

God Does Not Sing Our Song

Kingdom Come

Two thousand years have gone nothing is changing
God does not sing our song as we keep aging

Wisdom in golden frames, secretly writings

Preachers keep talking, good at advising
Feeding us phrases of hope
So many dying, following leaders
Watching the planet explode

Calling on God in which ever perception
Claiming their cause in a willful deception

Talking so much about being like brothers

Preachers keep talking, good at advising
Feeding us phrases of hope
So many dying, following leaders
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