With a flair for power and a taste for greed
Now ask yourself do you feel betrayed?
Because nothing ever changes when we pray

Look at the game that we have chosen
Is it so wrong that we all want the death bombs?
I am a slave, I feed the fire, I am a pawn within this world gone so wrong
If your finger was above the trigger would it itch?
With eyes cut out the path is cold and resistant

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The world is ruled by fools and thieves
With a flair for power and a taste for greed
The world is dark and the world is gray
Because nothing ever changes when we pray

There were times when I was feeling down and I was on the edge

The world is ruled by fools and thieves
With a flair for power and a taste for greed
Now ask yourself do you feel betrayed?
Because nothing ever changes when we pray