

Pray for the Wicked

Babylon A.D.

On your knees, on your knees
On your knees, on your knees

Pray for the wicked
Pray for the wicked world
Pray for the wicked
We got to pray for the wicked

Adam told Eve in a lover's quarrel
Should've never shook that apple tree
Ever since that day we got a messed-up world
Evil sin has found its company
Got a sheik in the desert, a pope in Rome
Got a synagogue around my block
And they all got the answers, but one thing's clear
Only God knows how much time we got

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Pray for the wicked world
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Sodom and Gomorrah burned down in flames
Met their makers at the gates of hell
In our big tall cities, it's a crying shame
Desperate people, broken souls to sell
It's an ancient old story, a child is born
Soon he learns to make the devil dance
Shakes his fist at heaven and turns his back
On his knees he gets a second chance

Pray for the wicked
Pray for the wicked world
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On your knees, get down on your knees
On your knees, I'm begging you, please
On your knees, get down on your knees
On your knees!

Wow, oh, yeah

For the wages of sin is death
And death rides a pale horse
And hell follows with him
But if you haven't sinned

Pray for the wicked
Pray for the wicked world
Pray for the wicked
We got to pray for the wicked
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Pray for the wicked
(Oh! Get down on your knees)
Pray for the wicked world

(And pray)
Pray for the wicked
(Ow! Get down on your knees)
We got to pray for the wicked

And pray for the wicked
Pray for the wicked
Ow! Are we ready!
Yeah, whoa-whoa-whoa, yeah